

## The Game

### "One Blood (west Coast Remix)"

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(Feat. Snoop Dogg, Kurupt, Daz Dillinger, Crooked I, WC, E-40 & Glasses Malone)

[The Game]

Dre, I see gang bangers

[Snoop Dogg Intro]

Hey yo Game! What it do nephew?

It's the cripin cause, Snoop D-O-double-G

And I'm bless this up,

One blood for you one time

If you know mine

Yeah

[Snoop Dogg]

They call the D-O-Dub... wasn't really trippin cause

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, we on the same  
beat

So if you fuck with blood, then you fuck wit us

And we ain't bustin duds, watch out, cause we bustin  
slugs

We sure to stay in touch and clean your mess up

And if you from the West Coast, my nigga... w-w-w-w-  
WESTSIDE!

[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

But they know what's crackin cuz, cause as we huddle

They hold cards down, nigga, like spades and pinochle

West coast gang bang, riders erasin em

Got funny niggaz raisin up and riders replacin em, cuz!

[Daz Dillinger]

Draped in blue, notorious gangsta crew

RIP for niggaz who don't stay true

Deep down in the crevices, see the jets veteran

Dwellin in the land of the gang bang with 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 nigga Game, if you niggaz want problems  
From the streets to the suites, anywhere we can meet  
Come along to Compton, Slauson Swap Meet  
Worldwide, get swept away by the tide  
By G's, and BG's, O.G's, it's time to RIIIIIDE!

[Chorus]

[Crooked I]

My father was a Crip, he named the song "young  
cause"  
Used to be on death of course I know one blood  
Crooked I game movin it in G ride  
Inspect his style, I'll die for the east side  
So what the cause like, what the blood like  
Call my necklace justice cause it's just ice  
I'm a prince along bitch when I touch nice  
I let the thug life just like a young psych

[WC]

Who the rider, looter through the gutter mayne?  
Trued up in them Carolina blue Hurricanes!  
From the westside, strivin to dead 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 and Dub C and one  
blood?

[E-40]

The Bay Area, fuckers, we pop em  
Open you up if you got a problem  
Up top, born in Cali-forn-ia  
Clean your clock, open your can of tuna  
Make a choice to see the hell or it's heaven  
Get your chest layed out wit the FM 57  
This ain't nothin to do with nobody  
But in the Yay, there ain't nuttin to do but catch bodies

[Chorus]

[Glasses Malone]

Wassup, has this mask by the hundred two's  
One blood my ass shit I brought when I hundred do's  
Roll with a hundred Crip, finding a way  
With a navy blue red, and ain't down to my day

And the navy blue red still duckin' the north  
Watch me get that bitch laid like the kid of the port  
It's move on muhfuckers by the blood for real  
Cause the beach cruisin' flow colds polo bend here

[The Game]

It's the P-I are you lookin' R-I-P  
If you ever fuck with the G-A-M-E  
S-N-double-O-P and the D-A-Z  
K-U-R-U-P-T  
G-A-M L-O and the,  
Fourty ounce Bentley, back the drink the henny  
On that S-T Crooked I, D-E-S  
Smokin' that million green  
Keep that sewish stress  
I'm from the West coast corner Dub C for sure  
2Pac laid, guess who carry the torch  
Tryna throw up the dub, and on me that love  
California resurrected, nigga the remix took was  
(One blood)

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