

# Wasatch Front

## Dame D.O.L.L.A.

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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The Jazz up the road I wanna play for Jerry Sloan 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 Reminiscing on the days I ain't know what  
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