

Traditional

"Against All Odds"

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[Talking: 2Pac]

Yeah nigga, yeah - that's right
Baby, that's how we do it!

[Verse 1: Trae]

I'm back up in it once again - and who that claimin' that throne?

Bitch I'm a asshole, tell them mothafuckers I'm home
[gun shots]

Still kickin it on my own, feds tapin my phone

I'm in the hood - livin what these niggas rap in a
song(fake ass)

I remind 'em they dead wrong in the city I'm the king
And I can show you what it mean while I'm holdin this
red beam

Niggas know the team, A.B.N and ain't no doubt we
touch 'em all

Big, small, or tall - motto forever 'fuck 'em all

I heard 'em tell me that my attitude was out of line

I told 'em suck a dick and it's best to stay the fuck out
of mine

Just for that tell them hoe niggas, they ass is out of
time

I got it on my mind so it's understood who the fuck'll
shine

I'm comin 'round the corner, lookin for a couple cats
Sittin'in the Hoop while my niggas sellin a couple packs
Anybody can get it tell 'em shoot me a couple stacks
They want the streets, I'll show 'em where the fuck it's
at

[Chorus: w/ Trae talking over it]

Homie against all odds - Against all odds

Homie against all odds, Against all odds

[Verse 2: 2Pac]

Follow me, tell me if you feel me - I think niggas is tryna
kill me

Picturin'pistols spittin hollow points till they drill me

Keepin'it real, and even if I do conceal

My criminal thoughts, preoccupied with keepin steel

See niggas is false - sittin in court - turned snitches
They use to be real, but now they petrified bitches
I'm tryna be strong they sendin armies out to bomb me
Listen to Ron, the only DJ that can calm me
Constantly armed, my firepower keep me warm
I'm trapped in the storm and fuck the world till I'm gone
Bitches be warned, word is bond, you'll get torn
I'm bustin on Guilliani, he rubbin my niggas wrong

And then it's on, before I leave picture me
I'm spittin at punk bitches - and hustlin to be free
Watch me set it, niggas don't want it, you can get it
Bet it make these jealous niggas mad - I said it
This Thug Life - nigga we don't cater to you hoes
Fuck with me, have a hundred mothafuckers at yo do' -
with 4 - 4's
HahaHaha, Yeah nigga, Thug Life

[Chorus: w/ Trae talking over it]

[Verse 3: Trae]

Tell 'em if they lookin 4 me ain't nothin changed, still
posted up with a
Couple thugs
With a couple straps in my lap, holdin a couple slugs
I'm in a Chevrolet floatin on a couple dubs
Run up on me I'm a put 'em in ya chest like it's nothin
but love
I'm in the game but still I feel like I'm against 'em all
I'm in my zone, I lace 'em up and take it to the wall
I swear I'm a G - and I'm a be that way until I fall
The shit I'm on'll have you prayin Jesus'll answer ya call
Then it be known that I'm against all odds
I prophesize through the hood - in underneath all
guards
Bitch I'm here to put the fire underneath all frauds
So any nigga in my way'll be a mothafucker scarred
I'm the truth so reconize a livin legend in ya face
Before I catch a attitude and go to catch another case
I'm full speed, for the ride it ain't gon'be another race
And if you think it's somethin weak, then we can fall up
out of place,
Motherfucker

[Chorus: w/ Trae Talking over it]

[Verse 4: Trae]

I'm on the edge feelin like a nigga hard to kill
And fuck them niggas anyway cause they don't keep it
real
This mac eleven be enough to make a hater chill

Run up on me, I can show you how the fuck it feel
Fuck my foes and my use to be friends - I'm all good
'long as I'm gettin my
Ends
Homie against all odds, I let 'em know it ain't no need
to pretend
So tell them niggas that I'm back at it again

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