

# Bill Walton

## Dame Dolla

Hey waddup, it's Dame D.O.L.L.A  
I just want to holla about the changes being famous  
The pain and all the dangers  
Emotion roller coasters being sought by all the strangers  
Gettin' tight with all my family and texting with the gangsters See, I'm like a product of poverty and a prodigy  
My private school coach said I couldn't, what a hypocrisy  
Obviously, I'm built like no other, it ain't no stoppin me  
Tunnel vision I'm blinding whoever busy jockin' me  
I come from eating school lunch, then at the school bus  
That's how we grew up, at night them tubes bust  
My pops and schooled us  
That's every day, a life replays  
Thermals for PJs, the bills was delayed  
I never behaved, my mama know  
She told me "Boy, get on that honor roll"  
I always have been held accountable  
I love my parents for the effort and support  
Thoroughbred and I'm a force  
And built to stay the course, D.O.L.L.A  
You gon' respect it  
You gon' respect it  
You gon' respect it  
If you don't I wish you blessings  
'Cause preaching real my profession  
You gon' respect it  
You gon' respect it  
You gon' respect it  
I ain't like these suckers flexin'  
I'm the answer to the questions  
You gon' respect it  
You gon' respect it  
You gon' respect it  
Respect me  
I see they fail to recognize I'm different  
Really a misfit, a man with infants  
Unlimited loads of pigment  
My true colors, that's all I know  
I show my true colors  
These dudes busters, I'm a smooth substance

Heavily favored by the Man  
I'm giving thanks, I raise my hand  
He ultimately made the plans  
For me to thrive and be alive  
I ain't sink, he let me swim  
Remember when them lights was dim  
Now I'm shining, and I ain't wearing diamonds  
I don't follow no facades and I ain't close to trendy  
Type to get a section in the club and keep it friendly  
Promoters approaching, pointing at chicks to send me  
'Cause it's looking empty, reception don't offend me  
All-Stars, I should have three by the name  
They say I cried about not makin' it, it's free to complain  
It's deeper than fame, it's principle  
My feelings hurt? Minimal  
Second team additional  
Twenty Ms, boy it's fixable  
Boy it's fixable  
They robbed me though, and it was criminal  
But aye, to the game I was chalking it  
I'm trying to bring a chip to Portland just like Walton did  
You gon' respect it  
You gon' respect it  
You gon' respect me though  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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