

Sara
I want to live off ya

As you-oo-oo know/
I believe we've joked/
But damnit
I'm about to be Loafed.

Sara,
As you know
My poor company
Just filed for bankruptcy
I ain't lying
Journalism is dyin!

Sara,
I want to live off ya

Mr. Dow Jones is hurtin'
But I know you ain't lookin'
Foreclosures everywhere
Good thing I don't own no timeshares
Everyone's losin'/
--Even insurance companies
I can't even spell A.I.G.!

So, maybe, just maybe
You'll dig just me.
Because I'm broke, baby.
Yeah, you heard me.
B.R.O.K.E.

It's harsh 'n' sad/
But honestly/
It ain't that bad/
Can I still keep your key?
Please!

Sara,
I want to live off ya.

By the end of the day/
I'll make the bed/
And pour your favorite tea/
Wash the dishes too.

That don't sound so easy/
But believe me/
A promise is a promise/
And all I have is confidence.

Sara,

I want to live off ya.

I'll get deep with you/
Even on a Saturday afternoon/
Drop a thousand L bombs/
Feed you sugar-plumbs/
If you buy them—see
remember you got just me.

Sara,

I want to live off ya.