

100 Ways to Hate

Five Finger Death Punch

Hate your goddamn, motherfucking, shitty ass band
Hate the way you've got my back while you're holding out your hand
Hate the way you pussy's talk shit, hiding on the web
Just the fact you think you know me makes me fucked up in the head
Hate your nails, hate your hair, hate the fact I even care
Hate the way you said you loved me but you fucking weren't there
Hate your friends, hate your folks, hate your stupid fucking hopes
Hate the way I tried to change when the whole thing was a jokeI...hate...you...

That's an understatement

I...hate...you...

For who you areI hate you

And all you stand for

I don't care

Anymore

I gave you

100 chances

You gave me

A hundred ways to hateHate your face, hate your lies and the blank look in your eyes

Hate your needs, hate your wants, hate the way you look and talk

Hate your voice, makes me cringe every time I hear you speak

It's uncomfortable to know you share the same air as me

Hate your lack of common sense and I'm tired of compromising

Take a good look in the end, 'cause it's just on the horizon

I've been wrong about a lot of shit, this I know is true

There's a hundred fucking things that I hate about youI...hate...you...

That's an understatement

I...hate...you...

For who you areI hate you

And all you stand for

I don't care

Anymore

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100 chances

You gave me

A hundred ways to hateI hate you

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I don't care

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I gave you

A million chances
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A hundred ways to hateA hundred ways
A hundred ways to hate

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