

Cam'ron "Tomorrow"

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Uhh, Killa, yo
You got to wonder man, what is all this shit really
worth?
Y'knahmean? Uhh, uhh, you ain't got ya man here to
share
It wit, yo, fucked up man, yo

I've 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, backed stabbed, 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

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
Wanna see 'em drive across roads

Poor, stole, then floss mo', had to tell a few niggaz
My man was a hell of a nigga, [Incomprehensible] wit
the triggers
Whatever ethnic problem, dawg, better check it
Little Cam, it's just bloodshed resurrected

Death to [Incomprehensible], "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

For my fam, keep it up, those that fell, pick 'em up
They been here, that's whassup, tomorrow's my

promise

To my streets, hold it down, all these hoes, hold your
ground

Let's act brave, get it now, tomorrow's my promise

Yo, 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 they Feds onto you when they form they
assembly's

You stuck on the block like the ave got parenthesis

Course everybody gotta war story

I swear to God, I hear more and more stories

I'm in Jersey, the crib, four stories

Add a fifth one in case the fourth one bore me

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 with a glock

Work on the toilet, I'ma workaholic

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