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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