

Slim Thug

"One Blood (feat. Bun B, Chamillionaire)"

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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]

BALLLLIN'
Peace blood, peace almighty (peace blood)
We all thugs and we run the streets nightly (eastside)
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
Its 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, its 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
Thats 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, nope, not Waist Deep
I'm not an actor, but I'll show your b*tch Big Meat
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, im bout my

holster,
and if you gettin greasy, im an ulcer, im bickin back
bein bool
on tha eastside,
im in the new orleans where the blood at the beehive,
and aint nothin sweet unless its presidential,
cause that is where i sleep, now 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 no mo', its 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

what up, blood?

[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 pinnochle

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, its 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 would 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 57
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 thats 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 its easy, but it isnt 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]

Its one blood if you blood or cuz
From that number one thug, its 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 the 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 catastrophical
Cars is improvable, 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 a cigar brand

[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 brought flavor to these bums
Consider me the savior, look what the lord gave ya
My celebrated presence, like the return of Grateful
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 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 duel seaters and throw it up
Its 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 they 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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