

Don Dada (feat. B. Will & Lee Banks)

Boosie Badazz

Don Dada, you wanna roll with the mobsters? It was me and you
Too deep in the 'lac
We survived homicides and the verbal attacks
I know, it hurts bad
We got purple for that
And it was more than one nigga in our circle got whacked
Choppa hit him in the side, he lay perfectly flat
Dirt on his cap, he be certain a nap
We know he, died a rat, we can't hide a rat
I survived the trap, bitch I survived the trap Don Dada, top shotta, you wanna roll with the
mobsters?
You're like your father, but harder
Don Dada, top shotta, you wanna roll with the mobsters?
You're like your father, but harder
Brother say "go and get a scholar"
I told him do his thing man, I'm gonna get a yappa
I two way fight, he two-way head, we riders
More money more murder, Don Dadas and top shottas
Drop toppers in the Summertime, red bottles we floss
We cancel your ass just to cancel the toll
They say my father used to whoop niggas
I guess we different, 'cause I'd much rather cook niggas
And gon' flip 'em, I was lost as a kid, but I did dream millions
From a one-room shack, to fifty-foot ceilings
Interrogated I'm on top of the charbroiled
With Boss Man written under of my photo
Wise guy too smooth, I play chess, nigga
The system picked the wrong card out the deck niggas
So I flip the ace, and I hold it to her face
Card came home, got the wraith, boy
I'm a
Don Dada, top shotta, you wanna roll with the mobsters?
You're like your father, but harder
Don Dada, top shotta, you wanna roll with the mobsters?
You're like your father, but harder Orchestrated the operation, ran like the Mafia
Cheap talk never ever bothered us
Fuck niggas watching us, the Feds prolly follow us
In an altercation sonny go and load them choppas up, we popping up
Popping up the rock-runner
Still doing dirty work
We will turn a nigga block into December 31st
Body after body bag, crime scene another hearse

Before you get away with disrespect you will get murdered first
Momma said our baby boy should have been a lawyer
Until she get that phone call, said I need a lawyer
Convict at nineteen, it could have went farther
But I'm a born criminal similar to my father
Be a brave gangsta, real Don Dada
Mobster, you choppa shotta, survivor
Riding through the trenches with a choppa and a Bible
My ambitions as a rider
Banks, pussyCynic and shit
Don Dada, top shotta, you wanna roll with the mobsters?
You're like your father, but harder
Don Dada
Don Dada type lifestyle, you already know how we livin', nigga
I went in the hood the other day
OG told me that you just like your pops, nigga
Like your father, but harder
You's a Don Dada
We riding front the play or nothin' nigga
Bout to go get that jet money after this album
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://greatlyrics.net/>