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 lie
Men lie, Women lie
Men lie, Women lie
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

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

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