

ICON "Against All Odds"

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[Verse 1]

How did hip-hop find me
How the neighborhood virtually crime free
I mean the home with traffickers,
But as it was cops was more concerned with cars
moving at a high speed
Or house party's hosting underage drinkers
Traditions say the area ain't underage thinkers
Co-Found enough to carry hip-hop's glory,
But there's a little twist to this hip-hop story
A book ain't defined by it's cover
I was in the crib that day find into struggle
A single mother raising two wannabe hoop stars
That found a little more comfort listening to Tupac
And Snoop Dogg bitch, now i'm the most wanted
So sick, baby like he flows vomit
The hardest thing out the west homie post Chronic
That's what the blog gonna post when they post on me
yeah

[Hook]

If I sounded like a lunatic,
When I said I be the baddest motherfucker doing it
About a doubter or a naysayer,
But he who talk's shit will be the one I thank later
My people put him into thinking out
When they ask you if you give a fuck go and sing it
loud
Get live, about time, get live

[Verse 2]

Against all odds shit
When limited child develop the ability to really spit with
a style
Similar to legends who probably be listening now
Like these suckers ain't figure it out
In the steroid era, they swing for the fence with they
smash single
He play the clean hitting doubles and would slap
singles
Now if you ask about them people say he bad a
thousand

His body of work prove he body all these rap singles
I mean his verses vs they verses
Surfaces the work, but they words what your worth's is
And what's worse is, dude's a true word smith
And that shit work their nerves, and make them
nervous
And word is it's more clearer who the torch bearer
Who could carry the philosophies from the dope era
And make that shit hot within today's platform
Everyday a stars born, platform

[Hook]

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[Verse 3]

Against all odds shit
So that probably be you best against me
When I say i'd be among the best to ever emcee
I guess you need the evidence, well evidently
My bars a lot to gain down, I spit that penitentiary yeah
And people say the pen is deadly
But they don't write the shit i'm kicking so eloquently
It's that easy to me homes, this is elementary
I got it down to a science like the elements see
Money solid, flow is like liquid
Oozes all cash from the coldest around spitting
Emcee who representing for the Golden State
The way that i'mma eat it make you think that you
should warm a plate
And just they, that's the kid from the honor classes
Who was questioned, but would hit you with some
honest answers
The truth in the booth and every track i'm on is classic
Don't forget the name is fucking ICON you bastards! uh

[Hook]

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