

# 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

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>