# 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 exampleGossip, 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 concertProfit, 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' handsThe 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, bitchNone 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 shitI 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 accentShe 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 MaliBOO-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 sarcophagusNow 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 assGossip, 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' handsSasquatch, 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 monsterConga, 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 dreamsMurder, 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 isLove, 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 airAll 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 offGossip, gossip, nigga just stop it
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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' handsPull 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 conquerOkay, 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 doMonster Giuseppie 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'tSo 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 itHotter 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 mindedBut 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 cheesecakeAnd 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 FridayPink 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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So I, I am headed home, home

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