

Clarence Williams

"Trapped in a Storm"

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[C-Murder]

I'm trapped in a stormy death
and I'ma struggle til my last breath... I'm a survivor
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and I'ma struggle til my last breath... I'm a survivor

[Mia X]

for 40 days and 40 nights
400 summers, we been waitin for the light
and the thunder from the storm
raining blood from the bodies of souljas
who fell prey to the earth's
new side and the more of america
land of the so-called free
but still in times there still a time when superiority
minorities, like me, called home the ghetto
family tree, seeds, was spreadin lives like genocide
intended to grow, and spread hatred, amongst the
hood
when black boys and girls were made to feel our race
was no good
misunderstood, its educated and a ready to course
often playahated by the government and the police
forces
accept the forces, the routine practice,
but what chall gonna do, when the black chick tries to
mack this
cause, god's children, will never be denied,
and until we cried, identified, we come strapped when
we ride

[P'heno]

moma's trapped in a storm, trying to find a way out,
the feelings within, we need to lie bout the whereabouts
keepin my pistol, cause shit's wicked in this land of
hell,
soulja's before me they represented what we all felt,
running the streets, my forty-five, i keep it fully teched,
me and my niggas, we thug driven, carrying smith and
wessen's
bitches they doubt me, but they mock me, try to prop

me,
thug til i die, don't make this motherfucker stop me,
chasing for cheddar, who gives a fuck about the
weather
rollin with killas, cuz TRU niggas stick together, birds of
a feather
money making, and pistol huggin, start bustin,
these shady bitches, i can't be trusted, no time for
rustin',
fuck my bitches why should i change, deep in this
game
i remain, to be the same nigga pushin cain,
on these streets a lot of niggas die young,
that's why i'm livin every day like it's my last one,
trapped in a storm...

[C-Murder]

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[Gotti]

Nigga i be trapped in a storm, and my ghetto's been
aprested
got me under attack, that's why i'm wearin a vest
this game, it's got me stressed, this a target on blacks
and this blind ass govern never gave a shit
bustin plugs with the gun pride i gets
lord tell me if i'm next for death
and these cops wont' be having no beef to my back
bitches claimin war and wantin me to go to war with
Iraq
when the war on my community got the cemetery's
packed, with blacks
my momma looking like she's bout to fall and crack,
bitches about in this world got me guns and strapped
the way i live in hard times nigga, rhymes and gats
and my society's the same, the racist acts
the politicians, never open but the jails is open
and i'm hopin when i die, that i'm high,
you can look into the eyes, of a thug nigga,
and forgive me for the drug dealing,
but i was born in sinning, the sinning gone,
gotti, threw up a dome, lord protect me from home,
trapped in a storm

[C-Murder]

and I'ma struggle til my last breath, I'm a survivor

now how many times i gotta see my young breeders
plead

they got me throwing bows like Apollo Creed

i'm living, like an outlaw, outkast,

in the world where everbody wearin a ski mask

i can't trust no nigga, or no bitch,

my enemies try to kill me to get rich

i survive by using drug dealing tactics

a nigga post bail, i went to jail, that's totin automatics

i'd rather, get caught with it then without it,

that's what soulja slim said, cuz no limit niggas bout it,

bout it

this ghetto livin got us hungry, like parasites

I'm livin the street life, my boy died in gun fight

they got me drownin in the pouring rain, it's a damn

shame

how a black man, kill a black man

look it nigga, i'm a rider, i ride with g's,

and i'm trapped in a storm with my enemies...

I'm trapped in a stormy death

and I'ma struggle til my last breath... I'm a survivor

I'm trapped in a stormy death

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