

# Change The Game

## Gabz

Let's go, bounce, bounce, bounce  
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  
Sick bastard, get your wig pushed back by the wig push-backer  
Memph Bleek in the house  
Still here, never left, still bust, more or less, still puff, bitch  
Young Hova in the house, Jigga! Yeah  
Crist' sipper, six dipper, wrist glitter nigga  
Hold up love  
Every time 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  
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'm a 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  
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, bitch  
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  
Ex-sinner, Grammy award winner  
Ballin' repeatedly, highlights on Sportscenter  
Please repeat after me, there's only one rule  
I will not, lose

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