

## Change the Game

## The Game

Relax your mind, let your conscience feel free  
You're now fuckin' with Hit-Boy and G.A.M.E  
It's Dolla \$ign in this motherfucker (Dolla \$ign)  
Wrist nigga, big tipper, quarter mil', my wrist, nigga

It's the Numinati (Bitches) move your body (This is)  
The newest Audi, gassin' on the 'Shaw next to Snoop and Rowdy  
(Niggas) Movin' oppy, so we in the coupe with shottys  
And my nigga Ye just pulled up in two Bugattis  
Don't ask me how, these Hit-Boy classic sounds  
Put the Draco on my face, you can't back me down  
Soon as the bass drop, asses bounce  
And bitches just like the blunts, they get passed around  
Give me the chronic or the cookies, the woods gon' spark to it  
Niggas tryna ride our wave, we bringin' the sharks to it  
Where my dawgs at? Glocks gon' bang in the dark to it  
Brought the Westside back, C-Walk in the park to it  
Game mode, 'bout to change my name to 3Pacs, nigga  
I'm like three Pacs steppin' in classic Reeboks, nigga  
We shoot 'til it's empty, then we box niggas  
It's like an R hangin' from your neck when we Roc niggas

Don't change the game for these hoes  
Plays the game like we supposed  
Ty Dolla in this bitch  
And we high, we ride in that Impala with the clips  
Don't change the game for these hoes  
Plays the game like we supposed  
Hurricane in the house, nigga  
Switch hitter, brick flipper, bitch getter, nigga

Still here, never left  
Bandana on my right, Nip tatted on my chest  
Feel the Hit-Boy drums when they drummin' on the West  
Chronic smoke in her lungs got her rubbin' on her breasts  
What's next? Pourin' champagne on the rose  
'Bout to fuck her in the rain 'til her nipples get cold, uh-huh  
Numinati, put the ice on the gold  
Got her livin' out the Birkin 'cause my life on the road  
Whether in or out of town, I gotta floss the Dezzi  
Get shot, I tell the block, "All dogs go to Heaven"  
I'm not gon' stop, them tops is gon' drop  
The opps is gon' rot, them guns is gon' pop  
Been rich for twenty years, this is not your level  
On a show in a Hellcat, I just shot the devil  
Uh, Drillmatic up and the bars comin' from Attica  
I stopped smoking weed and I'm goin' back to Africa

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