

# Uncle Bobby & Jason Keaton

## Kendrick Lamar

[Verse 1: Kendrick Lamar]

I was sitting on the couch reading yellow paper  
A letter in reply, 7 days later after I wrote 'em  
"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 21  
Doing time in the pen and your Gram's old  
Your brother's getting older  
And the streets is getting colder  
And your hoping that he's focused to stay on the right road  
Sleeping in a cell, it's been 30 weeks  
Ain't recieved 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[Hook: Javonte]  
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[Verse 2: Kendrick Lamar]  
Sitting on the couch, that was my Uncle Bobby  
After he just got out, 15 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 what not  
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's grave site, found a 40 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 shack 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[Hook][Verse 3: Kendrick Lamar]  
Sitting on the couch, thinking about the ratio  
Of blacks in prison as compact in prison  
When blacks pack with minorities  
System grab more of these 18 year olds  
18 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 90 percent unfair  
Care? No  
Alcatraz was purchased by a white man  
For 5 grand, with intentions to expand  
More prisons  
So these correctionals ain't for rehabilitation  
They for grossing a bigger business  
Imagine  
We're being used  
Imagine  
The truth shall be told[Hook][RIP Uncle Bobby Part 2]

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnllyrics.com/>