

# Uncle Bobby & Jason Keaton

Kendrick Lamar

I was sitting on the couch, reading yellow paper  
A letter in reply, seven days later  
after I wrote him "stay strong, keep your faith in God"  
what I told him, hoping that he's listening  
Said that they tried to give him like a hundred years  
What a coincidence, I was bumping some Plies  
I can taste the salt from my tears  
as the water had start to flood on my eyes  
I know it gotta be hard being twenty-one  
Doing time in the pen and your gramp's old  
Your brother's getting older, and the streets is getting colder  
and you're hoping that he's focussed to stay on the right road  
Sleeping in a cell, it's been thirty weeks  
Ain't received any mail, it's cold and the hole stinks  
And you can't even blink without niggas testing your life  
As I read every word that you write, I can only imagine  
Jason Keaton, I can only imagine, yeah

Life's about decisions man  
It's in your hand and you got it  
Just take control if you can  
It's in your hand and you got it

Sitting on the couch, that was my Uncle Bobby  
after he just got out, fifteen years to count  
Haven't seen the world in so long, haven't seen a girl in so long  
and before the sun came up, he was gone  
like a fiend off the best rock  
Trying to get his life together, or whatnot  
Typed his name in the system and they couldn't find his identity  
Got it straight, got a place, found some serenity  
Found a job, found his mother gravesite, found a forty ounce  
Then he found God, then he bounced  
Then he found a new chick, two kids, wide hips  
Found something in her we didn't see  
Found this spot in Pasadena and shackd with her, an investment  
Then found guilty, somebody had yelled domestic  
Violence on my Uncle, was working with two strikes  
Only out a year, now facing life, I can only imagine  
That's fucked up, I can only imagine, Uncle Bob

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Sitting on the couch, thinking bout the ratio  
of blacks in prison, it's compact in prison  
when blacks packed with minorities, system grab more of these  
eighteen-year-olds, eighteen-year sentence  
with no parole, the state won't oversee  
They make the term severe, a conspiracy  
That's what I call it, it's full of shit, a toilet can help quick  
The government help? No, just put us on death row  
Just give us some more guns, then give us some more coke  
Then give us another chair, then give us some more rope  
Then hang it like right there, yeah, it's justice for all

But ninety-percent unfair, care? Nah  
Alcatraz was purchased by a white man for five grand  
with intentions to expand, more prisons  
So these correctionals ain't for rehabilitation  
They for grossing a bigger business, imagine  
We being used, imagine, the truth shall be told

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