Wasatch Front

Dame Dolla

Reminiscing on the days I ain't know what was ahead
What I gotta do to make sho the family fed
Staring at the ceiling struggling to go to bed
Tryna pass class split the needle with a thread
Far away from home and feeling so alone
A boy amongst men I ain't even wear cologne
Girls call me MCM, I'm tryna be Jerome
The Jazz up the road I wanna play for Jerry SloanGot to college me and mama had to setup the dorm
Shortly after got the first tat on my my upper arm
Hit the volley ball game yea that welcome was warm
She crying driving off time to weather the storm
First day I stumbled in teacher hand us the syllabus
I'm Dame from east Oakland I don't know if I'm feeling this
The notice the temperament right away
Wonderin if I should stay
In my heart I know that this the right move for nicer pay
They ask me Dame how ya classes, I saw a few distractions
But nothin serious enough to make me late for practice
I'll be there coach, I'm jumping on the shuttle
He said if you on time that mean you late you better hustle
Grab my bags, got that town swag
IPod slappin, listenin to "Black Mags"
That boy out on his own, thinking that he grown
Wet behind the ears tryna show he got some stones
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I claimed I wanna make it, Phil was first to call my bluff
I ain't have curfew I'm seeing what that work do
Up through the campus I could tell you every perfume
Turnt at every party, my cut on Steve Harvey
Tryna MC and be fly call me Marty
Was hardly ever tardy, we showed up like a army
A lot of love for hoopers, a couple sports was salty

I'm sorry, eventually I got up on my job
Game winning treys and I started catching lobs
Won a MVP everybody givin props
Broken 5th metatarsal headed to the docs
Can't believe it, in my feelings
Head up in my palms
Moms livin with my auntie set off an alarm
Stayed at school for summer cuz the city doin harm
Bout to make the most of the given deck of cards
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Did the work it's time for me to do what I'm suppose to
Huey told me dominate and let them coaches coach you
Started gettin media, none of it was social
Elevated my mentality all I see is casualties
How he get to Weber State, my performance baffling
All the girlies after me, I got reporters chattering
Started hearing whispers, they thinking bout draftin me
I'm to the lab, let's work that dribble jab
If I get this down I'm gettin 20 at half
They try to double me I hit a shot look at the staff
I was in my bag, I'ma get the last laugh
Coach said come on by my office, I got a bone to pick
Busted out in tears you know how them moments get
He said this year ya last, gotta put you in the Draft
Blazers took me number 6, that's a mission passedReminiscing on the days I ain't know what was ahead
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