

# It's Ok (One Blood)

## The Game

Dre, I see dead people

Blood, Blood, Blood, Blood-Blood-Blood (3x)

Yo, Dre  
Thought I was Dead  
West coast

One blood (4x)

I'm the Doctor's Advocate, nigga dre shot ya  
Brought me back from the dead, that's why they call him the doctor  
The (after)'math don't drop them  
And 50 ain't rockin' with him  
No more, IT'S OKAY, I get it poppin'  
Whole club rockin'  
Like a '64 impala  
Drink Cris, throw it up  
Call the shit hydraulics  
Then piss in the cup  
Call the shit hypnotic  
I bleed Compton  
Spit crack and shit chronic  
And you new niggas ain't shit  
But new niggas  
Bathing Ape shoe niggas  
I'm talkin' to you, nigga  
Bouncin' in the '64 throwin' up West side, man  
Sellin' another 5 million albums, YES I AM  
Fresh like damn  
This nigga did it again  
A hundred thousand on his neck, L.A. above the brim  
Inside the lambo (rghini) in the shotgun with Snoop  
What would the motherfuckin' West coast be without one crip and (one Blood)

One blood (4x)  
Blood, Blood, Blood, Blood-Blood-Blood (3x)  
One blood (4x)

I'm from the West side of the '64 Impala  
Where niggas say "Where you from" we'll never say "Holla"  
Bandanna on the right side  
Gun on the left side  
Niggas 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 niggas better be glad you breathin'  
All i need is one reason  
I'm the king, and Dre said the West coast need me  
I don't know why you niggas keep tryin' me  
Everybody knows I'm the heir to the Aftermath dynasty  
And I ain't gotta make shit for the club  
What DJ gonna turn down the .38 snub?

You 38 and you still rappin' uh  
I'm 26 nigga, so is the dubs  
On the '07 Hummer  
Hop out with no bodyguards  
When the chronic smoke clear all you see is (one Blood)

One blood (4x)  
Blood, Blood, Blood, Blood-Blood-Blood (3x)  
One blood (4x)

I ain't got beef with 50, no beef with Jay  
What's beef when you gettin' head in the 6-tray?  
And the double game chain, I keep 'em on display  
Black T-shirt, so all you see is the A (aftermath)  
Turn on the TV, and all you see is the A (aftermath)  
You niggas better make up a dance and try to get radio play  
Keep on snappin' your fingers, I ain't going away  
I don't regret what I spit, cause I know what I say  
And niggas keep talkin' about me, they don't know when to stop  
I got the Louis Vuitton belt buckle, holdin' the glock  
No beam, no silencer, I know when to pop  
Wait 'til Lil' Jon come on and left off a shot  
I have the number 1 billboard spot  
Niggas stepped on my fingers, and I climb right back to the top  
I'm BIG, I'm Cube, I'm NaS, I'm 'Pac  
This ain't shit but a warnin' 'til my album drop

One blood (4x)  
Blood, Blood, Blood, Blood-Blood-Blood (3x)  
One blood (8x)  
Blood, Blood, Blood, Blood-Blood-Blood (3x)  
One blood (4x)