

# Change The Game

Tha Dogg Pound

Daz Dillinger  
Talk to 'em  
Kurupt young Gotti  
Talk to 'em  
Big Jigga nigga, what?

Psycho, like no, bitch-ass nigga so  
When you see the D-O double G sneak creep low

In the memory of the Notoroious B.I.G., Tupac Shakur

Psycho, like no, bitch-ass nigga so  
When you see the R-O-to-the-C sneak creep low

Young Hova in the house, world wide hustler  
R-O-C, D-P-G motherfuckers..  
hold up love  
You know Jigga Man resumé, 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!!)

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)

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

Don't change the game for these hoes  
who plays the game like we supposed

That nigga Daz in the house  
D-P-G-C fo' L-I-F-E, Roc D-O-double-G

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Young Gotti in the house

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

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

I'm psycho, like no, other motherfucker  
And this rifle, right for your head motherfucker

Young Hova in da house  
Everybody get down  
Roc-A-Fella, Dogg Pound, nigga tell me how that sound

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!)

Don't change the game for these hoes  
who plays the game like we supposed

Sigel Sigel in the house

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

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?

Psycho, like no, bitch-ass nigga so  
When you see the R-O-to-the-C sneak creep low

I will not, lose