

YUNGBLUD, Hated

Alright kid, how's life? 'bout time that we spoke
Lets talk about the day when you were seven years old
The doctor took your little dick out, put it straight down his throat,
You never said a word to anybody, no one was told
Your mum was in the same room she was dying to know,
Why when the curtain opened up you were white as a ghost.
She's probably finding out now in the line to your show,
Why you'll never trust a guy in a tie and a coat.
But you don't want to do what your daddy did,
Bury it deep down keep it under your skin.
So you put pen and paper, made a verse of it, and you murdered it, and the chorus went.

You gotta kill somebody to be somebody to be who you want to be,
You gotta hit rock bottom to live through all the shit nobody believes,
You're gonna hurt some people,
But first some people will thirst on watching you bleed
And that's when you know that you made it
You made it
When you're hated

Fast forward and before you, know the albums out
Crowds loud sold-out shows,
but right now as far as popular opinion goes,
You're a posh, queer-baiting, indulgent arsehole
Spits beer on the kids while infecting their earholes,
Mate that's why you've been sent here to fuck with the fearful,
Tits out, fuck boys in the back of the vehicle
Tracksuits, lipstick got the Catholics tearful

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Alright, you thought that was it?
Nah, don't get cocky we haven't even started yet.
You go back and forth from your North American tour,
Your sister can't even look at you, she won't open the door.
The story you told was only partially yours
You outed her in a magazine,
Who the fuck do you think you are?
You forgot your family listens to the radio in the car,
You're trying to be authentic but you're taking it too far.
You're messed up in the head, you fucked up with your friends, your family's upset,
Don't call them, you forget
You say "I'm Sorry Jem, things are pretty crazy right now"
She says, "I love you Dom, but I fucking hate you right now"

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