

# The Game, One Blood

(Intro)

Dre, I see dead people  
Yo Dre, thought I was dead  
West Coast

(Verse 1)

I'm the doctor's advocate, nigga Dre shot cha  
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 Hypnotiq  
I bleed Compton, spit crack and shit Chronic  
And you new niggaz ain't shit but new niggaz  
Bathing Ape shoe niggaz, I'm talking to you niggaz  
Bounce in the 6-4, throwing up Westside man  
Sell another five million albums, Yes I am  
Fresh like damn, this nigga did it again  
A hundred thousand on his neck, LA above the brim  
Inside the lambo, shotgun with snoop  
What would the motherfuckin' west coast be without one crip and

(Chorus)

One blood {\*4X\*}  
Blood {\*9X\*}  
One blood {\*4X\*}

(Verse 2)

I'm from the west side of the 6-4 Impala  
Where niggaz say where you from, we don't ever say holla  
Bandana on the right side, gun on the left side  
Niggaz 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 niggaz  
Better be glad you breathin, All I need is one reason  
I'm the king and Dre said it, the west coast need me  
I don't know why you niggaz keep tryin me  
Everybody know that I'm the aire to the Aftermath dynasty  
And I ain't gotta make shit for the club  
What DJ gonna turn down a 38 snub  
You 38 and you still rappin? Ugh  
I'm 26 nigga, so is the dubs  
In the '07 Hummer, hop out, nobody dodge  
When the chronic smoke clear, all you gonna hear is

(Chorus)

(Verse 3)

I ain't got beef with 50, no beef with Jay  
What's beef when you getting 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 niggaz better make up a dance and try and get radio play  
Keep on snapping your fingers, I ain't going away  
I don't regret what I spit cause I know what I say  
And niggaz talking bout me, they don't know when to stop  
I got the Louis Vuiton beltbuckle holding the glock  
No bean, 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 until my album drops

(Chorus) - 2X