

Him Duncan

Dame D.O.L.L.A.

I'm really him, nigga (I'm really him, nigga, I'm really him, nigga)

Uh, might be some niggas who name bigger
Doubt you'll find another who this dirty with Dame figures, my name trigger
Can't you know that they fraudulent, feel they bein' audited
Got time for opinions or any arguments
I talk big, then my steps follow
Eyes on me when I walk in, you flex bottles
Rolex borrowed, cars leased
I know the plugs, I got far reach, mm
I departed the slums, so I'm part Beach
The people give you the title that make it certified
Got the fans engaged, then the haters wanna deter the bribe
All on the tip, niggas lucky I'm circumcised
Keep my people close so it's wrong when I feel them serpent vibes
Uh, whips and the cars, I done kicked it with stars
Played the hand I was dealt, I'ma stick to the cards
The mission evolved, the devil mind, don't pickin' me off
I beat the odds, now I'm killin' him soft
Nigga, I'm really a boss
Keep my composure, be damned if I let 'em see me sweat
Ten toes, I'm forever rested, feet to the deck
I die by the principle peace and respect
Know I'm him soon as you witness the beast in the flesh
The paparazzi ain't gotta spot me, I'm not a jockey
But I pull up on horses inside a Maserati
My potential rooftop and only I can stop me
Told 'em I ain't have a ceiling back when I was in lobbies
They know I'm him, but the narrative point other directions
They buy the hype, but I'm they type, I was born from rejection
By the lesson, I lessen, the though of me is less then
These niggas goofies, try to write what they do with the left hand
I be conscious of all the shit I choose to invest in
Mistake me for the muscle, how I protect my investments
You my brother or another, y'all loose with the best friend
You the same one that put some bread ahead of they bredren
You can spot me in Porsches, Bentleys, my Lamb' gorgeous
Let you pick behind my gate, you probably stay in fortress
They don't want you to learn about me, these banned courses
In the booth and hardwood, they tryna fan torches
He's not a star, what's he done? He's not the one
He can't stare into the sun or drop fifty when he's drunk, nah
He say the real, he's not a punk, if shit stinks, he's not a skunk
Irritates me when it's spunk, still swims, hasn't sunk
Got these niggas mad, really do the math
Fuck around and find out that I'm givin' you the path
Really from the Ave, really from the gutter
Most y'all idols got some cash
But niggas really suckers on my mother, though
But peace and love, my only use of a drug
I never pass judgment, I share tears with some thugs
Had some friends that was posin', pretendin' that we was bruhs
And that won't be the last time it wasn't what it was, love

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