

DJ Clue F/ Jay-Z,Daz Dillinger,Kurupt,Beanie Siega "Z,Daz Dillinger,Kurupt,Beanie Siegal,Memphis Bleek - Change The Game"

Visit "[Z,Daz Dillinger,Kurupt,Beanie Siegal,Memphis Bleek - Change The Game](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[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 (??)

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

Visit [DJ Clue F/ Jay-Z, Daz Dillinger, Kurupt, Beanie Siega](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.