

2 Pac "Against All Odds"

Visit "[Against All Odds](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

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

Visit [2 Pac](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.