

# It's OK

Eminem

Check it out

Hey Kyu!

[Chorus: 2x]

It's a broke day but everything is OK (It's OK)  
I'm up all night but everything is alright (It's alright)  
It's a rough week and I don't get enough sleep (I can't sleep)  
It's a long year pretending I belong here (Belong here)

One day I plan to be a family man happily married  
I want to grow to be so old that I have to be carried  
'Til I'm glad to be buried  
And leave this crazy world

And have at least a half a million for my baby girl  
It may be early to be planning this stuff  
'Cause I'm still struggling hard to be the man, and it's tough  
'Cause man it's been rough, but still I manage enough

I've been taken advantage of, damaged and scuffed  
My hands have been cuffed  
But I don't panic and huff, frantic and puff  
Or plan to give up, the minute shit hits the fan it erupts

I'm anteing up double or nothing, I've been trouble enough  
And I'm sick of struggling and suffering, see  
My destiny's to rest at ease, till I'm impressed and pleased  
With my progress, I won't settle for less than cheese

I'm on a quest to seize all, my own label to call  
Way before my baby is able to crawl  
I'm too stable to fall, the pressure motivates  
To know I hold the weight of boulders on my shoulder blades

I seen the golden gates to heaven on Earth  
Where they don't pull a weapon on you when you stepping on turf, Kyu

[Chorus: 2x]

I'm going for broke, gambling and playing for keeps  
Everyday in the streets, scrambling and paying for cheep  
Praying for sleep  
Dreaming with a watering mouth

Wishing for a better life for my daughter and spouse  
In this slaughtering house, caught up in bouts  
With the root of all evil  
I've seen it turn beautiful people crude and deceitful

And make them do shit illegal  
For these Grant's and Jackson's  
These transactions explain a man's actions  
But in the mist of this insanity, I found my Christianity

Through God and there's a wish he granted me  
He showed me how to cope with the stress

And hope for the best, instead of mope and depressed  
Always groping a mess, of flying over the nest

To selling dope with the rest  
I quit smoking cess to open my chest  
Life is stressful inside this cesspool  
Trying to wrestle, I almost bust a blood vessel

My little brother's trying to learn his mathematics  
He's asthmatic, running home from school away from crack addicts  
Kids attract static, children with automatics  
Taking target practice on teens for Starter Jackets

I'm using smarter tactics to overcome this slum  
I won't become as dumb as some and succumb to scum  
It's cumbersome, I'm trying to do well on this Earth  
But it's been Hell on this Earth since I fell on this Earth

[Chorus: 2x]

Uh, it's OK, yeah it's alright, even though I can't sleep  
Uh yeah, it's OK, it's alright, I can't sleep