

# Daydreamin'

## Lupe Fiasco feat. Jill Scott

Daydreamin' of dirt bikes and four wheelers  
Shoppin' sprees at the diamond dealer  
Hats and jackets, shirts, pants and sneakers  
That brand new car smell  
We sceamin', daydreamin' of penthouses in L.A.  
The illest yachts, the hottest broads they make  
Can't wait 'til it's my turn to get dough  
So I don't gotta fuckin' day dream no more  
Coming up we ain't have much, a lot of canned food  
Cereal in the white box with powdered milk too  
My moms couldn't buy me the shoes I want  
We put lay-away on shit that only cost a few bucks  
It's cool to have shelto, I had the libeaz  
With the weak ass Velcro, looking ridiculous  
I knew way back then we had to step it up  
'Cause waiting for the bus in the snow wasn't us  
Me and hav' took the train from Manhattan to Conney  
Everyday and night just so we can got songs done  
We had guns, weed and a couple of forties  
If we got lucky on the way, we could jook someone  
We used to watch video music box  
And pray maybe one day we could get a shot  
Outside, my niggaz had all that shit you see on T.V.  
From money that they made off the block  
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So I don't gotta fuckin' day dream no more  
My day dreams is more like nightmares  
A vigil, bullet proof cars, supped up time shares  
My friends did a turn 'cause it's not they turn  
Or how the streets gonna be when they release fur  
When I get that million bucks will I remain the same?  
Or will I have to get at niggaz 'cause they sayin' I changed?  
Will everybody wanna ball, be my friend and leech?

When niggaz put me to the test, have me clapping the heat  
I used to think bein' rich, ain't all that bad  
A far cry from what a dream was all I had  
Do I got the right team or they riding for cash  
Would they jump in front of me when them cameras flash  
Is the 'pop police, gon' be up my ass  
Can't leave the heat under the seat, gotta find a better stash  
Gotta collect receipts 'cause that bitch uncle Sam  
Invades your space when you evade his tax  
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