

# 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/>