

Yungstar f/ Joseph Wilkes, Top Dollar "The Return of the Yung Don Dada"

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[Hook: Joseph Wilkes - 2x]

I know you gon love it, everybody gotta
It's the return, of the Yung Don Dada
On your radio, ain't nothing hotter
It's Joseph Wilkes, and that Yung Don Dada

[Yungstar]

I can travel fumble to fall, when ball on me
No striking out just throw me the rock, and watch the
crowd no bleep
I'm small but tall on my feet, in the street better ask
your friend
I ain't goin nowhere but around the world, yeah and I'm
back again
With having ends is faxing in, with that Yung Don Dada
I signed a mill on my first album went platinum, 'fore
"Wanna Be A Baller"
I'm a leader not follow, just staring at the reality of my
rear view
Show you what going down here the time, just like a
sneak preview
Thanks to Screw got G's and food, break the bank the
legal way
In and out with large amounts, took gavel to Kappa for
winter baby
Repping our state on inches, baby we balling out of
control
Stop riding Excursions no Lexus, 24 foot roll get off the
road
Millennium drove millennium low, millennium drove
Who wanna play with the CEO, who wanna play on 24's
Mama said everytime they swing, block and weave and
then unload
There is no I in team, for two year dreams and get you
gold

[Hook - 2x]

[Yungstar]

I spit out that real shit quick, unexpected like screwing
Get out real quick, if I'm ever arrested for doing it

Cause adolescent I influence, now pick up your pad
and ruin it
I done everything I want, so being jacked by two kids
I'm not new to this I'm true to this, if you start it I'ma
finish
Pat told you playas and gangsta too, starched in some
origin
If you name it I could claim, from Main to Spain I shop
Not only I-10's the route, so be surprised when we jump
out
It's lunch time cock far like Martin, it's crunch time
You need me to keep the water boiling, then I make it
off one rhyme
Cause I know one mo' time, playing a game and it's
over
So you can picture me rolling holding, Lamborgini do's
on the Rover
Ain't no telling what I mean, you know I stay popping
tags
And only shoes the shirt the hat, with the fragrance to
match
With Supa Dave on the track, and (Joseph Wilkes) on
the vocals
Thanks to Screw to a hood near you, you already know
how it go so

[Hook - 2x]

[Top Dollar]

I swing wide, and sit low
Turn your head, come on your hoe
Southwest H-Town, nigga what
Topdollar.com, bigger nuts
Pick a cut, spice lane to the brain
I'm gutter boy everyday, all day
See me top down, high looking good
Pop the trunk, we getting paid in the hood
Networking, leaving seeds on the street
Boy you know, it's Supa Dave on the beat
Top Dollar, yeah I'm straight out the leaf
Beach nut boy, we got heat

[Hook - 2x]

(*talking*)

There you have it, the return of the Yung Don Dada
Brought to you, by Alpha II Entertainment
And yours truly, your boy Big Face Tulu
And Chill Will, beat for that U.N. Click
Supa Dave, keeping it hot
And that star machine, what's up Rock

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