

The Game, One Blood (Dirty South Remix)

(The Game)

Dre, I'm in the South

(Lil' Wayne Intro)

Brrrrrrrrrrrrrrrr!

Yeah!

Weezy!

(Lil' Wayne)

5.0.4 gangsta, New Orleans soldier
Bangin underwater, f**k around and soak ya
Louisiana gunner, I'm bout my holster
And if you gettin greasy, I'm an ulcer
I'm bickin back, bein bool on the Eastside
Or New Orleans where the bloods at the bee hive
Ain't nothin sweet unless its presidential
Cause that is where I sleep, now give me my key!

(Rick Ross)

One love to the gangs, but I'm in the thangs
Save the colors for the cars, see we kill for the fame (Ross)
The boss made it, yeah, we floss flagrant
Shame how I lost your life savings up in Las Vegas (Ross)
I'm a heavy better, I'm a heavy seller
Keep white in the office call it Jerry Heller
Lettin off a hundred rounds, let the barrel pick
And we gon sit here, wait for the derrelrics

(Twista)

Bitch I got lords and gangstas, show me where them niggaz at
Chi got two six's and kings, show me where them killas at
Chi got them ballas and hustlers, show me where them figures at
Game, where them triggers at? Aim at them fitted caps!
He got the clips, I got the scope, let's get them choppers, nigga
He got the kush, I got the dope, let's get it poppin, nigga
Hurt him in that cherry six fo, shit ain't no stoppin, nigga
Hit him in the head and the body with a bullet
When I put him in the cemetary then I gotta holler out!

(Chorus)

(T.I.)

You knowin my attitude shitty, only a buck fifty
So I keep the smitty's wit me, shit, how many wit me?
What, you scared? I'm prepared, in the MALL AND ALL!
Wit two two's, you can call me QUICK DRAW McGRAW!
Bitch, I'ma cut that fool, better CALL THE LAW!
I start sprayin, make f**k nigga FALL AND CRAWL!
I press play like Puff, no PAUSE AT ALL!
Choppin holes in ALL THE WALLS, that's ALL THEY SAW!

(Chamillionaire)

I'm the realest youngster thats breathin, and I don't gotta give a reason

Chamillionaire a millionaire, y'all competin to be competin!
My purpose is to get the cheese and as a purpose that should defeatin
So shut your mouth, have a seat and be quiet till I finish eatin
My label tells me I'm greedy, hoggin all the room on your tv
Like +Eric+ they think its +Eazy+, but it isnt easy believe me
Need to make a room in B.E. television if you wanna be me
Game said he made room for Jeezy, I had to make room for me, G!

(Pitbull)

To all my Mexicans they runner, I got yo back
I'll be livin' this city dawg, and that's the facts
To the new immigration loves to tryna bags
Try to be nice laice tape kiss my ass
Plus we all immigrates, and plus the damn I represent
I'm a red, I'm a dag, but I'ma make this evidence
All that I can say that lil chico killa name
So llaque sarar que me canto para minero
Yo!

(Chorus)

(Slim Thug)

Its one blood if you blood or cuz
From that number one thug, its still one love
I rep my blue boy team but I do it for green
I do it for my folks, vice lords and kings
All us trappers, future rappers, standin out on the blocks
Tryna get up out the hood mayne, and stack 'em a knot
Put ya sets in the air, scream f**k the cops!
We gon rep for the hood mayne, like it or not!

(Young Dro)

My feed mashable, murders are catastrophic
Cars is improbable, I'm overcomin obstacles
Trappin, I made it logical, my topic is impossible
I got a partner named Shoe Strang, cause shorty real crossable
Shark meat to Papadough's, cars be tropical
All guns choppable, all blocks are mobbable
I am unstoppable, my calico is toxable
Lyrically diabolical, cushion is not stoppable

(Bun B)

I'm comin straight outta PAT, like Compton in all black
But when we say what it do, they never say holla back
Bun B, the uh, OG like '95 Air Max
Neon green outta fight club off a fair facts
Ask the hundreds, it's doable, I done done it
At the summit of rap and I'm watchin you haters plummit
Run to it or run from it, to Bun it don't differ
Wipe the streets with ya like you a swiffer as a gifter, one blood!

(Chorus)