

## 2pac & Makaveli "Against All Odds"

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2Pac & Makaveli - Against All Odds  
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Intro:

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

Verse One:

21 gun salute, dressed in fatigue, black jeans and  
boots  
Dissapeared 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 play 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 2X

Verse Two:

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 2X

Verse Three:

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 2X Against all odds

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