

Busta Rhymes

"Against All Odds"

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(feat. Flipmode Squad)

[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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