

Quiet Storm (feat. Bigga Rankin)

Shy Glizzy

Yeah
We know who Dope Boy is
It's a storm coming
Boom boom boom boom I'm going hard for it, I had to starve for it
Remember when I ain't have no money, I had to rob for it
Stood on the block for it, ran from the cops for it
We still be trappin' out them houses with the cardboard
But don't be trippin' over here, no shit is not yours
I heard you saving that lil bitch, better do some time for her
I make her pull up to my condo, go up nine floors
And she gon' get right to it pronto, my lil fine whore
She asked me what is my cologne, lil bitch that's Tom Ford
Now let me slam all in that pussy like a backboard
The trap niggas up now, look at the chalkboards
Them cameras how they get you whacked, just get it back boy
Oh why my heart so cold, and why my watch so froze (burr)
Really I don't know, I did it on my own (Young Jefe)
You see I'm doing numbers, I'm runnin' out the dungeon
You hear the birds hummin', where goes the thunder
It's a storm coming, it's a storm coming
I got real hundreds, yeah all she want is money
You see we came from nothing, you better get to running
It's a storm coming, it's a storm coming
One thing I learned growing up in these streets is that you can't run from the storm forever.
You got to learn to stand up to it.
See there is dignity in surviving a storm.
You won't ever walk out of a storm the same person that went in.
Glizzy, you have survived every storm that came your way.
It's your time to rain!

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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