

# T-Bone, It's Ok

## Chorus

I show ya how to do it now homie, cuz its ok  
To make positive music now baby, put all of the guns away  
I keep it gully for the streets and gangstas, but I'm trying to make a change  
Cuz there's to many of my dogs and comrades, homies done past away

Coming up in my early days, I was raised around blacks and essays  
And thugs wit short tempers that are quick to spray  
Then throw up a gang sign reppin they set  
I'm from the west man, this is bout as hard as it gets  
Tha projects saturated wit drugs and dealers  
And the streets consist of the guns and cold killas  
It's bad enough man the odds is against me  
And homies in the hood just wanna bang and smoke hemp trees  
They say the only way for me to push Bentley's is ride and bust bullets till the whole clip empty  
All these demons slowly trying to tempt me  
You'll never make a difference bone, but God sent me to  
Revolutionize the style the used to  
And reach all of the gangstas in them khakis and zoot suits  
Came to try to make some of you open your eyes  
And realize what really happens homie after you die

Will the killing ever cease, it's like we got a sick disease  
That makes us, pack a piece, in these cold heart streets  
Gotta break the generational curse, hurts to see these young brothers getting hauled off in a hears  
Banned the passion of the Christ, but endorse glocks and Uzis  
Then we wonder why are kids is dying, bullets flying  
Gangsta's riding and gangs multiplying, at such fast rapid rate  
Could it be all the hero's man kind create  
We teach children how to murder in these video games  
So all they do is imitate what's inside of their brain  
Cuz to them all of the killing is cool, so they pack in the backpacks then shoot up the school  
And then leave them other children wounded and dead  
Then realize what they did and turn the gun to they head

Raised in a dangerous place where thugs pack heat, creep  
Throw up em blue flags, C-walk to tha beat, blast from tha jeep  
Then leave you in tha back of your seat, face down in a pool of blood  
Resting in peace, mark of the beast is plotting trying to leave us deceased  
Bullets flying throughout our neighborhoods roaming tha streets  
It's a war zone where we willing, patnas dying and got collect calls from tha prison  
Twice a day, inside tha land of tha murderers crooks and armed burglars  
Pimps, and curb servers and golden state warriors  
That ya gotta be ready to die, gotta decide, could be facing 20 to life  
In a 6 by 9 cell, in jail wit no bail, just waiting to get mail  
Where destiny is hell, you should a known gangstas never retire  
It's blood, blood out, homie, devil's a liar