

Change The Game (Remix)

Tha Dogg Pound

Uhh, uhh, uhh, let's go
Uhh, bounce, uhh, bounce
Uhh, bounce, uhh,
Shit relax your mind, let your conscience be free
You're now rollin with them thugs from the R-O-C
Sigel Sigel in the house

Uh-huh, sick bastard
Get your wig pushed back by the wig push-backer

Uhh, uhh, Memph Bleek in the house

Still here, never left
Still bust, more or less, still puff, beeatch!

Uh, uhh, uh-huh-uh-UHH, uhh
Young Hova in the house, Jigga! Yeah
Crist' sipper, six dipper, wrist glitter nigga!
Hold up love
Everytime you see Jigga Man I'm rollin on dubs
Don't forget about them blades shit choppin it up
It's the motherfuckin Roc bitch, who hotter than us?
Jay-Hov, bout to change my name to Jay Peso
But in the meantime, call me William H. though
On the platinum Yamaha, got the engine gunnin
Throwin it up like liquor on an empty stomach
Y'all don't hear nuttin?
Who that, Mac?

Nah dawg, that's M. Bleek comin

Who the FLUCK, want, what?
Catch Bleek in South Beach out of the reach of the police
Gat on my lap (yeah) bitch on my back (holla)
Yak in my pocket, smokin the sticky chocolate (OO-WEE!)
Holla if you want drama with

The Dynasty; Amil, Bleek, Jigga and

Sigel, Desert Eagle dawg, who else but me?
Roc ears, Roc-Wears, bandannas and white tees
Me without a gun dawg, unlikely
You know I keep the heat right under the wifebeat'
Three-X-T, I'm Lincoln now, you can't see the pound
Got a little gut so gat sit tucked (fuck)
I run wild, gun high, L.A. style
Bang the roscoe to the sunrise, plus I stay dumb high
Whether block shit or rock shit
Club shit or drug shit, I pop shit I got shit
Get Sig' any track I'ma spit the talk to it
Down South gon' bounce Crips gon' walk to it
Get a ounce, get a woods, everybody spark to it
Every dawg, every Blood in the hood, bark to it
Get the ounce, get the woods, everybody spark to it
We can smoke in here, put the choke in the air

Don't change the game for these hoes

Who plays the game like we supposed

Sigel Sigel in the house

Uh-huh, sick bastard

Get your wig pushed back by the wig push-backer

Don't change the game for these hoes

Who plays the game like we supposed

Memph Bleek in the house

Still here, never left

Still bust, more or less, still puff, beeatch!

Don't change the game for these hoes

Who plays the game like we supposed

Young Hova in the house Jigga!

Crist' sipper, six dipper, wrist glitter nigga!

I wear more bling to The Source and Soul Train's

More chains than rings, niggaz won't do a thing

I bangs the four-four in plain, daylight I'm deranged

Spray right at your brain; by the way this is Hov'

One shot Dillinger, one shot killin ya

It's only one Roc La Familia

Sigel lock Philly up, Brooklyn is me

Matter of fact, the East coast fuck took it from me

Fourth album still Jay still spittin that real shit

Volume 3 still sold more records than Will Smith

Can't call this a comeback, I run rap, the fuck is y'all sayin?

Five million I done that, and I come back, to do it again (uh-huh)

Ex-sinner, Grammy award winner

Ballin repeatedly, highlights on Sportscenter

Please repeat after me, there's only one rule

I will not, lose!