

# Mr. Pookie, Destiny

(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 it's 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, it's a hard life  
And it's affectin me so strong, sleepin hea and sleepin thea  
Not havin a place to call my home, this is wrong  
I ain't 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 it 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, it's 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 ain't neva lettin it go 4 no goddamn cream  
Now f\*\*k a football team, f\*\*k 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 f\*\*ked 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 don't 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)