

## Unknown

# "Change the Game(feat. Beanie Sigel, Memphis Bleek)"

Visit "[Change the Game\(feat. Beanie Sigel, Memphis Bleek\)](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

[Jay-Z]

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

[Beanie Sigel]

Uh-huh, sick bastard

Get your wig pushed back by the wig push-backer

[Jay-Z]

Uhh, uhh, Memph Bleek in the house

[Memphis Bleek]

Still here, never left

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

[Jay-Z]

Uh, uhh, uh-huh-uh-UHH, uhh

Young Hova in the house.. Jigga! Yeah

Crist' sipper, six dipper, wrist splitter 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

{\*cycle whizzes by\*} Y'all don't hear nuttin?

Who that, Mac?

[Beanie Sigel]

Nah dawg, that's M. Bleek comin

[Memphis Bleek]

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

[Jay-Z]  
The Dynasty; Amil, Bleek, Jigga and.. Sigel

[Beanie 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 all 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

[singer]  
Don't change the game for these folks  
who plays the game like we supposed

[Jay-Z]  
Sigel Sigel in the house

[Beanie Sigel]  
Uh-huh, sick bastard  
Get your wig pushed back by the wig push-backer

[singer]  
Don't change the game for these folks  
who plays the game like we supposed

[Jay-Z]  
Memph Bleek in the house

[Memphis Bleek]  
Still here, never left  
Still bust, more or less, still puff - beeatch!

[singer]  
Don't change the game for these folks  
who plays the game like we supposed

[Jay-Z]

Young Hova in the house.. Jigga!

Crist' sipper, six dipper, wrist splitter 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!

Visit [Unknown](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.