

Goodbye future, once so bright, meet my pregnant
girlfriend
Watch my bank account run dry, 437 dollars spent
To put things back to the way they used to be
Still, I woulda spent so much more
But 437 dollars somehow shakes all responsibility
But it's not easy

She looks me dead in the eyes and says "hey Brian
If you still believe in the Lord above,
Get on your hands and knees and pray for us
Get on your hands and knees and pray for us

The past few months were pretty rough
A couple times, wished we both were dead
I never cried like that before,
I thought my eyes would pop out of my head
Not just preparing for nightmares
Years and years I do suppose
Nothing feels alright now
The length on my hear or the fit of my clothes
I'm crying like a baby, soft and nothing

'Cause I can leave so what now what, so where do I go
'Cause I could imagine myself throwing all my clothes
Inside a suitcase without bothering to fold them
'Cause I could imagine myself throwing all my things
Inside a suitcase without bothering to fold them

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Because freshness is expected from any hip hop artist,
I avoid using traditional techniques
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