

Gary Lewis & The Playboys

"Destiny"

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[Mr. Pookie]

Destiny, now can you tell me wha's tha meanin
Where I'm goin in this life, its so trife, I get to skeemin
and dreamin
Is thea a way I can make my route pay
Talkin bout tha shit I used to do back in tha day
But hey, times are hard and 4 me its get harder
Got so many problems, they jus build up real quick like
tarter
Avoid tha few, and jus hang wit tha crew, as if u didnt
knew
It be that Stoneycrook crew, its a hard life
And its affectin me so strong, sleepin hea and sleepin
thea
Not havin a place to call my home, this is wrong
I aint neva had it hard like this
But momma always told it would be a day like this
Dirty po shit, baby I cant do it too long
Cause I don had too much to stay down, gotta eat and
stay strong
Even though my brotha, he'll be thea through thick and
thin
Wont be gon in tha wind, like so called friends
Pick up tha pen, let if flow like tha Trinity
Problems steady killin me, gotta get some ends in my
vicinity
I'm in it deep, reep when I'm smashin on yo homies
I didnt wanna do it, me and my baby need some money
Hungry for this rap shit, phony, oh no, not this
Wanted by tha po-po's, they wont get me, I'm too swift
Dip off to tha Cliff, K-Roc fiya up this splif
Aint nobody pagin me, cut our pager off this hip, its a
trip

Chorus[x4]

Wha is my Destiny? Tell me

[K-Roc]

Got some problems in my mind, rewind, so I can find it
These niggaz need to realize, my team gon keep

climbin

To find tha true meanin, haitian, devastation
Not knowin wha you're facin, can be a lifetime
complication

So I'm lacin, these blunts wit weed, keep my G's, right
beside me

I dunno where danger is goin to find me

Behind these doors that's where I stay

Wit a blunt up in my mouth and a cocked AK

And each day, I get tempted by these hoe ass niggaz

So-So ass niggaz, jus po ass niggaz

And I been broke b4 playa, but I kept my dreamin

And I aint neva lettin it go 4 no goddamn cream

Now fuck a football team, fuck that shit, what this

means

Is that I be damned if I'm 40 still servin these fiends

And all tha shit I seen, wasnt no diamonds and pearls

My destiny is to be blind from this fucked up world

Nigga!!!!!!

Chorus[x4]

[Mr. Pookie]

Still doin bad, but life is bout to change

My homie jus called me cause he was bout to lace tha
game

You willin to rip it wit Tha Rockla and Tha Rap?

Makin bread off wha you said, puttin Dallas on tha map

Say no mo, I'll be ready when tha time is right

Got to be patient in this game, but that's hard in life

I got to fight, off hataz while I'm duckin tha laws

Keep some money in my pocket, clothes, shoes and
draws

Neva pause, if I do I might slip off wit tha lifeless

Beggin to tha Lord, bring me closer to tha brightness

How can I fight this?

A bag of weed, feelin loco wit my crooks, gotta skeem
4 cheese

My opportunity came so I grabbed it

Now I see my future in tha mist of all tha bad shit

Hopin I dont pass it, tryin to keep a job and chill

But now thea's 2 things on my patience, have no time
to live

Still feelin like I'm young, but I'm old enuff

I must be trippin, get a hold of it, control tha stuff

Leave tha lust of my dealin wit tha fools who want it

Keep on slangin though you'll find a betta way to get up
on it

Listen homie it wont last long, wait til yo cash gon

You gon be feelin bad cause you broke and you smash
on

No mo sackin and flippin burgers from scratch
I'm in tha studio, rippin up tracks

Chorus [x4]

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