

# Been Through the Storm (feat. Stevie Wonder)

## 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 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 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

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>