

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