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'ma 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 didYou gon' respect it
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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