

## Plies

# "Trying 2 Beat Da Odds"

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[Intro:]

I'm finna give it to your ass gun barrel straight that's  
just how we rocking over here bruh Big Gates Record  
bruh gun barrel straight bih shout outs to everybody in  
the projects shout outs to everybody in the ghetto see  
understand this it's always a bright light at the end of  
that ?

[Chorus:]

They say one out of ten blacks we go die behind bars  
Say we was born in the ghetto then we ain't go make it  
far  
Ain't know avoid getting killed was go never be this  
hard  
To keep it real with you my nigga I'm just trying to beat  
the odds  
I'm just trying to beat the odds  
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[Verse 1:]

Niggas don't want to see me with shit the white man  
don't neither  
That's why I ride everyday drank my liquor and smoke  
my reefer  
The mexicans the only mother fuckers they put beneath  
us  
I guess if you poor and white the world don't fuck with  
you neither  
I get it I understand I'm black so ain't equal  
When you from the hood though that shit run a lil  
deeper  
And one mother fucker in my hood that done never  
became a doctor  
And one body in my family who done never became a  
lawyer  
My daddy sold dope that shit hard not to follow

My momma did her best but she had her own problems  
My brother two times loose that's a whole bother saga  
Every nigga in my click at some point was a robber  
It's hard to think different cause shit I'm from the  
projects  
Soon as you make a lil money got to spend it fight  
charges  
Ain't pussy I'm a hundred so I can't live with cautions  
I'm just trying to make show my wins out weigh my  
loses

[Chorus:]

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[Verse 2:]

It's a thousand niggas that die for every one nigga that  
make it out  
My homie can't even read but do his thang with the  
pots  
His momma been dead his daddy smoking rocks  
He can't get a job some might say it's his own fault  
Sometime situations can change what you was taught  
My momma and daddy wasn't together I wonder where  
I'd be

Cause most the shit I know now I learned it from the  
streets  
Cause being a certain color it attracts the police  
And when you live in certain areas you can never get  
peace  
My momma biggest fear me dying in these streets  
But if ain't up in it how the fuck I'm go eat  
And it's sad to say but nobody in my family got a  
degree  
A nigga playing ball and dropped out for the streets  
And got involved in hustling and got in too deep  
The shit got over my head and the nigga couldn't even

see

The streets ain't the honest but I'ma be all I can be

[Chorus:]

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[Verse 3:]

I just got one wish for drop me in a casket

To wake up one morning and see my momma happy

I wanna salute God for all the bad shit that happened

Cause everything that went wrong now I understand it

He protect me from my enemies protect me when I was  
trapping

He left when I was lil but I still forget my daddy

The world done got rough everything done got drastic

I'm just a black man that's the color of my family

If I'm ever go make it the hustle I got to marry

The road done been rough but I refuse to let it try me

I done made some mistakes but shit ain't embarrassed

I got to beat the odds cause one day I'ma parish

[Chorus:]

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