

# Against All Odds

## Busta Rhymes

Aiyo, balls your pencils  
As hollow tips get in you  
Bots cutting to slice your face you  
Rhymes is natural  
Hold two lives and four wives  
Up in the crack capsule  
Flipmode cruddy styles has been past you  
Rush pass  
You couldn't touch cash  
If it was under your nose  
Like a mustache  
Nigga, what ass!  
Show your whole cheek  
Slugs with no heat  
Diamonds that don't break  
You thugs is so sweet  
I float so much I get seasick  
Flipmode is the squad who I beez with  
Who I get plucks with  
And push German V's with  
Rampage I'm psychic I can see shit  
To the next millennium, you not gon' be shit  
Scratch your name off the list, cut your wrist  
You know the issue, I'm official  
When you die none of your niggas is really gon' miss you  
Flipmode Squad  
Here to drop bombs  
Against all odds  
Still remain Gods  
Grip your arm  
We always come hard  
The world is ours  
Call a National Guard  
Here we go  
Any bitch that rhyme wanna flex she ass  
I'm stomping all things like I'm Plexiglass  
Niggas make way like when they hear sirens  
Treat you like park and too close to fire hydrants  
All up in the board kicking back long islands

Get your wig split first solid defiance  
Rah, Earth and Sun in this imperial alliance  
You do the science  
I'm getting money shitting, turn intruders into vixens  
Fall off beeper uh uh niggas stay getting  
Dirty nigga for life, that's how spliff's living  
Throwing niggas in caskets, tired of a yellow ribbons  
I buck my duck if you touch my one  
Rather Jamaican than belly boy make you people for fun  
Fat man's son, street educated  
The colonel of ghetto jurors, still thug related  
Flipmode Squad  
Here to drop bombs  
Against all odds  
Still remain Gods  
Grip your arm  
We always come hard  
The world is ours  
Call a National Guard  
We enemies of three strike felony laws  
Gorilla dicking K Y Jelly for whores  
Lapdances trap grands without laws  
My baby Moms, three eighty for your arms  
That bust with loud force  
The ghetto with us, that bang Makaveli in trucks  
That whatever the fuck to give a cheddar in chunks  
Who gazey chase fake thugs with lazy aid  
Track marks, rap stars and a rain of AIDS  
Yo, what you want from us now visualize more of us  
Stay toting under my given flavor from Nauticas  
Destroy every arch rival or any challenger  
Make you remember this day, nigga mark it on your calendar  
I'm showing you something you ain't saying nothing  
My niggas make noise like a bunch of volcanoes erupting  
None of y'all niggas really wanna war  
The type of nigga to crash my plane in your building  
In the name of the law  
Flipmode Squad  
Here to drop bombs  
Against all odds  
Still remain Gods  
Grip your arm  
We always come hard  
The world is ours  
Call a National Guard

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