

Tupac, Against All Odds

(Gun shots)

21 Gun Salute
One love, One love
One Nation
21 Gun Salute
All the time I'm ...

Hoping my true motherfuckas know
This be the realest shit I ever wrote
Against all odds
Up in the studio, gettin blow
To the truest shit I ever spoke

(Verse 1)

21 gun salute
Dressed in fatigue, black jeans and boots
Disappeared in the crowd (Outlaw)
All you seen was troops
This little nigga named Nas thinks he live like me
Talkin bout how he left the hospital took five like me
You living fantasies nigga
I reject your deposit
We shook Dre's punk ass
Now we out of the closet
Mobb Deep wonder why nigga blowed them out
Next time grown folks talking, nigga close your mouths
Peep me
I take this war shit deeply
I seen too many real playas fall to let these bitch niggas beat me
Puffy
Lets be honest you a punk
You gonna see me with gloves
Remember that shit you said to Vibe about me being a Thug
Well you can tell the people you roll with whatever you want
But you and I know what's going on (Don't you)
Pay back
I knew you bitch niggas from way back
Witness me strapped with macs
Knew I wouldn't play that
All you old rappers trying to advance
It's all over now, take it like a man (Trick ass square)
Niggas looking like Larry Holmes, flabby and sick
Trying to playa hate on my shit
You eat a fat dick
Let it be known this is how you made me
Love it how I got you niggas crazy (nigga)
Against all odds

(Chorus)

Hoping my thug motherfuckas know
This be the realest shit I ever wrote (nigga)
Against all odds
Up in the studio, gettin blow (blow)
To the truest shit I ever spoke (ever spoke)
Against All Odds
Hoping my true motherfuckas know
This be the realest shit I ever wrote (wrote)

(Verse 2)

I heard he was light skinned, stocky

With a Haitian accent
Jewelry, fast cars and (say his name)
Known for flashing (what's his name)
Listen while I take you back (nigga say his name)
And lace this rap
A real live tale, about a snitch named Haitian Jack
Knew he was working for the feds
Same crime different trail
Niggas picture what he said
And did I mention?
Promised a payback
Jimmy Henchmen
In due time
I knew you bitch niggas was listening
The world is mine (hey Nas)
Set me up, wet me up, niggas stuck me up (I'm baack)
Heard the guns bust
But you tricks never shut me up
Touch one of mine, on everything I owe
I'll destroy everything you touch
Play the game nigga
All out warfare
Eye for eye
Last words to a bitch nigga
Why you lie?
Now you gotta watch your back
Now, watch your front
Here we come gun shots to Tut
Now you stuck
Fuck the rap game nigga
This M.O.B
So believe me, we enemies
I go against all odds

(Chorus)

Hoping my true motherfuckas know
This be the realest shit I ever wrote
Against all odds
Up in the studio, gettin blow (blow)
To the truest shit I ever spoke
Against All Odds
Hoping my true motherfuckas know
This be the realest shit I ever wrote (you all know)

(Verse 3)

Puffy getting robbed like a bitch (bitch)
To hide that fact
He did some shit he shouldn't have did so we ride em for that
And that nigga that was down for me
Rest his head
Switched sides
Guess his new friends wanted him dead
Probably be murdered for the shit that I said
I bring the real, be a legend, breathin' or dead
Lord listen to me
God don't like ugly It Was Written
Hey Nas
Your whole damn style is bitten (Rakim)
You heard my melody, read about my life in the papers
All my run-ins with authorities
Felonious capers
Now you want to live my life
So what's the has-n-Nas?

Niggas that don't rhyme right
You've seen too many movies
Load 'em up against the wall, close his eyes
Since you lie, you die, goodbye
Let the real life niggas hear the truth from me
What would you do if you was me (nigga)
Against all odds

(Chorus)

Hoping my true motherfuckas know
This be the realest shit I ever wrote
Against all odds
Up in the studio, gettin blow
To the truest shit I ever spoke
Against All Odds
Hoping my true motherfuckas know
This be the realest shit I ever wrote
Against all odds
Up in the studio, gettin blow
To the truest shit I ever spoke
Against All Odds

(Tupac Talking)

One love to my true thug niggas (Outlaw, Outlaw)
21 Gun Salute to my niggas that died in the lines of duty
Represent to the fullest and be a souljah
The military minds that play the rules of the game
21 Gun Salute
I salute you my niggas
Stay strong
I ride for you, I rhyme for you, I roll for you
It's on for you
Cause all you bitch made niggas
Are coming for me
Against all odds
I don't care who you fuck with
You touch me I'm at you
I know you motherfuckers don't think I forgot
Hell na I ain't forgot nigga
I just remember what you told me
You said don't go to war till I got my money right
Now I got my money right
Now I want war