

## 2 Minutos

### "Against All Odds"

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

I'm hopin my true motherfuckers 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

Twenty-one gun salute, dressed in fatigue, black jeans  
and boots  
Disappeared in the crowd, all you seen was troops  
This little nigga named Nas thinks he live like me  
Talkin bout he left the hospital took five like me  
You living fantasies, 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 mouth  
Peep me, I take this war shit deeply  
Done seen too many real players fall to let these bitch  
niggas beat me  
Puffy lets be honest you a punk or you will see me with  
gloves  
Remember that shit you said to Vibe about me bein a  
thug  
You can tell the people you roll with whatever you want  
But you and I know what's going on  
Payback, I knew you bitch niggas 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 lookin like Larry Holmes, flabby and sick  
Tryin to player hate on my shit, you eat a fat dick  
Let it be known this is how you made me  
Lovin how I got you niggas crazy

Against all odds  
Hopin my thug motherfuckers 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, against all odds

Hopin my true motherfuckers know  
This be the realest shit I ever wrote

I heard he was light skinned, stocky with a Haitian  
accent  
Jewelery, fast cars and he's known for flashing (What's  
his name???)  
Listen while I take you back (NIGGA SAY HIS NAME!)  
and lace this rap  
A real live tale about a snitch named Haitian Jack  
Knew he was workin for the feds, same crime, different  
trials  
Nigga, picture what he said, and did I mention  
Promised a payback, Jimmy Henchman, in due time  
I know you bitch niggas is listenin, The World Is Mine  
Set me up, wet me up, niggas 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 eye  
Last words to a bitch nigga, "WHY YOU LIE?!?"  
Now you gotta watch your back, now watch your front  
Here we come, gunshots too Tutt, now you stuck  
Fuck the rap game, nigga this M-O-B  
So believe me we enemies, I go against all odds

I'm hopin my true motherfuckers 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  
I'm hopin my true motherfuckers know  
This be the realest shit I ever wrote  
Against all odds

Puffy gettin robbed like a bitch, to hide the 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 wanted him dead  
Probably be murdered for the shit that I said  
I bring the real, be a legend, breathin the dead  
Lord listen to me  
God don't like ugly, It Was Written  
(ey yo Nas) Nas, your whole damn style is bitten  
You heard my melody, read about my life in the papers  
All my run-ins with authorities, felonious capers  
Now you wanna live my life, so what's the answer Nas?  
Niggas that don't rhyme 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 live niggas hear the truth from me  
What would you do if you was me nigga

Against all odds  
I'm hopin my true motherfuckers 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  
[repeat]

Against all odds  
[Twenty-one gun salute]  
One love to my true thug niggas (Outlaw! Outlaw!  
Outlaw!)  
Twenty-one gun salute to my niggas that die in the line  
of duty  
Representin to the fullest bein soldiers with military  
minds  
That play the rules of the game, twenty-one gun salute  
I salute you my niggas, stay strong  
I ride for you, I rhyme for you, I roll for you, it's all for  
you  
To all you bitch made niggas, I'm comin for you  
Against all odds, I don't care who the fuck you is, nigga  
You touch me I'm at you  
I know you motherfuckers think that I forgot  
Hell no I ain't forgot nigga  
I just remember what you told me  
You said don't go to war unless I got my money behind  
me  
Aight, I got my money right here, now I want war

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