

# Tomorrow (Feat. Eric Roberson)

Cam'ron

Uhh, Killa, yo  
You got to wonder man, what is all this shit really worth, why'knahmean?  
Uhh, uhh, you ain't got ya man here to share it wit, yo, fucked up man, yoI been on both sides of burglaries,  
guns out and choked up  
Man, this shit'll get you choked up  
I'da been shot at, got at, backedstabbed, coked up  
Almost doped up, but had no guts  
So I pimp all these hoe sluts  
When they period come it get slow but so what?  
I got big plans to blow up  
I'ma love this year, but blood ain't here  
We would puff grass, plus hash, cut class  
To fuck ass, dough, we had enough cash  
Little cats, he would see our dreams  
Eighteen wit the three-eighteen, that's blood y'all  
(blood y'all) He had hot gear, rock yeah  
Now that he's not here I feel that it's not fair  
Fuck see 'em at the crossroads, want to see 'em drive across roads  
Poor, stole, then floss mo', had to tell a few niggaz  
"My man was a hell of a nigga," (?) wit the triggers  
Whatever ethnic problem dawg, better check it  
Little Cam, it's just bloodshed resurrected  
Death to (?), "logic" I said  
Four months, got 'em some head, right in the bed  
Listen dawg, I'm beyond dead  
This ain't even me spittin, this Derek Wright and Armstead[Chorus]  
For my fam, keep it up, those that fell, pick them up  
They been here, that's whassup, tomorrow's not promised  
To my streets, hold it down, all these hoes, hold your ground  
Let's act brave, get it now, tomorrow's not promisedYo yo, I never had fights in rings  
I just had fights for rings, ice and bling  
I done spent nights in bings  
Now I realized Christ the King, ain't no righteous thing  
But how I get the right to sing?  
And the streets be talkin' like Donahue  
Clowns, they belong on Comic View  
That's why the feds onto you  
When they form they assembly's  
You stuck on the block like the ave. got parenthesis

Course everybody gotta war story (shit)  
I swear to God I hear more and more stories (damn)  
I'm in Jersey, the crib, four stories  
Add a fifth one incase the fourth one bore me (Killa!)  
I done ran through the NBC's, CBS's, 3GS's, VVS's  
Baggetteses, princess cuts, diamond layers  
And I never said "I'ma player"  
But I been down wit messy action  
Similar to Jessie Jackson, the threat would happen  
Ma kept resistin', I had to bounce wit my shit man  
I'm scared of commitment  
I'm a hustler, work in the closet, work in the kitchen  
Outside, workin' and pitchin', work on the block  
Even put the work on the glock  
Work on the toilet, I'ma work-a-holic

Songwriters

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