

# Sooo Much Style

Tha Dogg Pound

Have you ever seen sooo much style?  
We 'bout to do it a little somethin' like this  
'Cause it's Dogg Pound on mines, you know what I'm sayin'?  
Fuck all you motherfuckers and umm, for some strange reason  
Niggaz like to duplicate, transformin' ass side bustas, Daz

Come get at me, and play get back  
The plots, concoct thoughts on DAT, can you counteract?  
I'm openin' my eyes, and my thought's a blink  
But yet and still there's no ideal what these thoughts contain

All alone like no else around in the area  
Runnin' shit from here to Siberia  
Now is this a jack? Nigga yes it is  
'Cause I'm a Young Gun like Emilio Estevez

And dreaded, how you get shredded like paper  
Tryin' to intrude on the caper, who the hell can relate ta  
That, automatic straps that's supposed to  
Be hittin' new clothes and expose

Knows, not, who to step to  
This fool select to get his whole jock connect too  
I select too so motherfucker bow down  
Niggaz swear the Pound got so much style

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Now have you ever seen me? Seen meaning saw  
Niggaz running up in me murdering 'em all  
My composure, stays above sixty degrees before  
I enter in a circle and start maraudin' MC's

The hysteria starts, multiplied two times  
Supplied by the vibes, here's a run wild style  
They can't match, in the back of my vocab batch  
If you come in and take the stash nigga I'll start from scratch

So enter in my zone, I refuse to be dethroned  
I got a microphone I had to kill and murder to own  
From the bottom to the top and when you stare in my eyes  
Emotionless shit registers in my mind when I get high

The darkest secrets, keep it untold  
When it's revealed the Amityville mirage will unfold  
Take flight, I ignite like C dash 4  
With Daz I blow the shit the fuck up like the last world war

My creations, mental invasions  
Thoughts that's able to annihilate generations, with so much style

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Now let me take a second, for Dat Nigga Daz  
To amaze with the ways to catch snap bones, let alone  
Fuck up the scene, drop bombs upon the microphone  
How can you see me when I'm already high and blown?

To the fullest, Kurupt pull the MC's card  
Now the Pound is blessed, like dove  
I'm a Dogg, we gotta get paid, we gotta get paid

Every single day our shit is gettin' played  
So conclusively is the conclusion  
The art of illusion  
Niggaz step in the midst of confusion

How can you see what can't be viewed?  
DPG has the ability to end a whole feud  
So forget it, you're feelin' lyrically energetic  
So I sentence you to death by use of poetics

That's my realm, so don't even try to explore it  
Niggaz tried and wonder why they lost they whole life for it

Niggaz don't realize what's with the Pound?  
Blueberry smokes clears the town when me and Kurupt puts it down  
From the shoulders we be sling with the straps, we be jumpin'  
No suggestions needed when my Mac-90 start dumpin'

Let me explain niggaz don't know what time it is  
I ain't even tryin' to make friends  
Fuck the bullshit the idiotic type bullshit  
That you be stressin', let me get to the lesson

Peep me out, now you know  
Ninety-four's the year now we fuck up hoes  
Ninety-five we survive everyday  
And what they say, we got styles

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