

## Quiet Storm

Shy Glizzy

Yeah

We know who Dope Boy is  
It's a storm coming  
Boom boom boom boom boom

I'm going hard for it, I had to starve for it  
Remember when I ain't have no money, I had to rob for it  
Stood on the block for it, ran from the cops for it  
We still be trappin' out them houses with the cardboard  
But don't be trippin' over here, no shit is not yours  
I heard you saving that lil bitch, better do some time for her  
I make her pull up to my condo, go up nine floors  
And she gon' get right to it pronto, my lil fine whore  
She asked me what is my cologne, lil bitch that's Tom Ford  
Now let me slam all in that pussy like a backboard  
The trap niggas up now, look at the chalkboards  
Them cameras how they get you whacked, just get it back boy

Oh why my heart so cold, and why my watch so froze (burr)  
Really I don't know, I did it on my own (Young Jefe)  
You see I'm doing numbers, I'm runnin' out the dungeon  
You hear the birds hummin', where goes the thunder  
It's a storm coming, it's a storm coming  
I got real hundreds, yeah all she want is money  
You see we came from nothing, you better get to running  
It's a storm coming, it's a storm coming

One thing I learned growing up in these streets is that you can't run from the storm forever. You got to learn to stand up to it. See there is dignity in surviving a storm. You won't ever walk out of a storm the same person that went in. Glizzy, you have survived every storm that came your way. It's your time to rain!