## Mobb Deep, Daydreamin'

(Chorus - Prodigy)
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

(Verse 1 - Prodigy)

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 its 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 Coney Everyday and night, just so we can got songs done We had guns, weed, and a couple of fourties 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

(Chorus - Prodigy)

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## (Verse 2 - Havoc)

My day dreams, is more like nightmares A vigi, 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

(Chorus - Prodigy)

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