Daydreaming

Cam'ron

Day dreaming and I'm thinking of you Look at my mind Floating away I know fuckin' with a crook is whack I lied cheated still took me back What I do, turn around, ask you to cook me crack Boost my work with a jerk and tell the truth it hurts Cause you even ask me to come through to church What I do, act second rate I stole ten dollars out of the collection plate But I'm ready to change You got my heart, plus you smart And the sex is great And you hate rap I like that girl I argue with Keisha, I ain't like that girl You jumped, right out the car, to fight that girl You beat her ass, you ain't have to bite that girl And my baby got the best thighs And my whip she ain't never got to test drive Copped here up, at five You paid attention when no one acknowledge me This is my public apology, Holla B Hey baby lets get away lets go somewhere ah Baby, can we We can get the drop top or come through on the bike We could go where you want we could do what you like tonight Hey baby lets get away lets go somewhere ah Baby, can we (where you wanna go) Where Italy, what Sicily, tell me girl, Disney world He's the kind of guy that would say he baby lets get away Lets go some place oh Where I don't, care He's the kind of guy that will give it everything and trust your heart Share all of your love, till death do you part I wanna be what he wants, when he wants it Whenever he needs it When your lonesome and feeling love start I'll be there to feed it Loving him a little bit more each day Fears are at hold when I hear him say You helped me work when we was twelve and a half You said Cam, what the fuck dog, we twelve and a half That house cost millions, twelve and a half But I still got them bricks, twelve in the stash You can't even get mad Say what the hell just laugh Standin' there beautiful like what I'm gon do with you You wanted me to go to school and just play ball What I do, go to school with that eight-ball Here come the drugs, here come the rocks Yeah I dealt that, I'm a hustla though I can't help that You was there when I flipped my first birds

Now we gon see my son take his first words And um, absurd, I ain't wanna be no singer ma I just wanted eight carrots on your finger ma Since were young, you thug me I thugged you You hug me, I hugged you You love me, I love you

I wanna be what he wants, when he wants it Whenever he needs it When your lonesome and feeling love start I'll be there to feed it Loving him a little bit more each day Fears are at hold when I hear him say

Day dreaming and I'm thinking of you Look at my mind Floating away

You got me dreaming, (dreaming of you, yeah) day dreaming