

Game, The "One Blood"

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(Whispering) Dre, I see dead people
Yo Dre, thought I was dead
West Coast

Verse 1:

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 Math gonna drop him and 50 ain't rockin'
With him no more, it's okay, I get it poppin'
Whole club rockin' like a '6-4 Impala
Drink Cris', throw it up, call the shit hydraulics
Then piss in a cup, call the shit Hypnotic
I bleed Compton, spit crack and shit Chronic
And you new niggaz ain't shit but new niggaz
Bathing Ape shoe niggaz, I'm talkin' to you nigga
Bouncin' the '6-4, throwing up Westside man
Sell another five million albums, yes I am
Fresh like damn, this nigga did it again
100 thousand on his neck, L.A. above the brim
Inside the Lambo', shotgun with Snoop
Where would the motherfuckin' Westcoast be without
One Crip and

Chorus:

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

Verse 2:

I'm from the west side of the '6-4 Impala
When nigga say where you from, we'll never say
"Holla"
Bandana on the right side, gun on the left side
Niggaz in New York know how to throw up the Westside
Word to Eazy, I'm so ill, believe me
I made room for Jeezy, but the rest of you niggaz

Better be glad you breathing, all I need is one reason
I'm the king and Dre said it, the Westcoast need me
I don't know why you niggaz keep tryin' me
Everybody know that I'm the heir to the Aftermath
dynasty
And I ain't gotta make shit for the club
What DJ gon' turn down a .38 Snub
You 38 and you still rappin', Ugh
I'm 26 homie, so is the dubs
In the '07 Hummer, hop out, nobody dodge
When the chronic smoke clear, all you gon' see is

Chorus

Verse 3:

I aint got beef with 50, no beef with Jay
What's beef when you gettin' head in the '6-Tre
And the double Game chains, 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 better make-up a dance and try 'n' get radio-play
Keep on snapping your fingers, I ain't goin' away
I don't regret what I spit cuz I know what I say
And niggaz talkin' 'bout me, they don't know when to
stop
I got the Louis Vuitton beltbuckle holdin' the glock
No beam, no silencer, I know when to pop
Wait 'til Lil' Jon come on and let off a shot
I had the number 1 Billboard spot
Niggaz 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 'til my album drop

Chorus

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