

Against All Odds

Crooked I

It's a million motherfuckers out there that support this raw shit
It's slaughter house shit
All the time I'm thinking
Hoping my true motherfuckers know
That the house gang will never fall, never fall!
Against all odds I'm in my studio getting blow
The rap niggas is all I saw!
How I end up here?
Got the blueprint for Biggie and Ozz
Ghetto niggas go and pack them like the 50s and jazz
It's against all odds, should have been a gift shop broads
New niggas out here dressing like Nickie Minaj
Selling their soul to make it wealthy
Wearing women shirts on, and denim skirts on
Instagram taking selfies
I celebrate the minute you die
And I'll be here after the firework (5th of July!)
Here lies a fictional writer, considered a liar
Always rapping about trapping,
Or what an actress did on the wire
Then they ask me why I'm rapping like a killer for higher
Some niggas lock my homies in a trunk,
And lead it on fire!
You can hear my life pain in the way I spit
They don't give a fuck if a DJ play my shit
I like my shit, put it in the club!
Hide my shit, I write my shit, real niggas recite my shit
In their labour they owe me, that ain't no least agreement
Please believe it, I got you on your knees and screaming
Looking like you're in a navy with a cold
Cause their dick so far up your ass, hoe!
You sneeze and see me
Then they put you on a single with the same niggas
On man, you're just a bunch of lame niggas, yeah!
You're hot now, but holler with a shit ass
If I don't feel the music, I ain't rapping with your bitch ass!
And I bet I still won't come around broke
Riffles spitting hollow tits right of this hundred round broke
When I'm barely six feet deep, coping internal shit
And all makes sense, I'll be the underground go nigga.
Syllable king, lyrical drink, niggas be like typical means
I'm killing your dreams!
Pop you in your bed dosing
My shooters come out the closet quick as Frank Ocean
Got you! I'm looking at these lyric system them all
I'm taking you niggas to lyrical training
You ain't in my leaning
I'm giving a fuck if you think you're a star
The bigger they are, the harder they fall
I slip when I set the Apocalypse off!
Shots kill it off, your life will get off
And it will be your own fault
Remember you're on road
Like a bitch with a dildo, you're digging your own hoe!
West Coast, my kingdom is there!
I've been underground for years
You think I would care

Cause main stream
You'll be counting with one hand
Still have a middle finger to spare
Fuck 'em! I ain't hating, I'm just telling the truth
When I see a real MC, I tell them,