

## Cam'ron

### "Daydreaming(feat. Tiffany)"

Visit "[Daydreaming\(feat. Tiffany\)](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Intro]

Day dreaming and I'm thinking of you [x4]

Look at my mind  
Floating away

[Cam'Ron]

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 aint like that girl  
You jumped, right out the car, to fight that girl  
You be that (?) you aint have to bite that girl  
And my baby got the best thighs  
And my whip she aint 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

[Chorus]

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

[Tiffany]

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

[Chorus]

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 (?), 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 (?) -ball  
Here come the (?), here come the (?)  
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 aint 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

[Chorus]

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

[Chorus - repeat 2X]

Day dreaming and I'm thinking of you [14X]  
Look at my mind Floating away You got me dreaming,  
(dreaming of you, yeah) day dreaming

