

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