

Even the Odds (feat. Young Thug)

Big Sean & Metro Boomin

Bitch, this ain't no boss it's a boss up
Bitch, this ain't for sure, this a toss up
Bitch, this ain't Toyota, this European
Bitch she ain't no hoe, she my girlfriend
Bitch, this ain't is no nap, this how I sleep
Bitch, this ain't no hobby, this how I eat
Bitch, this ain't lust so it's love
Bitch, this ain't the connect, this the plug
Bitch, this ain't beef, this world war
Bitch, this ain't a show it's a world tour
Bitch, you don't know me, yeah you knew me
Bitch, this ain't the problem, this the solution
Feeling like my chakras aligned
From now on call me Don
Rhyming for days, I couldn't eat and it was not Ramadan
Niggas asking for a cut, they just way out of line
Thugger
Hoe, ain't no Ford, this a Maserati
This is not a movie, baby, this a real dead body
I'm on a one-way street, 'bout to have a trolley
I fuck her one night then I'ma duck up outta
You do anything for this 'lil bitch you might be a Cosby
Speaking of Bill Cosby, I spike my drink with molly
You better not tell nobody, zip it, just zips and addy
Hit from the back, turn to a car when I'm backing out it
Hit it with 10, fuck it, I'ma go smack his body
Hit 'em up like
Did 'em up like
Hit 'em up like
Bitch, this ain't a boss this a boss up
Bitch, this isn't for sure, this a toss up
Hoe, this ain't Toyota, this European
Bitch, she ain't a hoe, she's my girlfriend
Bitch, this ain't time, this is our time
Bitch, this isn't the plug, this the power line
Bitch this ain't Diesel, this Gucci
It's Gucci
Bitch, you ain't know me now you know me (yeah)
Bitch, this ain't Adidas this Puma
Bitch, that ain't the truth that's a rumor
Bitch, you ain't my friend you a tumor
Bitch, that ain't the new one, this newer

Bitch, this ain't fourth-quarter, it's crunch time
Now foul lines, just front lines
Fuck taking shit, boy, I just take what's mine
And I'm still hungry like a nigga was unsigned
Don't nobody want this shit more than I want mine
Fuck a free meal, boy, I'd rather go hunt mine
When you get the ball, boy, you be fumbling
When you talk that shit be mumbling
Man, I got my one shot
Fucked around and and-one'd it
If the dogs ain't there then they one call from it, look
Run you out your house and now your ass apartment hunting
From the Michigan cold, and I'm colder than that
Don't fuck with my crazy ass, boy
Your mama should've told you that
When we in it, one way out
This life just like a cul de sac
The hood behind me like a cobra back
You quote the internet, I quote the facts
But snake niggas never tell the truth
You a liar
If you swear to God one more time on your life you might die
Real ones, I know you feel me
Independent women, I know you feel me
If you self-made me then you feel me
Text from my girl said "Come feel me up"
Real dawgs, I know you feel me
My OG's know they feel me, yeah
Bad bitch, she want to feel me
Text from my girl said "Come feel me up"
If Young Metro don't trust you, I'm gon' shoot you
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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