

# 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 Sloan  
Got 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 been on campus for some time, but I ain't working enough  
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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Fall 2011, I'm high minded, noble  
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 passed  
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