



The Game – "One Blood"

Dre, I see dead people

Blood, Blood, Blood, Blood-Blood-Blood [x3]

Yo, Dre

Thought I was Dead

West coast

One blood [x4]

[Verse 1]

I'm the doctor's advocate, n---- dre shot ya

Brought me back from the dead, that's why they call him the doctor

The (after)'math don't drop them

And 50 ain't rockin' with him

No more, IT'S OKAY, I get it poppin'

Whole club rockin'

Like a '64 impala

Drink Cris, throw it up

Call the shit hydraulics

Then piss in the cup

Call the shit hypnotic

I bleed Compton

Spit crack and shit chronic

And you new n----s ain't shit

But new n----s

Bathing ape shoe n----s

I'm talkin' to you, n----

Bouncin' in the '64 throwin' up West side, man

Sellin' another 5 million albums, YES I AM

Fresh like damn

This n---- did it again

A hundred thousand on his neck, L.A. above the brim

Inside the lambo (rhini) in the shotgun with Snoop

What would the motherf----n' West coast be without one Crip and (one Blood)

[Chorus]

One blood [x4]

Blood, Blood, Blood, Blood-Blood-Blood [x3]

One blood [x4]

[Verse 2]

I'm from the West side of the '64 Impala

Where n----s say "Where you from" we'll never say "Holla"

Bandanna on the right side

Gun on the left side

N----s in New York, know how to throw up the West side

Word to Eazy

I'm so ill, believe me

I made room for Jeezy

But the rest of you n----s better be glad you breathin'

All i need is one reason

I'm the king, and Dre said the West coast need me

I don't know why you n----s keep tryin' me

Everybody knows I'm the heir to the Aftermath dynasty

And I ain't gotta make shit for the club

What DJ gonna turn down the .38 snub?

You 38 and you still rappin' uh

I'm 26 n----, so is the dubs

On the '07 Hummer

Hop out with no bodyguards

When the chronic smoke clear all you see is (one Blood)

[Chorus]

One blood [x4]

Blood, Blood, Blood, Blood-Blood-Blood [x3]

One blood [x4]

[Verse 3]

I ain't got beef with 50, no beef with Jay

What's beef when you gettin' head in the 6-tray?

And the double game chain, I keep 'em on display

Black T-shirt, so all you see is the A (aftermath)

Turn on the TV, and all you see is the A (aftermath)

You n----s better make up a dance and try to get radio play

Keep on snappin' your fingers, I ain't going away

I don't regret what I spit, cause I know what I say

And n----s keep talkin' about me, they don't know when to stop
I got the Louis Vuitton belt buckle, holdin' the glock
No beam, no silencer, I know when to pop
Wait 'til Lil' Jon come on and left off a shot
I have the number 1 billboard spot
N----s stepped on my fingers, and I climb right back to the top
I'm BIG, I'm Cube, I'm Nas, I'm 'Pac
This ain't shit but a warnin' 'til my album drop

[Chorus]

One blood [x4]
Blood, Blood, Blood, Blood-Blood-Blood [x3]
One blood [x8]
Blood, Blood, Blood, Blood-Blood-Blood [x3]
One blood [x4]