

# Against All Odds

Propain

Yeah  
Forever Trill

I swear everything you hope for, everything you dream  
Could be right in your palms and not as far off as it seems  
I know that times is hard and, niggas hate but, that's just how it go  
And she say that it's gon' turn them niggas you think who love you in  
to foes, I done seen that happen  
I done seen it all, been down small, started off with nothin'  
Make a little money, now you Nino Brown, on the roof, the pistol poin  
ted at your brother, nigga  
I done seen these women lie, I mean these bitches lie when they had a  
baby  
Have a nigga hype in amazement when that's your enemy kid you're rais  
in', damn  
A no with the snakes and fakes, I got bigger issues, where you wanna  
start at?  
My hair is nappy and my skin is dark and so I come and lie, man, I'm  
a fuckin' target  
And all this while a nigga up in the White House, is you kiddin' me?  
No equal rights, no reparations, hell, we ain't gettin' the fried chi  
cken free, but  
That's just a fairytale, no matter what he do, they all turn to criti  
cs  
They whisper when a nigga make the shot but they ass is screamin' eve  
ry time you miss it  
You fall, they gon' kick dirt in your eyes, leave for dead, they won'  
t even tell you bye  
Had to get up on some ol' MJ shit, walk up on there slick with that .  
45 (Brain)  
Like I'm back, bitch, back, bitch, get on this track and run laps, bi  
tch (Yeah)  
And now it's killin' time, Pro' the realest sign like a genocide to t  
his whack shit  
My lil' partner called me from the feds, mane, he said, "Pro, what th  
e fuck is happenin'?  
I been down, about a year change, and now this the shit they call fuc  
k fuckin' rappin'"  
But look, I don't deal the cards (Yeah), I just played my hand (Yeah)  
, most of these niggas broad (Yeah), I just take a stand  
Struggle raised the boy, hustle made the man, this game a façade, I c  
an't fake it, damn  
I came from the club, I can't play with them, if your ass a fraud, we  
ain't shakin' hands  
Motherfuck the law, look at Sandra Bland, this shit crazy, all around  
me  
So ain't choice for to say we all for rhymin', these diamonds made th  
ese niggas want a diamond  
At the same time I gotta pray my mama don't get a phone call, these p  
igs Michael Brown me  
Had a daughter it really showed me patience, got some money it really  
showed me haters

But I can't creep for no fuck shit, all these real niggas need some motivation

9-0-3, what it do, baby? Chunk my hood out the roof, baby

This shit for my niggas locked down, ayy, Chi-

Town, this shit for you, gangsta

And all my niggas tryna come come from crumbs, or teach you grind until the money come

My eeses who don't know no English, all they know is "trill" and "fuck Donald Trump," Young Pro'

Yeah

This for the ones they said couldn't do it

This for the ones they doubted

This for the underdogs, man

You see, it ain't about how many times you fail

How many L's you took, how many times you came up short

It's about how many times you stood back up

It's about how many times you did that shit again 'til you got it right, yeah

Soundtrack for the survivors, nigga

Forever Trill