

T-ara

"It's Ok"

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Hook

I show ya how to do it now hommie, 'cause it's ok, got the spirit all over this music, put all of the guns away, I keep it gully for the streets and gangstas, but I?m trying to make a change, 'cause there?s to many of my dogs and comrades, hommies done past away.

Verse 1

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 hommies 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 temp 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 kakis and zoot suits, came to try to make some of you open your eyes, and realize what really happens hommi after you die.

Verse 2

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 hearse, what?s worse, is we promote it though songs and movies, 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, 'cause 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.

Verse 3

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 the 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
dieing 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, hommie, devils a liar.

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