

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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