

The Game, It's Okay (One Blood)

Dre, I see dead people!

(Junior Reid)
Modern vampires of the city
HUNTING BLOOD
BLOOOOOOD BLUH-UD

(The Game)
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 him, and 50 ain't rockin with him no more
It's OK, 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
Bathin' Ape shoe niggas,
I'm talkin' to YOU, nigga
Bounce in a '64, throwin up West Side, man
Sell another five million albums, yes I am
Fresh like, Damn, this nigga did it again
A hundred thousand on his neck
LA above the brim,
Inside the Lambo, shotgun with Snoop,
What would the mothafuckin West Coast be without one crip and

(Hook)

(Verse 2)
I'm from the West Side of the '64 Impala
When niggas say where you from, we don't never say holla
Bandana 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 it, the West Coast need me
I don't know why you niggas keep tryin me
Everybody know that I'm the heir to the Aftermath dynasty
And I ain't gotta make shit for the club
What DJ gon' turn down the 38 snub?
You 38 and you still rappin? Ugh--
I'm 26, nigga, so is the dubs
On the '07 Hummer, hop out, no bodyguards
When the chronic smoke clear, all you gon' see is

(Hook)

(Verse 3)
I ain't got beef with 50
No beef with Jay
What's beef when you gettin' head in a six tre
And the double Game chains? I keep 'em on display
Black t-shirts so all you see is the A
Turn on the TV and all you see is the A
You niggas better make up a dance, try to get radio play
Keep on snappin your fingers I ain't goin' 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 till Lil Jon come on and let off a shot
I had the number one Billboard spot
Niggas stepped on my fingers and I climbed right back to the top
I'm Big, I'm Cube, I'm Nas, I'm Pac,
This ain't shit but a warnin' till my album drop

(Hook)