

Lost Ones

J. Cole

Baby girl, I can't imagine what it's like for you
I got you pregnant now inside there is a life in you
I know you wonderin' if this is gon make me think bout wifing you
Like if you had my first child would I spend my whole life with you
Now I aint tryna pick a fight with you, I'm tryna talk
Now I aint tryna spend the night with you
I'm kinda lost see
I've been giving it some thought lately and frankly
I'm feelin' like we aint ready and it's... hold up now
Let me finish
Think about it baby me and you we still kids ourself
How we gon raise a kid by ourself?
Handle biz by ourself
A nigga barely over 20, where the hell we gon live?
Where am I gon get that money
I refuse to bring my boy or my girl in this world
When I aint got shit to give 'em
And I'm not with them niggas who be knocking girls up and skate out
Girl, you gotta think bout how the options weigh out
What's the way out?

And I ain't too proud to tell ya that I cry sometimes
I cry sometimes about it
And girl I know it hurt but if this world was perfect
Then we could make it work but I doubt it
And I aint too proud to tell ya that I cry sometimes
I cry sometimes about it
And girl I know it hurt but if this world was perfect
Then we could make it work but I doubt it

She said nigga you got the nerve
To come up to me talkin' bout abortion
This my body nigga so don't think you finna force shit
See I knew that this is how you act, so typical
Said you love me, oh, but now you flipping like reciprocals
It figures though, should've known that you was just another nigga
No different from them other niggas
Who be claiming that they love you just to get up in them draws
Knowing all the right things to say
I let you hit it raw mothafucker
Now I'm pregnant you don't wanna get involved muthafucker
Tryna take away a life, is you God mothafucker?
I don't think so
This a new life up in my stomach
Regardless if I'm your wife
This new life here I'mma love it
I ain't budging, I'll do this by my muthafucking self
See my momma raised me without no muthafucking help from a man
But I still don't understand how you could say that
Did you forget all those conversations that we had way back
Bout your father and you told me that you hate that nigga
Talkin' bout he a coward and you so glad that you aint that nigga
Cause he left your mamma when she had you and he ain't shit
And here you go doin' the same shit
You ain't shit nigga!

And I aint too proud to tell ya that I cry sometimes

I cry sometimes about it
And boy that shit hurt
And aint nobody perfect, still we can make it work but you doubt it
Now, I aint too proud to tell ya that I cry sometimes
I cry sometimes about it
And boy that shit hurt
And aint nobody perfect, still we can make it work but you doubt it

They say everything happens for a reason
And people change like the seasons
They grow apart she wanted him to show his heart and say he loved her
He spoke the magic words and on the same day he fucked her
Now she wide open
She put a ring up on his finger if she could
But he loved her cause the pussy good
But she aint no wife though
Uh oh, she tellin' him she missed her period like typo's
He panicking, froze up like a mannequin
A life grows inside her now he asking "is it even mine"
What if this bitch aint even pregnant dawg
Could she be lying?
And she be crying cause he acting distant
Like ever since I told you this nigga you acting different
And all his niggas saying man these hoes be trapping niggas
Playing with niggas emotions like they some action figures
Swear they get pregnant for collateral
It's like extortion, man if that bitch really pregnant
Tell her get an abortion
Uh, but what about your seed nigga?
(What about your seed nigga?)

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