

# Question Existing

Rihanna

Take off my shirt, loosen the buttons and undo my skirt  
Stare at myself in the mirror  
Take me apart, piece by piece  
Sorrow decrease, pressure release I put in work  
Did more than called upon, more than deserved  
When it was over, did I wind up hurt?  
Yes, but it taught me, before a decision, ask this question first Who am I living for?  
Is this my limit? Can I endure some more?  
Chances are given, question existing  
Who am I living for?  
Is this my limit? Can I endure some more?  
Chances are given, question existing Take off my cool  
Show them that under here, I'm just like you  
Do the mistakes that may make me a fool  
Or a human with loss And with them a loss, round of applause  
Take the abuse, sometimes it feels like they want me to lose  
It's entertainment, is that an excuse?  
No, but the question that lingers, whether win or lose Who am I living for?  
Is this my limit? Can I endure some more?  
Chances are given, question existing  
Who am I living for?  
Is this my limit? Can I endure some more?  
Chances are given, question existing Dear diary, and to all them  
Entertain is something I do for a living  
It's not who I am, I'd like to think that I'm pretty normal  
I laugh, I get mad, I hurt, I think I suck sometimes But when you're in the spotlight, everything seems good  
Sometimes I feel like I have it worst  
'Cause I have to always keep my guard up  
I don't know who to trust  
I don't know who wants to date me for who I am  
Or who wants to be my friend for who I really am Who am I living for?  
Is this my limit? Can I endure some more?  
Chances are given, question existing  
Who am I living for?  
Is this my limit? Can I endure some more?  
Chances are given, question existing

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