

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 shacked 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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