Change The Game (remix)

Tha Dogg Pound

[Kurupt] Daz Dillinger
[Jay-Z] Talk to 'em
[Kurupt] Kurupt young Gotti
[Jay-Z] Talk to 'em
[Kurupt] Big Jigga nigga, what?
[Kurupt *sung*]Psycho, like no, bitch-ass nigga so
When you see the D-O double G sneak creep low
[Jay-Z]In the memory of the Notoroious B.I.G., Tupac Shakur
[Kurupt *sung*]Psycho, like no, bitch-ass nigga so
When you see the R-O-to-the-C sneak creep low
[Jay-Z]Young Hova in the house, world wide hustler
R-O-C, D-P-G motherfuckers..
.. hold up love
You know Jigga Man resumÃ©, blow up drugs
Blast round, full pound, no mask or gloves
Face down on the gravel, have gun will travel
Out the blue steel barrel get ya crew killed
Perro ass niggaz can't touch I, muh'fucker what's my -
- name, Young Hov', gun blow like AC
R-O-C (With the D-P-G nigga!!)
[Daz]Hold up (hah) wait a minute and
All my thugs get (get what?) gangsta with it
Gotti Jigga and Daz Dillinger, killin ya with the pound
with Roc La Familia {*y'all niggaz ain't feelin us*}
[Kurupt]Deep in and out, out gold Daytonas
D cut through with 2-way Motorolas
Nigga the Dynasty and the Pentagon MOTHERFUCKER
Hollow tip, stainless teflon MOTHERFUCKER
Jigga trigger, cock-a-poppa, nigga chest rocka
with the chrome chopper, glock'll pop a nigga so quick
Saddam Niastra, y'all done stepped in the mud
and about to feel ery'thing from the flat foot
Calicos collective, have you ever seen a
four so clean like a brand new nina
My nigga Daz (Sigel Sigel)
Jigga, Memph, in bad-ass Impalas
Butt naked bitches and pop collars
The popular scholar, this is the beginnin
with the hollow tips soarin, chrome wheels spinnin

Never have you ever seen a G like me
Rollin with the Roc, straight D-P-G
[Chorus]Don't change the game for these hoes
who plays the game like we supposed
[Jay] That nigga Daz in the house
[Daz] D-P-G-C fo' L-I-F-E, Roc D-O-double-G
Don't change the game for these hoes
who plays the game like we supposed
[Jay] Young Gotti in the house
[Kurupt]Two-shotty, quick to catch a body
So put a dick in ya mouth, ya bitch
Don't change the game for these hoes
who plays the game like we supposed
[Jay-Z]Young Hova in the house, world wide hustler
R-O-C, D-P-G motherfuckers..
B-I-G still talkin through the voice of I
For Tupac they yellin ra-da-da-da-da-da
Not a Blood or a Crip but I put drugs on the strip

Put dubs on the whip, got bigger guns
than the fuzz on my hip, cock back let it rip
Won't stop that 'til the whole clip's gone
(click..) CLICK! Okay, let's not forget
cause you got a vest on all I'm aimin is teflon
[Jay-Z and Kurupt]I'm psycho, like no, other motherfucker
And this rifle, right for your head motherfucker
[Jay] Young Hova in da house
[Daz] Everybody get down
Roc-A-Fella, Dogg Pound, nigga tell me how that sound
[Daz Dillinger]Cha-pow, layin all you wack niggaz down
Blowed out chromed out, swervin through ya town
What up? Jigga Man, my nigga Kurupt
Laid back actin a nut, waitin to 'rupt
No remorse as we bust, let you feel the dust
Dogg Pound, Roc-A-Fella straight fuckin it up
Let it be known; Daz Dillinger, rough to the bone
All alone, roam ya neighborhood high exhaust
High stylin, profilin, y'all comin after me
In actuality they fake the technicality
Dogg Pound Roc-A-Fella that's my family
On site niggaz died for they salary
We the gang and we walk like we talk
And we stalk and we do what we do after dark
Get one shot Dillinger Roc La Familia
{*Now y'all feelin us! Now y'all feelin us!*}

[Chorus]Don't change the game for these hoes
who plays the game like we supposed
[Jay] Sigel Sigel in the house
[Beanie Sigel]Uh-huh, sick bastard
Even mo' sicker ya brain get mo' twisted
Sigel, two Desert Eagle hit you niggaz up quick
Got 'em diggin ditches up quick
Got you niggaz spittin up cause I'm sick
Gettin up slow from hits from the fifth
Let a row go quick from the clip
Shit, sit a nigga down quick when I'm pitchin a bitch
You see light then you takin a trip
Five hours, spill a clip and make the hammer dance
I'll holla, while you holla in the ambulance
STOP ... it's the Roc nigga R-O-C
With the D-O-G on ya block
Fuck the C-O-P's, let me see those trees
No stems, no sticks, no seeds, just breathe
[Memphis Bleek]Relax bitch, don't act bitch, we don't stop
It's the R-O-C, geah who forgot
You never thought Bleek walk on a track before
Hit a switch in a black 6-4 before
Down on Sunset I run sets, I does that
Niggaz look at me and be like damn I was that
I'm "The Understanding" with my peeps, fuck foes
Got a house in the back with a Benz and dough
Get cha mind right nigga 'fore you mention me
Your click ain't too thorough to mention we
Don't matter who we collab' with, nigga it's a classic
Dogg Pound linked with the Roc could cause traffic
Who want rump, get it crunk with me
I'm Bleek, you a got a gun wanna dump with me?
You catch Bleek in B.K. (or) down in L.A.
With my W and E up nigga, who want play?
[Kurupt *sung*]Psycho, like no, bitch-ass nigga so
When you see the R-O-to-the-C sneak creep low
[Jay-Z]I will not, lose

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