Been Through The Storm

Busta Rhymes

Been through the storm, through the cold and rain
Every thing's still the same
Can't control how I feel
Sometimes it's hard to keep it real
You see the luxuries in life, with the fortune and fame
Like them Cadillacs with sunroofs mayne
So many ways to make a dollar
Huh, sometimes I think about my father
You see, my poppa was broke, and my momma was young
Tryin' to blend in with them city folk
Every day landlord knockin' down my do'
Wonderin' where my next blessing is comin' from
My momma and poppa, moved to the U.S. as Jamaicans
Struggled to get visas and green cards through immigration
Though my pop was po', stayed away from crime and malice
Hard living gave him hard hands and callous
As a young and peep how much they loved each other's space
His hard hands rubbin, against the pretty skin of my mother's face
Dig for treasure 'til his hands looked like hands of a junkie
So coarse, slap a mule and take the life from a donkey
On the other hand, mommy was the type to work two jobs
Never enough money, that's why I got your whole crew robbed
Got older, developed ways of grippin' the steel
Barely home for me to see her, or get a good cooked meal
Seek refuge in the alleged land of the free, lookin'
Blendin' in with city folk, down in Flat bush Brooklyn
Feel a little of my pain, follow and sing to it
Homey, I seen it all, if you ain't knowin' I been through it
In other words I
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Got a little older, late teens, me and my crew would huddle
On the corner late nights, plottin' to escape struggle
Nights got cold and still would hustle in the same place
In front of Pancho Delis, now the freeze up on a nigga face
1987 Reaganomics ever curious
To visit other cities, out of town kick was serious
Guyanese jeans bounce, put whatever slinger on
Whatever slinger came back, quickly brought me right along
Nigga ran away from home, doin' different wild shit
Just to put a pair of Filas on, 'Didas on
Wreck is all for the good, gettin' into shit
Like we innocent, actin' older than should
Walk around broke in the hood, watchin all the rich niggaz
These younger thugs who try to choke and try to get niggaz
Thinkin' 'bout my mom and pop, while I'm monopolizin'
To hell with just gettin' by and economizin'
It's kinda hard bein' humble in the belly of struggle
Doin' things that probably get you in trouble
That's why we stay up on the block, gettin' money
While we keepin' it safe in front of churchgoers keepin' the faith
Mom and pop be worryin' for they son, despite they struggle
And their honest livin', look and see just what I become
A scavenger in brute pursuit to be happy, another young and
That's wildin' across the line until somebody tryin' to cap me, oh shit
I been through the storm, through the cold and rain
Everything's still the same, can't control how I feel
Sometimes it's hard to keep it real
Wooh, yeah, oh

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