

# The Game, It's Okay(One Cuzz)

Dre, I see dead people  
Yo Dre  
Thought I was dead  
West coast

(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 math gon' drop em  
If 50 ain't rockin' with him no more  
it's ok I get it poppin'  
Whole club rockin'  
Like a '64 impala  
Drink chris, throw it up  
Call the shit hydrolic  
Then piss in the cup  
Call the shit hypnotic  
I bleed Compton  
Spit crack and shit chronic  
And you new niggaz ain't shit  
But new niggaz  
bape n ape shoe niggaz  
I'm talkin to you nigga  
Bouncin' in da '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 shotgun with Snoop  
What would the muthaf\*\*kin West Coast be without  
one Blood and {one 'causez}

(Chorus)

One 'causez (17x)

(Verse 2)

I'm from the West side of the '64 Impala  
Where niggaz say "Where you from"  
we'll never say holla  
Bandanna on the right side  
Gun on the left side  
Niggaz 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 niggaz 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 niggaz 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 ughh  
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 'causez}

(Chorus)  
One 'causez (17x)

(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  
Turn on the TV  
and all you see is the A  
Niggaz 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 niggaz 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 Lloyd Banks come on and left off a shot  
I had the number one billboard spot  
Niggaz 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 aint shit but a warnin til my album drop

(Chorus)  
One 'causez (17x)