

If my moves could match these words
And my heart beat like those drums,
I wouldn't feel the weight of the New Year.

I keep wishing time would stop
So I could figure some shit out -
I'd make a blueprint of what I plan to do here.

'Cause by next year if I regret another birthday,
Then I ain't going about things the right way.
I got a voice on my left. I got a voice on my right.
Lately I've been falling on the devil's side.

Hit the street, on your feet.
Don't retreat, let's go.
Never regret getting old.

Hit the street, on your feet.
Don't retreat, let's go.
Never assume what you're told.

Well, I ain't gonna fear the New Year.
I ain't gonna fear the New Year.
I ain't gonna fear the New Year.
I ain't gonna fear the New Year.