

# Monster

## Kanye West

I shoot the lights out  
Until it's bright out  
Oh, just another lonely night  
Are you willing to sacrifice your life? Bitch, I'm a monster, no-good blood sucker  
Fat motherfucker, now looks who's in trouble  
As you run through my jungle all you hear is rumbles  
Kanye West samples, here's one for example Gossip, gossip, nigga just stop it  
Everybody know I'm a motherfuckin' monster  
I'mma need to see your fuckin' hands at the concert  
I'mma need to see your fuckin' hands at the concert Profit, profit, nigga I got it  
Everybody know I'm a motherfuckin' monster  
I'mma need to see your fuckin' hands at the concert  
I'mma need to see your fuckin' hands The best living or dead, hands down, huh?  
Less talk, more head right now, huh?  
And my eyes more red than the devil is  
And about to take it to another level, bitch None of who you goin' get, ain't nobody as cold as this  
Do the rap and attract triple double no assists  
And my only focus is stayin' on some bogus shit  
Arguin' with my older bitch, actin' like I owe her shit I heard the beat, the same rap's will the track, man  
Bought the chain that always give me back pain  
Fuckin' up my money so, yeah, I had to act  
And short nigga but these ho's love my accent She came up to me and said this the number two gal  
If you want to make it number one, you're number two now  
This the Goose and Malibu, I call it Mali BOO-YAH  
God damn Yeezy, how you gonna hit 'em with a new style? Know that motherfucker well, what you gonna do  
now?  
Whatever I wanna do, gosh, it's cool now  
Not gonna do us, it's new now  
Think you motherfucker really, really need to cool out 'Cause you will never get on top of this  
So mami best advice is just to get on top of this  
Have you ever had sex with a pharaoh?  
Put the pussy in a sarcophagus Now she claimin' that I bruised her esophagus  
Head of the class and she just want to swallow shit  
I'm livin' in the future so the presence is my past  
My presence is the present, kiss my ass Gossip, gossip, nigga just stop it  
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I'mma need to see your fuckin' hands at the concert  
I'mma need to see your fuckin' hands Sasquatch, Godzilla, King Kong, Loch Ness  
Goblin, ghoul, a zombie with no conscious  
Question: what do these things all have in common?  
Everybody knows I'm a motherfucking monster Conga, stomp, stop your silly nonsense  
Nonsense, none of you niggas know where the swamp is  
None of you niggas have seen the carnage that I've seen  
I still hear things scream in my dreams Murder, murder in black convertibles  
I kill a block, I murder the avenues  
Rape and pillage your village, women and children  
Everybody want to know what my Achilles heel is Love, I don't get enough of it  
All I get are these vampires and blood suckers  
All I see are these niggas I made millionaires  
Millin' about, spillin' they feelin's in the air All I see are these fake fucks with no fangs  
Tryin' to draw blood from my ice cold veins  
I smell a massacre  
Seems to be the only way to back you bastards off Gossip, gossip, nigga just stop it  
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I'mma need to see your fuckin' hands at the concert Profit, profit, nigga I got it  
Everybody know I'm a motherfuckin' monster  
I'mma need to see your fuckin' hands at the concert  
I'mma need to see your fuckin' hands Pull up in a monster automobile gangster  
With a bad bitch that came from Sri Lanka  
Yeah, I'm in that Tonka, color of Willy Wonka  
You can be the king, but watch the queen conquer Okay, first thing's first: I'll eat your brains  
Then I'mma start rocking gold teeth and fangs  
'Cause that's what a motherfuckin' monster do  
He a dresser from Milan that's the monster do Monster Giuseppe heel, that's the monster shoe  
Young Money is the Rasta and a monster crew  
And I'm all up, all up, all up in the bank with a funny face  
And if I'm fake, I ain't notice 'cause my money ain't So let me get this straight, wait, I'm the rookie?  
But my features and my show's ten times your pay?  
50K for a verse, no album out  
Yeah, my money's so tall that my Barbie's gotta climb it Hotter than a Middle-Eastern climate, violent  
Twenty matahran, go teewyin' it, wile it  
Nicki on them titties when I sign it  
'Cause all these niggas so one-track minded But really, really I don't give a F-U-C-K  
Forget Barbie, fuck Nicki sh-she escaped  
She on a diet, but her cock is eating cheesecake And I'll say "Bride of Chuckie" is child's play  
Just killed another career, it's a mild day  
Besides 'Ye, they can't stand besides me  
I think me, you, and Jay should menage Friday Pink wig, dick, ass, give 'em whiplash  
I think big, get cash, make 'em blink fast  
Now look at what you just saw, this is what you live for

I'm a motherfuckin' monsterI, I crossed the line, line  
And I'll, I'll let God decide-cide  
I, I wouldn't last these shoulders  
So I, I am headed home, homeI, I crossed the line, line  
And I'll, I'll let God decide-cide  
I, I wouldn't last these shoulders  
So I, I am headed home, homeI, I crossed the line, line  
And I'll, I'll let God decide-cide  
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