

## Kendra Smith

### "I Hate You"

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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

[Chorus]  
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

[Chorus]

[Kendrick Lamar as 'Death' (screwed vocals)]  
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

[Ab-Soul talking]

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

[Chorus]

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