

## Chase & Status

### "Against all odds"

Visit "[Against all odds](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

I was raised in a city with no heart,  
Where there's no car,  
Steppin' when it comes to be gettin' that dough fast,  
I'm a hustler Ima, Ima hustler,  
Raised on the battle field, born as a sufferer

Before I had a deal I was still stackin' deals,  
Get punked sell food to the customers,  
Now I get love crews in the back o' the S class  
Dem cant move like dat y'na,  
(I was raised in)  
I come from where man were done for hardly nuthin'  
You can see it in the blues than I'm hardly frontin'  
Got kids with guns in the heart of London  
Bullet proof vests like half a hundred,  
There's no actors and actresses barely around here  
This matches them straps of Manchesters  
Soon as you exit stanstead you might see...

I was raised in a city when they was out Blazin' a Philly,  
I was on the 5 bus chasing the titties  
At tha back of the class undoin' bras wi' a stiffy,  
Tenisha, Testa, Lesly and Richie,  
It's a cold, cold world  
Gangstas living ina Po Po world,  
So I'm in a co co with a go go girl  
Escaping reality that I know so well  
But when ya a kid ya don't know betta  
Boy find trouble tryin' ta find that cheddar,  
Money breeds envy  
Might get set-up  
My pockets get empty  
Nigas get jealous  
Killa now told them???

I think you are stretching that ketchup from the south of  
da border  
And all across the east has got round here  
Gotta see it to believe it

Baby just because Ima Londoner  
Now I love London town but London's foul

London's a merry go round a cycle of life full of ups  
and downs  
Coz up till now we could of neva won  
With the odds against us a million to one  
See the witness messy a ligasliga a slum  
Don't fight says Jordan now you really get a stiffy on.

Visit [Chase & Status](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

---

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.