

# Storm

Scorey

JTK

I gotta keep bein' patient and stay with the faith then one day we will get through the storm  
Can't wait to wake up my mama to look in her face when I tell her "We finally on"  
I know that everybody really countin' on me so I watch how I'm playin' my cards  
'Til then I'ma keep on killin' all the competition, tell them niggas I sent my regards  
I got some niggas sittin' with the stars  
None of this money healin' any scars  
I've seen my niggas bleedin' in the yard  
I keep that Nina with me like a guard  
I gotta get everything that I got in the booth and then wake up and do it tomorrow  
They tryna hang my nigga with a knot and a noose, you can say he a slave to the charts

I used to stay in that place where you know it ain't safe with them bags and weight in them cars  
That's why Lil Terry went back for case after case now I stare at his face through the bars  
No, you can't eat what I ate, tryna take off my plate in my face and I'm makin' them starve  
He know I stay with gang, I don't hang with no lames and if he play then I'm makin' it hard  
I used to play with lasers in the dark  
Boy, I'ma hang a nigga like a tarp  
He think it's sweet but we make it tart  
No, I don't need a key to make it start  
I started rappin', they told me they know that I'm cold, and I found me the perfect of flows  
I made some changes and stops on the road to the top, but you know that's how turbulence goes  
I had to stay on that block with them serpents around so I came and I turned up the score  
That's where my niggas was stuck, all them shells in that Glock and then puttin' that work with the pole  
This one for everyone doubtin' me  
Shout out Ari, she told me she proud of me  
Years back you was just talkin' down on me  
Now I can't stop these bitches from crowdin' me  
Only hang with the gang that surroundin' me  
Pull up and bang, leave his brains on the balcony  
Wipin' his nose like a stain or his allergies  
I need that chain so I'm changin' my salary  
No, I don't play with my food so I'm changin' the take on my calories  
You a lame, you be fakin' with batteries  
Me? I be puttin' in work like a factory  
Now I got pockets that's past the capacity

I gotta keep bein' patient and stay with the faith then one day we will get through the storm  
Can't wait to wake up my mama to look in her face when I tell her "We finally on"  
I know that everybody really countin' on me so I watch how I'm playin' my cards  
'Til then I'ma keep on killin' all the competition, tell them niggas  
I sent my regards  
I got some niggas sittin' with the stars  
None of this money healin' any scars  
I've seen my niggas bleedin' in the yard  
I keep that nina with me like a guard  
I gotta get everything that I got in the booth and then wake up and do it tomorrow  
They tryna hang my nigga with a knot and a noose, you can say he a slave to the charts