

## Eminem and Rihanna "Monster"

I'm friends with the monster that's under my \_\_\_\_\_  
Get along with the voices inside of my head  
You're tryin' to save me, stop holding your \_\_\_\_\_  
And you think I'm crazy, yeah, you think I'm crazy (crazy)

I wanted the fame but not the cover of Newsweek  
Oh well, guess beggars can't be choosy  
Wanted to receive attention for my music  
Wanted to be left alone in public, excuse me  
For wantin' my cake, and eat it too, and wantin' it both ways  
Fame made me a balloon 'cause my ego inflated  
When I blew, see, but it was \_\_\_\_\_  
'Cause all I wanted to do's be the Bruce Lee of loose leaf  
Abused ink, used it as a tool when I blew steam (ooh)  
Hit the lottery, ooh-wee  
But with what I gave up to get, it was bittersweet  
It was like winnin' a used mink  
Irony 'cause I think I'm gettin' so huge I need a shrink  
I'm beginnin' to lose sleep, one sheep, two sheep  
Going coo-coo and kooky as Kool Keith  
But I'm actually weirder than you think, 'cause I'm

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(Ooh-ooh-ooh-ooh, ooh-ooh-ooh-ooh)  
Well, that's nothin' (ooh-ooh-ooh-ooh)  
(Ooh-ooh-ooh-ooh, ooh-ooh-ooh-ooh, ooh-ooh-ooh-ooh)

Now, I ain't much of a \_\_\_\_\_  
But I know somebody once told me to seize the moment  
And don't squander it  
'Cause you never know when it all could be over tomorrow  
So I keep conjurin'  
Sometimes I wonder where these thoughts spawn from  
Yeah, ponderin' if I do you wonders  
No wonder you're losing your mind, the way it wanders  
Yodel-odel-ay-hee-hoo  
I think it went wanderin' off down yonder  
And stumbled onto Jeff VanVonderen  
'Cause I need an interventionist  
To intervene between me and this \_\_\_\_\_  
And save me from myself and all this conflict  
'Cause the very thing that I love's killing me  
And I can't conquer it  
My OCD is conkin' me in the head, keep knockin'  
Nobody's home, I'm sleepwalkin'  
I'm just relayin' what the voice in my head's sayin'  
Don't shoot the messenger, I'm just friends with the

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Call me crazy, but I have this \_\_\_\_\_  
One day that I'll walk amongst you a regular civilian  
But until then, drums get killed and  
I'm comin' straight at MC's, blood gets spilled and  
I'll take it back to the days that I'd get on a Dre track  
Give every kid who got played that pumped-up feelin'  
And shit to say back to the kids who played him  
I ain't here to save the fuckin' children  
But if one kid out of a hundred \_\_\_\_\_  
Who are going through a struggle feels it and relates, that's great  
It's payback, Russell Wilson  
Falling way back in the draft  
Turn nothin' into somethin', still can  
Make that, straw into gold, chump, I will spin  
Rumpelstiltskin in a haystack  
Maybe I need a straight jacket, face facts  
I am \_\_\_\_\_ for real, but I'm okay with that  
It's nothin', I'm still friends with the

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