

Collect Calls

Kendrick Lamar

Look at all the bullshit I been through
If I take you home, will you tell the truth
Look at all the bullshit I been through
If I take you home, will you tell the truth Momma take this mothafuckin' block off
Tryna reach you everyday, collect calls
Never get through, and I go through with drawls
Say who told you that I wanted this the
I just wanted to vent or
Ask you if you give me your rent for
A attorney, I can pay you back more
Soon as I get out, yea every record, shows
Commissary running low, I need help
Not too much, I hustle up the rest myself
K Dot wrote me saying Marcus got killed
If you knew me, then you know how bad I feel
Wish you prove me wrong, and never came to visit
And I heard she fucking on some other nigga
And my niggas left in the dark, blind
Mama kiss the back of me this last time Men lie, Women lie
Men lie, Women
Men lie, Women lie
Men lie, Women
Look at all the bullshit I been through
If I take you home, will you tell the truth Mama take this motherfucking block off
Thats the date the state will take the blocks off
Pulled up, and they put me in them cop cars
Please believe me, This ain't easy by far
You forgot you're talking to your only son
Remember when you put me in that relay run
I was racing, chasing dreams to be the best
You had told me that the very day I won
All I need is you to give me some support
Investigation saying that the same report
From a witness just might testify in court
DA say I take a deal, or take a loss
I ain't built for all them god damn numbers
God's will, say a prayer for me mama
If you can't, then open up the phone lines
Mama just get back at me this last time Men lie, Women lie
Men lie, Women
Men lie, Women lie
Men lie, Women

Look at all the bullshit I been through
If I take you home, will you tell the truth Now I tell if I stress take the block off
That's the day the state had take them locks off
I could only help but do so much
Bettering yourself, your own crutch
Look at your reflection tell me who you see
Who is your protection, G-O-D
No its not neglection, I have just accepted
Your fate and what its gon' be
Remember all the nights that I cried
Thinking that my only son just died
Peeking through the window, Kicking through the door
It's you they looking for, Raid outside
Rather see you locked up than dead
Only you would say that I'm selfish
So before I take the stand, and put this bible in my hand Son, let me say this Men lie, Women lie
Men lie, Women
Men lie, Women lie
Men lie, Women
Look at all the bullshit I been through
If I take you home, will you tell the truth

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>