

# Aaahh! Real Monsters (feat. ScHoolboy Q & B.o.B)

## XV

Play them, play them, play them loud  
Comin' down, bangin' that new shit  
From the moment you said I was over my head  
I wrote on my hand your name in my Grammy speech  
(You made a monster out of me)  
My label tried to change me, well congratulations  
Now look what you made me, I done turned to a motherfuckin' beast  
(You made a monster out of me)  
And I will go wherever you take me  
But the only place you drive me is crazy, cause baby  
(You made a monster out of me)  
And magazines said I couldn't blow like Lohan  
Now I'm making all my haters Earl, no ToeJam  
Mess with me and I am on your head like Zohan  
Flocka no hands, that is no man, that's a monster  
Real monsters, real monsters  
Real monsters, play it, play it, play it loud  
They say, "Put on for us, make us proud"  
On top so see me now  
If you hate don't make a sound  
Play it, play it, play it, loud  
When they see him with the green shock the world like Blanka  
Whipping through the city in a Phantom of the opera  
Tell every interview and blogger  
(You made a monster out of me)  
So I dressed up in a old tux  
Smoked four blunts then  
I took a horcrux  
Buried myself alive, now look what woke up  
(You made a monster out of me)  
And my ex girl said I wouldn't make it  
Now she ass-naked, revenge so sweet on her knees make her taste it  
(You made a monster out of me)  
But what you ain't make is a dude from the midwest  
Who grind for ten years just to get himself these big checks  
I am overkill, Cloverfield meet T-Rex  
What's that mean X? That just means that  
Mom told me that I need to grow up  
I was in the room trying to blow up

Could only get an eighth, I'm tryna roll up turn up  
(You made a monster out of me)  
Yeah, she was on her own and could do well with the support and  
Thank God that you didn't get that abortion  
And thank you for them Jays, man them shits was so important  
(You made a monster out of me)  
Homies laughin' and girl done left me  
Just borrow money, now I'm owin' like Jesse  
Same clothes, underarms smell zesty  
(You made a monster out of me)  
But now I got a whole new steez, polo tees  
Matchin' drawers, suck on these  
And yes the honeys all on me from the way I be's  
Lil' Q, Figg Street, bitch now couldn't be  
Can I sit 'em down  
Top Dawg bow wow  
Look what you did to me, look what you started  
Now this middle finger's higher than the planes in Laguardia  
There'll be no apologies, don't beg for my pardon  
Sir, you'll just look retarded, so get the fuck off it  
Listen, they know I done been with beast mode  
Been turned up, ya'll niggas late to the party  
Been caked up, ain't no fake in this balling  
Got accounts overseas that they can't even audit  
So be aware of the angel of death known as debt  
You just living now-a-days to protect head and neck  
That's a billion lost souls that the government collects  
In the belly of the beast and she harvesting a nest  
That's why I never sleep, tell me what the fuck is rest?  
Niggas thought I sold my soul for the money and respect  
But I ain't playing checkers my nigga I'm playing chess  
So checkmate, exit now, stage left motherfucker

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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