

## Trae

### "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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