

# Style I Bring

## Northern State

Service and devotion, I motion to continue  
With the style I bring you-the style I bring you  
In the Hotel California and they're turning down the beds  
And I came to spread love to the west coast heads  
Love letters to Brooklyn from the Hollywood Hills  
No frills, a thrill seeker seeking real cheap thrills  
Like rain crying into a reservoir  
Come out, come out wherever you are  
I said come out, come out wherever you are  
To all the MC's/to the gay MC's (but they grow orange trees in LA)  
To the hearts of gold  
NYC seasons change, summers fold  
And I know I'm getting old  
Service and devotion, I motion to continue  
With the style I bring you-the style I bring you  
We're driving round, our feet are flying over the ground  
No time to sleep  
I'm writing rhymes and you're counting sheep  
From the east coast to the west coast  
There is always one ghost-hiding in your dreams and lurking unbeknownst  
Asking what are you afraid of-why you have the chills?  
Said we rock the bottom of the valleys to the top of the hills  
Now you're paying close attention to all of our verses  
Said you're learning all the words and counting all of the curses  
And I don't know where I'm going cause I can't seem to see  
Beyond tomorrow through the haze, through the clouds how it'll be  
And the past is nothing but a memory to me  
Service and devotion, I motion to continue  
With the style I bring you-the style I bring you  
Towering and cowering and tumbling and falling  
my telephone keeps ringing but I said to stop calling me  
My head is filled with cotton, now it's soaked up in the years  
And it's soaked in the tears and the fears and the beers  
Everyday I be rotting up in urban decay  
You know i'm headed to the Betty said this girl in the worst way  
Insanity and vanity, I'm giving into sin i said  
"Oh the humanity" and pass another valium  
And Muggs not drugs-hugs and french kisses  
I'm that crazy b\*tch who flips all of the switches  
Oh boy-listen to me When I say hop that plane  
'cause you've got nothing to lose  
And everything, everything, everything to gain  
Service and devotion, I motion to continue  
With the style I bring you-the style I bring you

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