

# Been Through the Storm

Busta Rhymes

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  
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'n, 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 Flatbush 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  
Guayanese 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

I been through the storm  
Through the cold and rain  
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Sometimes it's hard to keep it real  
Wooooooooooooo-whoahhhhhhhhhhhh  
Yeahhhhhhhhhhh-ohhhhhhhhhhhahahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh