

The Game, One Blood (West Coast Remix)

(The Game)

Dre, I see gang bangers

(Snoop Dogg Intro)

Hey yo Game! What it do nephew?

It's the crippin 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 crippin, 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 f**k with blood, then you f**k 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, its 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, f**kers, 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 muhf**kers 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 f**k 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)