

It's Okay (One Blood)

The Game

"It's Ok (One Blood)"

Dre, I see dead people

Blood, Blood, Blood, Blood-Blood-Blood [x3]

Yo, Dre
Thought I was Dead
West coast

One blood [x4]

[Verse 1]

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)

[Chorus]

One blood [x4]

Blood, Blood, Blood, Blood-Blood-Blood [x3]

One blood [x4]

[Verse 2]

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)

[Chorus]

One blood [x4]

Blood, Blood, Blood, Blood-Blood-Blood [x3]

One blood [x4]

[Verse 3]

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

[Chorus]

One blood [x4]

Blood, Blood, Blood, Blood-Blood-Blood [x3]

One blood [x8]

Blood, Blood, Blood, Blood-Blood-Blood [x3]

One blood [x4]

Lyrics submitted by Tommy.

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