

Against All Odds

Trae

One love... one love... one thug
One nation... twenty-one gun salute

[Chorus]

I'm hopin my true mothafuckaz know
This be the realest shit I ever wrote
Against all odds, up in the studio, gettin blowed
To the truest shit I ever spoke

21 gun salute, dressed in fatigue, black jeans and boots
disappeared in the crap, all you seen was troops
This little nigga named Nas thinks he live like me
Talkin bout how he left the hospital took five like me
You living fanatasies, nigga I reject your deposit
We shook Dre punk ass, now we out of the closet
Mobb Deep wonder why nigga blowed them out
Next time grown folks talk, nigga close your mouths
Peep me, I take this war shit deeply
I see too many real playas fall to let these bitch niggaz to beat me
Puffy, lets be honest you a punk
or you gonna see me with gloves
Remember that shit you said in vibe about me being a Thug
You can tell the people you roll with whatever you want
But, you and I know what's going on
Pay back I knew you bitch niggaz from way back
Witness me strapped with macs knew I wouldn't play that
All you old rappers trying to advance
It's all over now, take it like a man
Niggas looking like, Larry Holmes flabby and shit
Trying to playa hate on my shit, you eat a fat dick
Let it be known this is how you made me
Love it how I got you niggaz goin crazy, against all odds

[Chorus x2]

I heard he was light skined, stocky with a haitian accent
Jewelry, fast cars and he's known for flashing (what's his name)
Listen while I take you back and lace this rap
A real live tale, about a snitch named Haitian Jack
Knew he was working for the feds, same crime different trail

Niggas picture what he said, and did I mention
Promised a payback, Jimmy Henchmen, in due time
I knew you bitch niggaz was listening, The World is Mine
Set me up, wet me up, niggaz stuck me up
Heard the guns bust, but you tricks never shut me up
Touch one of mine on everything I own
I'll destroy everything you touch, play the game nigga
All out warfare, Eye For An Eye
Last words to a bitch nigga, why you lie?
Now you gotta watch your back nigga, watch your front
Here we come gunshots to deck, now you stuck
Fuck the rap game nigga, nigga This M.O.B
So believe me, we enemies, I go, against all odds

[Chorus x2]

Puffy gettin robbed like a bitch, to hide that fact
He did some shit he shouldn't have did
So we ride em for that
And that nigga that was down for me
Restin dead, switch sides
Guess his new friends want him dead
Probably be murdered for the shit that I said
I bring the real, be a legend or even the dead
Lord listen to me
God don't like ugly It Was Written
Hey Nas your whole damn style is weak
You heard my melody, read about my life in the papers
All my run-in with authorities, felonious capers
Now you want to live my life, so what's the deal
Niggaz that don't ride right
You've seen too many movies
Load 'em up against the wall, close his eyes
Since you lie, you die, goodbye
Let the real life niggaz hear the truth from me
What would you do if you was me (nigga), against all odds

[Chorus x2]

Against all odds

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