

## **Busta Rhymes**

# **"Against All Odds Ft. Flipmode Squad"**

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[Baby Sham]

Aiyyo, 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

[Rampage]

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 millenium  
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

[Chorus:]

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

[Rah Digga]

Here we go

Any bitch that rhyme wanna flex she ass

I'm stomping all things like I'm plexi-glass

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

[Spliff Star]

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

[Chorus]

[Lord Have Mercy]

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

[Busta Rhymes]

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

[Chorus]

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