

## 2Pac Featuring Makaveli "Against All Odds"

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featuring Negro League

[Negro League]

You crave for me, mentally blown  
And physically known you at home  
Beggin' to bone about 7 miles from the jeweler, uh  
H-Class for the stones, uh, make you go uh  
And you crash when you zone  
Tense, ever since eye sets to Next  
Floss lex' to promisca  
Fly sista, blow kissa, now a mista  
Lust crippla, bent wit ya, mo sippa', wet in ya

Yo, I sidetracks, and left the back  
I write raps betta tracks  
All her laughs caught the cat  
Click the taps, touch the tracks  
Not when I sat on other women's, laid back, what  
Age that, rap dog keep my mind a long way forth pinch  
In the next ice rich, hold me wet the ice kiss  
Flow mosaics, priceless with niceness  
Seven mile and E, yo girl, you got to let go

[7 Mile]

Time for me to say  
Time for us to go our separate way  
Everything we used to share  
Came to an end  
We're no longer lovers  
We're no longer friends

1 - I realized you were just telling me lies  
And the pain you gave me I can not disguise  
You gave me the world  
And I was your fool  
I can not believe  
All the things you put me through

2 - Used to be the one loved  
Used to be the one I put my trust  
Now you're just a memory

Can't you see  
Ain't nothing going on  
With you and me

Time for you to go  
Found a love to give me all I need and more  
I'm moving on to better things  
A better plan  
Used to play me for a fool  
But I won't be used up

Repeat 1

Repeat 2

Everything we used to know  
Everything we used to be  
Just a memory

Everything we used to know  
Everything we used to be  
Just a memory, just a memory

[Negro League]  
Remember me? The shorty that you kicked to the curb  
Called me Herb, I'm blush now, mark my word  
Dream denere, rock with my peers  
Flow for the ear wit the League in the rear

What?  
Don't try to hold me down  
Memories is all we have now  
And half of them are gone  
The rest are buried in the ground  
I can hear the sound of your heart  
For 7 Miles, reminiscing on how we used to get down

Shorty calm that  
I thought your trainer thought was on track  
Never figured you was wit 'em when you never called  
back  
For the small fact, it was reknowned around town  
That you was my wiz and them kids couldn't clown  
Held me now  
No seconds thoughts, I was the only  
Reminiscing on my nights after fights  
Riding my pony, all that was phoney  
Negros, we on track for Sony  
Forget friends, jacks are made playa homey

Repeat 2 until fade

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