

# 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 persevering  
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 had every record label scouting  
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 a 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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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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