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## Kendrick Lamar

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Loving you is complicated I place blame when you still  
Place shame when you steal  
Feel like you ain't shit  
Feel like you don't feel, confidence in yourself  
Breakin' on marble floors  
Watchin' anonymous strangers tellin' me that I'm yours  
But you ain't shit I'm convinced your talent's nothin' special  
What can I blame him for  
Nigga I can name several  
Situation had stopped with your little sister bakin'  
A baby inside, just a teenager where's your patience  
Where was your antennas  
Where was the influence you speak of  
You preached in front of 100,000 but never reached her  
I fuckin' tell you, you fuckin' failure you ain't no leader  
I never liked you, forever despise you I don't need you  
The world don't need you, don't let them deceive you  
Numbers lie too, fuck your pride too, that's for dedication  
Thought money would change you, made you more complacent  
I fuckin' hate you, I hope you embrace it I swear loving you is complicated  
Loving you is complicated Lovin' you, lovin' you, not lovin' you, one hundred proof  
I can feel you vibin', recognize that your ashamed of me  
Yes I hate you too House keeping  
Â¿Abre la puerta! Â¿Abre la puerta tengo que limpiar el cuarto!  
Â¿Es que no hay mucho tiempo tengo que limpiar el cuartoÂ¿  
!Disculpe! Are you the reason why mama and them leavin'  
No you ain't shit, you say you love them, I know you don't mean it  
I know you're irresponsible, selfish, in denial, can't help it  
Your trials and tribulations a burden, everyone felt it  
Everyone heard it, multiple shots, corners cryin' out  
You was deserted, where was your antennas again?  
Where was your presence, where was your support that you pretend?

You ain't no brother, you ain't no disciple, you ain't no friend  
A friend never leave Compton for profit or leave his best friend  
Little brother, you promised you'd watch him before they shot him  
Where was your antennas, on the road, bottles and bitches  
You faced time the one time, that's unforgiven  
You even faced time instead of a hospital visit  
You should thought he would recover, well  
The surgery couldn't stop the bleeding for real  
Then he died, God himself will say "you fuckin' failed"  
You ain't try I know your secrets nigga  
Mood swings is frequent nigga  
I know depression is restin' on your heart for two reasons nigga  
I know you and a couple block boys ain't been speakin' nigga  
Y'all damn near beefin', I seen it and your the reason nigga  
And if this bottle could talk I cry myself to sleep  
Bitch everything is your fault  
Faults breakin' to pieces, earthquakes on every weekend  
Because you shook as soon as you knew confinement was needed  
I know your secrets  
Don't let me tell them to the world about that shit you thinkin'  
And that time you I'm bout to hurl  
I'm fucked up, but I'm not as fucked up as you  
You just can't get right, I think your heart made of bullet proof  
Shoulda killed yo ass a long time ago  
You shoulda filled that black revolver blast a long time ago  
And if those mirrors could talk it would say "you gotta go"  
And if I told your secrets  
The world'll know money can't stop a suicidal weakness

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