

## Lyrics by Hupfield Herman

### "Destiny"

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[Chorus: Letha Face (Autumn Rue)]

I gotta keep it real... for my peeps, it's my destiny

(My life, my life, my life, my life)

I gotta squeeze the steel.. in the streets, you won't get  
the best of me

Uh-huh, I ain't never gonna stop... never

[Letha Face]

Yo, why this life have to be like this? I hang with the  
righteous

And bang with a tight fist gripped on the handle  
Samples of my product, got fiends lurkin' the block  
For them teens murkin' them cops, for death penalties  
at stake

Shakes scrapped off of porcelein plate, to the last  
grain

Never make the mistake of givin' my last name  
To a woman who blames me for all the problems in her  
life

I play the wheel of fortune, spinnin' revolvers on my life  
My life, is similar to a shooting range, but I'm aimed  
the target

And everybody's takin' shots at me

I pull up fab', but you was love, but I'm not happy  
Ask me what motivates me, I'll tell you my baby son  
Now it's back to the slums, where about 80 tons of  
bricks

Creative a building where I stack my chips  
Flip, eject and keep squeezing, to the heat recordings  
You disrespected, now you fertiziled trees deep in the  
soil

[Chorus]

[INF-Black]

Still in the same struggle, many pieces'll make a  
bundle

Like a jungle, make me wonder sometimes, still gotta  
hustle

On my grind, seen some furious eyes, some went blind  
In the midst of the sunlight, it's like I'm stuck in the

times  
Hope for better days, gotta get mines, get out this  
cage  
Full of rage on my life, now I express it on stage  
Relieve the tension over mics, in the whole first page  
My deepest feelings hide inside but always show over  
my face  
A young youth behind the cage, now I'm growin' a fast  
pace  
As I notice, and unfolded the years start to age  
Reality'll hit you like a hand held grenade  
Give me thanks to my earth, she knew when she made  
official  
Birth of her first son, young gun, .38 special  
For my daughter, now, I gotta think before I use the  
pistol  
Wait in temple with today's plan, for tomorrow's issues  
Wanna see me in the can? I'm too righteous in the  
mental

[Chorus]

[Letha Face]

You're never gonna make it in this rap game  
My baby mamma cries out, as I'm jiving in the crack  
came  
Swimmin' in fat chains, strapped with the dame  
Backstrokin' to the blames of corruption  
I'm sucked in the whirlpool of gus bustin' and drug  
hustlin'  
Not for nothin', I need a lifeguard to save me from  
drowin'  
I'm down for men, murderers, who murder murderers  
And serve customers with that all night service  
Purchase burners at retail, I'm tryin' balance the scale  
The streets say the prayers, ya'll be conquered by the  
prodigal  
Got it in hennessey, got my brains in a frenzy  
Is sellin' cocaine my destiny, or the best of me?  
Secret recipe for my music, I create thunder that  
shatters  
The frame, on your H2 Hummer  
I'm a bloodhound at heart, it's in my blood, I live it up  
If I could trade this crime life for the music, I'll give it  
up, what

[Chorus 2X]

Never gonna stop, never gonna stop, never gonna stop  
- repeated to end

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