

# Tha Dogg Pound "Change the Game"

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f/ Beanie Sigel, DJ Clue, Jay-Z, Memphis Bleek

\* originally appeared on "The Professional 2" by DJ Clue

[Krupt] Daz Dillinger

[Jay-Z]Talk to 'em

[Krupt] Krupt young Gotti

[Jay-Z]Talk to 'em

[Krupt] Big Jigga nigga, what?

[Krupt \*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 Notorious B.I.G., Tupac Shakur

[Krupt \*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 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!\*

[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

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