

Yellowcard

"Destined to Be"

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[McGruff]

Herb McGruff, gats in the beat, the richest black man
on Earth
Who gon stop me? Fish scale for papi
Spots all over, from New York to Utah
Salt Lake City, stay jiggy, cranberry eight fitty
Tented wit BB's, stash box got three keys
Puffin trees, lock on my knees for car jackin thieves
I'm gettin Lucci, Versace, Cucci, Gucci
Be loungin like Luke be, wit wall to wall coochie
Uh, Gruffie, know your biggest dream is to fuck me
This willie sip the bubbly, homicide's be ugly
For the record, I'm connected across the borders
Meetin Bermuda blue waters on the celly givin orders
Cream functionin, 52 states, I'm bumpin in
Humpin in, operation, flowin and pumpin in
Big willie, Crystal, isle's and Phillies
Don't act retarded, I'm guarded by nine millies

[Chorus 2X: samples from Mobb Deep's "Eye For A
Eye"]

"Life is a gamble, we scramble for money
I might crack a smile but ain't a damn thing funny" --
Prodigy
"My theme is all about making the green
Livin up in luxury, pushin phat whips and livin
comfortably" -- Havoc

[McGruff]

I rest my ebony grill up in Beverly Hills
Smokin Phills, listenin to Stephanie Mills
Lifestyles of the rich and famous, all on anus
I'm in the spotlight, who don't know what my name is
Life dangerous, police always puttin me through
changes
But in my spare time, I be at the golf rangers
Gruff, blowin up wit Mr. Big Stuff
The hamster, soul on soul, we on a roll
Explodin, platinum hits, cop catchin fits
Got this rap shit lock like pitch
Niggas call it quits

For '96 and forever, I'mma get the cheddar
I keep it by the lever, sport my minks in cold weather
I'm well known, rockin icy jewel stones
They be shinin, like stars from the Twilight Zone
You know my major, 1-800 Sky Pager flavor
Colombian connection, Don P., honey sexin

[Chorus 2X]

[McGruff]

Now who be that? Hundred dollar bills crispy
Versace suit, slightly out the blaze, handkerchief be
Gator Morty slidin through the party mad pissy
Champagne cooler filled wit Mo', Don, and Crysty
Eyes low from the Dutch and hydro
When bubbly get low, what the fuck we rhyme on
I'm univer-sal, gals love Herb's style
Every now and then, mix my herb wit tical
I run wit real niggas, who live life foul
My clan's off the hook, y'all soft and shook
Now look, we never talk, lives get took
Straight up crook, Gruff could never live by the book

[Chorus 2X]

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