

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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