

Game "One Blood"

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Yo Dre, I thought I was dead
West coast

I'm the doctor's advocate
Nigga Dre shot ya
Brought me back from the dead
That's why they call him the doctor

The mavs gon' drop 'em
If 50 ain't rockin' wit him no more
It's ok, I get it poppin'

The whole club rockin' like da 6-4 Impala
Drink Cris throw it up call the shit hydraulics
Then piss in the cup call the shit Hipnotiq
I bleed Compton, spit crack, the shit chronic

And you new niggas ain't shit but new niggas
Baped 'n ape shoe niggas I'm talkin' to you nigga
Bounce in the 6-4 throwin' up west side man
Sell another five million albums, yes I am

Fresh like damn dis nigga did it again
A hundred thousand on his neck, LA above the brim
Inside the Lambo', shotgun wit Snoop
What would the muthafuckin' west coast be without
One crip and one blood?

One blood, one blood, one blood
Blood, blood, blood
One blood, one blood, one blood, one blood, one blood

I'm from the west side of the 6-4 Impala
When niggas say, ?Where you from??
We'll never say holla
Bandana on the right side, gun on the left side
Niggas in New York know how to throw up the west side

Word to Eazy, I'm so ill believe me
I made room for Jeezy
But the rest of you niggas better be glad you breathing
All I need is one reason

I'm the King and Dre said it the west coast need me

I don't know why you niggas keep tryin' me
Everybody know that I'm the heir to the Aftermath
dynasty
And I ain't got to make shit for the club
What DJ gon' turn down the 38 snub?

You 38 and you still rappin'? Uhh
I'm 26 nigga, so is the dubs
On the '07 Hummer hop out
Nobody guards, when the chronic
Smoke clear, all you gon' see is one blood

One blood, one blood, one blood
Blood, blood, blood
One blood, one blood, one blood, one blood, one blood

I ain't got beef wit 50, no beef wit J
What's beef when you gettin' head in the 6 Trey?
And the double game change, I keep 'em on display
Black t-shirt so all you see is the A

Turn on the TV and all you see is the A
You niggas better make up a dance and try to get radio
play
Keep on snappin' your fingers, I ain't goin' away
I don't regret what I spit, 'cause I know what I say

And niggas talk about me, they don't know when to
stop
I got the Louis Vuitton belt buckle holdin' the glock
No beam, no silencer, I know when to pop
I wait till Lil' Jon come on and let off a shot

I had the number one Billboard spot
Niggas stepped on my fingers and I climbed right back
to the top
I'm BIG, I'm Cube, I'm Nas, I'm Pac
This ain't shit but a warning till my album drop

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