

I Hate You

Kendrick Lamar

September 22nd, 2009
Kendrick Lamar, to... to...

Let me start off this letter saying I don't like you
Scared of you, but I will fight you
I stare at the ceiling and think about you
Curiosity killing me, thinking of when I'ma meet you
You introduced yourself to so many others, mothers, sisters and brothers
Children and babies, drive me crazy, I wonder
why you love people that love people that do right?
Is it rocket science to you, or is it just your type?
One of my biggest fears
is waking up four in the morning and gotta hear you met one of my peers
Or maybe a family member that you thought was cool
Or maybe a person that I'll never meet cause of you
You, son of a bitch, and I wish you never existed
And I swear I'd blow your brains out if you paid me a visit
But that's not realistic, cause you'll never write
But I'ma still send this letter off, P.O. Box
and when you get it

Please take it personal
Please take it personal
Please take it personal
because it's personal

Let me continue this letter saying I don't like you
I'm scared of you, but I will fight you
Should be ashamed of the moves you make
The pain you bring, the sorrow and the hearts you break
Every day you remind me that you're always there
cause every time I come around, someone's getting shot down
And all I say is a prayer, so help me Lord
Then the Lord talk back, I can't help you boy
That's fucked up, my luck's fucked, was cursed before birth
and what's fucked up, I gotta live my life with the hurt
of knowing that you're everlasting, dwelling upon the masses
of the earth, fatal assassins snatch your bodies
Probably, on my notepad as I write
Why the fuck you wanna take my life?
Sooner or later, I'm tired and weary and my gray hairs are not in my favor
So when I write on this paper, it's real talk, so

Let me start off this letter saying I don't like you too
and the reason why we haven't met because I've been busy dude
But ever since grade school I watched your every move
You slipped up a few times
I gave you a pass, so don't say I ain't sympathetic
But you can bet it, your curiosity, I'ma dead it
Everybody wanna know why I act this way
Let's just say, I had a bad day
Matter of fact everyday, gotta take it out on somebody
and you could probably find me wherever the wolves parade
I was born to be a killjoy, I'm a old brat
conceived by Adam and Eve, so who you mad at?
Not me, see me, I'm just doing my job

and you ducking me is mos def an odd
So why send this letter as if I never knew you?
I'd rather knock on your door and just give it to you

It's everywhere, the streets, the corners
The coroners, the morgues
Cemeteries, hospitals
Heard about 'em when I was little
Tomorrow's not promised
Cause any day he can be knocking at your front door
War, genocide, homicide
Suicide, all coincide
Signed and sealed by the living
Make it, don't take it