

## The Game

### "One Blood"

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(Feat. Jim Jones, Snoop Dogg, Nas, T.I., Fat Joe, Lil' Wayne, N.O.R.E., Jadakiss, Styles P, Fabolous, Juelz Santana, Rick Ross, Twista, Kurupt, Daz Dillinger, WC, E-40, Bun B, Chamillionaire, Slim Thug, Young Dro, Clipse and Ja Rule)

Uh huh  
Jones  
Dipset  
Birdgang b\*tch  
You know what it is  
When you see me two twelvin' you homie  
You f\*\*k n\*ggas keep triple ninin', have some integrity

[Verse 1: Jim Jones]

BALLLLLIN'  
Peace blood, peace almighty (peace blood)  
We all thugs and we run the streets nightly (eastsiide)  
And get my lawyer, why cause I ain't coppin' out (nope)  
And I f\*\*k wit b-boys who bring them choppers out  
(yuppp)  
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 AM G5's, so twist ya fingers up and bang  
muf\*\*ka bang  
Get ya money up, this cane is what we f\*\*kin' slang  
And 9 Trey is what I f\*\*kin' claim  
It's Dipset, capital don of the bird gang

[Verse 2: Snoop Dogg]

They call the D-O-dub  
Why you really trippin' cuz  
21, 20 crips and all of us is cripin' cuz  
We from a different street, all got that different heat  
But when we move the macs for Game, cuz we on the  
same beat  
So if you f\*\*k wit blood, then you f\*\*k wit us  
And we ain't bustin' duds, cuz we bustin' slugs  
We sure to stay in touch and clean your mess up

And if you from the West Coast, my n\*gga westside

[Verse 3: Nas]

Game got at me about the remix, it's an honor my  
n\*gga  
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 tryna clap at me  
I got these corny wanna be 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

[Verse 4: T.I.]

You knowin' my attitude shitty, only a buck fifty  
So I keep the smitty's wit me, shhh they comin to get  
me  
Hey Wut You Scared  
I'm prepared in the mall and all  
Wit Chimme Chose, you can call me quick draw  
McGraw  
B\*tch I'ma cut that fool, better call the law  
I start sprayin', make f\*\*k n\*gga fall and crawl  
I press play like Puff, no pause at all  
Choppin' holes in the all the walls  
That's all they saw

[Verse 5: The Game]

Hip Hop ain't dead, it just took a couple shots  
I bring it back to life, give it a couple shots  
The kings comin', no I'm not Jay-Z  
Too many n\*ggas hate me, but they scared to face me  
This ain't a movie dog, not Waist Deep  
I'm not an actor, but I'll show your b\*tch Big Meek  
She givin' one blood, one love, on dubs  
140 thousand the first week uhhhhh

[Hook: The Game]

Remix, remix, remix, remix  
Remix, remix, remix, remix  
Remix, remix, remix,

[Verse 6: Fat Joe]

All these n\*ggas wanna front trill with them stiff faces  
Till them n\*ggas lyin' still up in stiff cases  
With them styrofoams and embalmin' fluid  
I been gone to long and I'm down to lose it  
Somebody go and get this n\*gga a pine 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 b\*tch too

[Verse 7: Lil Wayne]

Five oh four gangsta, new orleans soldier, banging  
under water, fuck around and soak ya, lousiana  
gunner, I'm bout my holster, and if you gettin greasy,  
I'm an ulcer, I'm bickin back bein bool on tha eastside,  
I'm in the new orleands where the blood at the beehive,  
and aint nothin sweet unless it's presidential, cause  
that is where I sleep, so give me my key!

[Verse 8: N.O.R.E.]

New York get the blood money, dirty cash still sweet  
We will blackwall street by the swapmeet with heat  
If Def Jam, they gonna flop him  
And Reggaeton ain't hot in the building, it's okay I get it  
poppin'  
Back to the forest trees for deep, these little knees

Who took believers an opportunity to breathe  
And you ain't gotta go overseas to see our rap shit  
You can come to Lefrak Queens and get jacked quick

[Verse 9: Jadakiss and 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 ceilin'  
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 n\*gga  
Anything in between's a motherf\*\*kin' target n\*gga  
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  
No security, put you on the respirator  
I'm the bomb, I'm the mothaf\*\*kin' detonator  
One dutch, one bud, one burner, one slug  
Want a couple casualties, but we'll settle for just one  
blood

[Verse 10: Fabolous]

What it look like, all I say it most  
Shooters waitin' on the word, just say it Los'  
I let these n\*ggas live, I told 'em pull the plug  
Have 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

[Verse 11: Juelz Santana]

Mic check, one two, one two  
I'm strapped, you strapped, let's play two on two  
You're eyein' us in the iron bus  
Leak ya, two liters of red juice, Hawaaiin punch  
So what you boys gon' do to me, I'm born street  
Your life's sweet, MTV's Laguna Beach  
Mama told me not to play with fire but  
She never told I would grow to be a liar

[Verse 12: Rick Ross]

One love to the gangs, but I'm in the thangs  
Say the fellows for the cars, see we kill for the fame  
The boss made it, yeah we floss flagrant  
Shame how I lost your life savings up in Las Vegas  
I'm a heavy better, I'm a heavy seller  
Keep white in the office, call it Jerry Heller  
Lettin' off a hundred rounds, let the barrel pick  
And we gon' sit here, wait for the Darryl Gates

[Verse 13: Twista]

B\*tch I got lords and gangstas, show me where them  
n\*ggas at  
Chi got two six's and kings, show me where them killas  
at  
Chi got them ballas and hustlers, show me where them  
figures at  
Game where them triggers at, aim at them fitted caps  
He got the clips, I got the scope, let's get them  
choppers n\*gga  
He got the kush, I got the dope, let's get it poppin'  
n\*gga  
Hurt him in that cherry six fo', shit ain't no stoppin'  
n\*gga  
Hit him in the head and the body wit a bullet, when I put  
him in the cemetery then I gotta holler out

[Hook: The Game]

Remix, remix, remix, remix  
Remix, remix, remix, remix  
Remix, remix, remix, remix

[Verse 14: Kurupt]

Yeah rollin' with two grips  
Glock holdin' on the hip, rollin' wit two clips  
Got two tiny locos ready to take trips  
Shake and make trips, high stakes to take grips  
They know what's crackin' cuz, cause as we huddle

They hold cards down n\*gga like spade and pinnoche  
West coast gang bang, riders erasin' 'em  
Got funny n\*ggas raisin' up and riders replacin' 'em

[Verse 15: Daz]

Draped in blue the notorious gangsta crew  
RIP for n\*ggas who don't stay true  
Deep down in the crevices  
See the jets better wit  
Dwellin' in the land of the gang bang wit the fleshin'  
I'm legendary, yes yes, a westcoaster  
Throwin' up two C's, wit two guns in my holster  
I'm from Long Beach city, a crip next to Compton  
Down wit my n\*gga Game, if you n\*ggas want  
problems  
From the streets to the suites, anywhere we can meet  
Then live on to Compton, Slausen swap meet  
Worldwide, get swept away by the tide  
By G's, and B.G's, O.G's, it's time to ride

[Verse 16: W.C.]

Who the rider, looter through the gutter mayne  
Chewed up in them Carolina blue Hurricanes  
From the westside, strivin' to get 'em  
Where them killers throw that third letter up like  
Raymond Washington and Tookie Williams  
Blue jeans, blue strings, blowin' blueberry green  
Cadillac on blue D's and a blue T  
Money thick as blue cheese, chunkin' up the dub  
What the west be without Snoop, Dub C and one blood

[Verse 17: E-40]

The Bay Area, f\*\*kers we proper  
Open you up if you got a problem  
Uh uh, born in California  
Clean your clock, open your can of tuna  
Make a choice to see the hail lord's heaven  
Get your chest laid out wit the FM 47  
You think shit you can do will do but nobody  
But in the Yay, there ain't nuttin to do but catch bodies

[Hook: The Game]

Remix, remix, remix, remix  
Remix, remix, remix, remix  
Remix, remix, remix, remix

[Verse 18: Bun B]

I'm comin' straight outta P.A.T., like Compton in all  
black  
But when we say what it do, they never say holla back  
Bun B, the I'm O.G., like 95 Air Macs

Neon green outta fight club off a Fairfax  
Acts a hundreds, just do it fool I done done it  
At the summit of rap and I'm watchin' you haters  
plummit  
Run to it or run from it, to bun it don't give it  
Wipe the streets wit ya like you a swifter as a gifter

[Verse 19: Chamillionaire]

I'm the realest youngster that's breathin' and I don't  
gotta give a reason  
Chamillionaire millionaire, ya'll competin' to be  
completin'  
My purpose is to get the cheese an' as a purpose that  
should defeatin'  
So shut your mouth, have a seat an' be quiet till I clear  
the sheetin'  
My label tells me I'm greedy, hoggin' all the room on  
your tv  
Like Eric they think it's easy, but it isn't easy believe me  
Need to make a room in B.E. television if you wanna be  
me  
Game said he made room for Jeezy, I had to make  
room for me gee

[Verse 20: Slim Thug]

It's one blood if you blood or cuz  
From that number one thug, it's still one love  
I rep my blue boy team but I do it for green  
I do it for my folks, vice, lords, and kings  
All us trappers, future rappers, standin' out on the  
blocks  
Tryna get up out the hood mayne, and stack 'em a knot  
Put ya sets in the air, scream f\*\*k the cops  
We gon' rep for the hood mayne, like it or not

[Verse 21: Young Dro]

My feed mashable, murders are catastrophic  
Cars is improfabable, I'm overcomin' obstacles  
Trappin' I made it logical, my topic is impossible  
I got a potna name shoe strings cuz shorty real  
crossable  
Shot me to pop a do', cars be tropical  
All guns choppable, all blocks are moppable  
I am unstoppable, my calico is toxible  
Lyrically diabolical, cushion is not?

[Verse 22: The Clipse]

Red rum, red rum, such power in the tongue  
Never in the wildest, was he talkin' da dum  
Style on n\*ggas, feel it to the numb  
Japanese thread, 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 do ohh, you know, get XXL kudos  
While coppin' off Coolio  
Classic shit, we mastered this  
Left for dead, I'm back, I'm Lazarus

[Hook: The Game]

Remix, remix, remix, remix  
Remix, remix, remix, remix  
Remix, remix, remix, remix

[Verse 23: Ja Rule]

N\*gga one trick, one blood, L.A., 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'd advise you to speed up  
With money movin' like coke these days, gotta re-up  
G up, cop some heaters and dare a n\*gga to act up  
You see us in gold seaters and throw it up  
It's all hood, n\*ggas rep your sets if your cuz or blood  
N\*ggas we all bleed, these n\*ggas can't breathe  
Only because the guns are drawn and aimed to part  
N\*ggas who got bullets with names on them  
Want 'em, come get 'em n\*ggas, ya'll 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

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