

## Daydreams, Pt.2

Quadeca

Look out the window  
See past it, but we're fainting reflections  
You never laugh like you used to, you have fainter expressions  
You heading down the wrong path and they, changing directions  
Maybe don't mention 'bout how I made me your blessing  
And lately I question the shit that was taught to me  
I'm awkwardly stopping these conversations  
Hey, how long you waiting 'til you wake up and think "god, you made it"  
I don't like to dwell, but man I gotta say it  
Don't like my songs but you still gotta play it  
Don't like your road, just send WA, Dr. Dre  
Stop contemplating and stop complaining  
And recreate it  
Actually, don't recreate it  
Be creative  
Reached the place but you still vibing that shit when we replay it  
Living a life of pain just to alleviate it  
When you haven't used nothing but the [?] to really take it  
Yeah  
Maybe they'll change when they see we made it  
We heading out to new platforms and leaving the basics

Some people find it in the drink or in the cup  
Or in some bling or in the drug  
Or in the things that give us love  
We're just tryna find the great escape  
(We're just tryna find the great escape)  
We're just tryna find the great escape  
(Sometimes I don't know what'll make it ok, make it ok)  
(I'm snoring all day for dreams)

Yeah  
My creative process is making progress  
Despite my back on I haven't gotten to playing lacrosse yet  
Don't you know we got a good thing going  
I've been watching all these shows while I could be showing  
I've been, creeping up on the door, so dangerous  
You looking at statistics while I'm figuring how I'm changing them  
I done learned so many things in my past life  
Now I don't give a single shit about the rap life  
That's nice, ain't it  
That's nice to be given advice when I paint it  
Have twice much the fame  
And I can't even comprehend that much in the future  
Hating the teacher but you loving the tutor  
Enter the game, I'm a fucking intruder  
Stealing all these flows, man I'm stuck as a looter  
Procrastinating 'cause my fucking computer  
No willpower, I'm just stuck as a loser

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