

Through da Storm

Polo G

Hey big brother, it's me, Leah
Remember at the old house I said you was gonna be a big star one day?
I'm so proud of you
Mmh, mmh, mmh, Polo G
Live in the flesh Know my grandma still with me, when it get cold, I feel your spirit
Talkin' to my lil' sister, phone calls through Securus
Walk in court in them shackles, see my mama, her eyes tearin'
Tryna work towards these blessings but the devil keep interfering
Everybody go through something, it's all about perseverance
They was counting me out, I put passion in every lyric
Fuck a sack up at Neimans, spend some racks on my appearance
Yeah, I know that they hate, I'm the man, ain't tryna hear it
Phone on DND, I'm out in Cali whippin' through the mountains
Just cruisin', feelin' my song, windows down, speakers pounding, yeah
My engine roaring and that Gucci tiger growling
Expensive taste, my clothes foreign, I be dripping like a fountain
Need new shoes, I started hustling 'cause I didn't get no allowance
Speeding down the wrong path, found my lane, then I rerouted
Hottest in my city, I heard every word the labels scouted
I got rich and left the hood, still don't leave the crib without it
Swear it ain't no better feeling than thumbing through these thousands
So much money, can't keep track, I think I might need an accountant
I been runnin' up that check, them blue hundreds just keep piling
Came a long way from depression, all these riches keep me smiling
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Yeah, I know that they hate, I'm the man, ain't tryna hear it Couldn't leave my brother in them
trenches, told him come and stay with me
We gon' live like kings for all
them nights ain't have no place to sleep
Niggas watched us starving, never offered us a place to eat
Took off, now they mad, but I know that they won't wait for me
Last year I took a trip to every place that I couldn't wait to see
Granny, I'm locked up again, sat in that station faithfully
Now I'm the golden child, I used to think my mama hated me
Ain't budging 'bout no problems,
swear these niggas ain't gon' take from me

I heard you a robber, on that concrete, you gon' lay deceased
This .40 waving like a blowdryer, gon' hit his face with heat
With this shit for live, forever gang until I'm 83
Real niggas dyin', it seem like Heaven is the place to be
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it get cold, I feel your spirit
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Lyrics provided by <https://www.songlyrics.band/>