

# McGruff, Destined To Be

(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 f\*\*k 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 f\*\*k 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)