

Jay-Z F/ Beanie Sigel, Memphis Bleek

"Change The Game"

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[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, Memphis 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!

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