# Daydreamin'

## Mobb Deep

Daydreamin' of dirt bikes and four wheelers
Shoppin' sprees at the diamond dealer
Hats and jackets, shirts, pants and sneakers
That brand new car smellWe 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 moreComing 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 bucksIt'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 usMe 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 someoneWe 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 blockDaydreamin' of dirt bikes and four wheelers
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So I don't gotta fuckin' day dream no moreMy 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 furWhen 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 heatI 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 flashIs 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 taxDaydreamin' of dirt bikes and four wheelers
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