

The Game

"One Blood (east Coast Remix)"

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(Feat. Jim Jones, Fabolous, The Clipse, Juelz Santana, Nas, Jadakiss, Styles P, Fat Joe, N.O.R.E. & Ja Rule)

[The Game]

Dre, I saved hip-hop!

[Jim Jones Intro]

Uh huh... Jones, Dipset... Byrdgang, bitch

You know what it is

When you see me two twelvin you homie

You bitch niggaz keep triple ninin, have some integrity,
bitch

[Jim Jones]

BALLLLIN'

Peace blood, peace almighty

We all thugs and we run the streets nightly

And get my lawyer, why? Cause I ain't coppin' out

And I fuck wit b-boys who bring them choppers out

One shot of that will have the boys bring the coppers
out

And we ballin, for all the toys is what we hoppin out

My feary side, where we ride

And we all fly high in the Leer G5's

So, twist ya fingers up and bang, mufucka bang!

Get ya money up, this cane is what we fuckin slang!

And a 9 Trey is what I fuckin' claim!

It's Dipset Capo the Don of the Byrdgang!

[Fabolous]

WHAT IT LOOK LIKE? All I say at most

Shooters waitin on the word... JUST SAY IT LOS!

I let these niggaz live, yes, I saw 'em pull the plug

Havin goons pullin gloves, leave the room full of slugs

Catch me trafficin, on maroon colored dubs

Couple Africans, with balloons full of drugs

If they like me, tell 'em line up

While I sit behind team, point 'em out like a line up

[The Clipse]

Red rum, red rum (such power in the tongue)

Never in the wildest, (was he talkin to them)

Style on niggaz, (but feel it to the numb)
Japanese thread, (brought flavor to these bums)
Consider me the savior, (look what the lord gave ya)
My celebrated presence (like the return of Rayful)
Frolic in the snow, so playful
(And revivin the track) like we flowin through jumper
cables
(What duo) you know (get XXL kudos) while coppin off
Coolio
(Classic shit) we mastered this, (left for dead) I'm back,
(I'm Lazareth)

[Juelz Santana]

Mic check, one two, one two, check
I'm strapped, you strapped, let's play two on two
Let's go, you're eyein us in the iron bus, BOOM!
Leak ya, two liters of red juice, hawaiian punch (haha)
So what you boys gon do to me? I'm born street
Your life's sweet, MTV's Laguna Beach (damn!)
Mama told me not to play with fire but
She never told me I would grow to be a liar (damn!)
Now all I gotta do is speakin' them burns (burn!)
It's cremation, no earn (earn)
Higher cream to be a hustler but don't earn
You need to be what? (what?)
And that's that (blat!)
Ay!

[Chorus]

Game got at me about the remix, it's an honor my
nigga
I made rap, one blood, that say I'm signin wit Jigga
I got rappers gettin mad at me
I got these new jack rappers tryin to clap at me
I got these corny wannabe, diss-song kings on the
radio
Talkin bout how they gon spray, and take me away
But I'm the true living, legend, I'm not to be questioned
Have your whole hood holler shit about my progression

[Jadakiss & Styles P]

(One blood) we used to the spillin
(Came from the hood) so we used to the killin
Used to the black males (makin cracksales in the
buildin)
(How else you get the benz) with the suede on the
ceiling?
(Blood in) blood out (me and homie) back to back
(Both loaded workin) we about to pitch a (shut out)
I'm New York's king, (I'm New York's hardest nigga)
Anything in between's a (motherfuckin' target, nigga)

D-B-(L-O-)C-K, (he spray)

The hawk'll find a nice home (right where your cheeks stay)

We got a mean team, (Hip-Hop dream team)

Them boys is only in the projects on (green screen)

Yeah, no security, (I'll put you on the respirator)

I'm the bomb, (I'm the mothafuckin detonator)

One (dutch), one (bud), one (burner), one (slug)

Want a couple casualties, but we'll settle for just (one blood)

[Fat Joe]

All these niggaz wanna front trill with them stiff faces

Till them niggaz lyin still up in stiff cases

Within styrofome... and embalmin fluid

I been gone too long and I'm down to lose it

Somebody go and get this nigga a pint box

And I ain't just talkin about a measly nine shots

Yeah I'm chopper happy and my wrist loose

Call me Goldie, I'll smack your bitch too!

[N.O.R.E.]

New York get the blood money, dirty cash - still sweet

We will black wall street by the swapmeet with heat

Def Jam, they gonna flop him and Reggaeton ain't hot

in

The building no more... It's OKAY! I GET IT POPPIN!

Back to the forest trees for deep, these little me's

Who took believers an opportunity to breathe

And you ain't gotta go overseas to see our rap shit

You can come to left, round Queens and get jacked

quick

[Chorus]

[Ja Rule]

One trip, one blood, LA, New York

The Game, the Rule, one love, guns up

Hands down, can't touch, the flow is a bit much

The style, wanna keep up? I advise you to speed up

With money movin like coke, these days gotta re-up

G up, cop some heaters and dare a nigga to act up

You see us, in dual seaters and throw it up!

Its all hood, niggaz rep your sets if your cuz or (blood)

...Niggaz, we all bleed! These niggaz can't breathe

Only because the guns are drawn and aimed to part

Niggaz that got bullets with names on them!

Want em, come get 'em niggaz, y'all know where to get at me

Look at me, now pass me, maybe you can be half me

You bastards, I'm laughin, bullets stickin in family

Who sadly gets torn between one crip and one (blood)
Y'all niggaz know me, haha... yeah!

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