

## **Dona**

### **"Respect Me"**

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Aiyyo, real niggaz live off of principles  
If you want it bad enough, I'ma give it to you  
If your nigga ain't faithful, then fuck him too  
I don't trust to many niggaz, just roll with a few

East New York, flooded with Bloods  
I took care of responsibilities before I turned to Dove  
They quick to judge when they see me in the streets  
but fuck 'em  
Yall don't really live like me, in the hood like me  
With crackheads and dopefiends unconditionally

I show love to the niggaz whose real with me and  
reality friends is hard to keep  
I can't trust nobody in the industry, motherfuckers  
don't want to see Dona eat  
I never been the type to panic, fall under pressure in  
dispair and vanish

[Chorus - repeat 2X]  
Respect me, I'm respect you  
Niggaz ain't stupid, they know who to step to  
Don't get it twisted, if you feel something handle your  
business  
Real niggaz recognize realness

For years I've been waiting for this moment  
My feelings wrapped up in this moment, I can't control  
it  
Driven by something bigger than a dollar sign  
and momma always said make best of the worst times  
For the first time, I see shit clearly  
writing at the table with captain crunch and dairy(?)  
Dare to be nothing like them, they turned their backs on  
God  
and he gave his only son, am I'm the only one whose  
keeing it real  
we struggle everyday just to eat a decent meal

Keep a roof over our heads and over dead prez, they  
shooting at our heads

and either way, our children suffer from lead  
You don't want to see me make it  
Rather see me dead/but real bitches do gangsta things  
I do whatever nigga to feed my team

[Chorus]

Seven days out of the week, I'm on my j-o-b  
Little to know sneak(?), my fam gotta eat  
Fuck trying to get by, we multiply  
in my hood everyday a young nigga dies  
Its a blessing to be alive, hungry to get these pies  
I drop versus, niggaz feel deep inside  
No question, its a respect thing, I'ma keep it real with  
Tims and Pepe  
All the money in the world couldn't change the way I  
think  
Streets are watching every move I make  
These niggaz are fake always coming at you wrong  
Brownsville still going strong  
Friends become enemies, nigga you never been a  
friend of me  
Always pretending to be my closet friend  
Like I'm stupid enough to let you in

[Chorus]

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