

## 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  
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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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