Sooo Much Style

Tha Dogg Pound

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

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, DazCome 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 containAll 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 EstevezAnd 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 exposeKnows, 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 styleSooo many styles, sooo many styles, sooo many styles

Sooo many styles, sooo many styles, sooo many styles

Sooo many styles, sooo many styles, sooo many styles

Sooo many styles, sooo many styles, sooo many stylesNow 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'sThe 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 scratchSo 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 warMy creations, mental invasions

Thoughts that's able to annihilate generations, with so much styleSooo many styles, sooo many styles, sooo many styles

Sooo many styles, sooo many styles, sooo many styles

Sooo many styles, sooo many styles, sooo many styles

Sooo many styles, sooo many styles, sooo many styles

Sooo many styles, sooo many styles, sooo many stylesNow 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 paidEvery single day our shit is gettin' played So conclusively is the conclusion

The art of illusion

Niggaz step in the midst of confusionHow 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 poeticsThat's my realm, so don't even try to explore it Niggaz tried and wonder why they lost they whole life for itNiggaz 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 lessonPeep 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 stylesSooo many styles, sooo many styles, sooo many styles

Sooo many styles, sooo many styles, sooo many styles

Sooo many styles, sooo many styles, sooo many styles

Sooo many styles, sooo many styles, sooo many styles, sooo many styles, sooo many styles

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