Monster (DJ)

Kanye West

I shoot the lights out
Hide 'til its bright out
Whoa, just another lonely night
Are you willing to sacrifice your life?
Ahh!Bitch I'm a monster no good blood sucker
Fat motherfucker now look who's in trouble
As you run through my jungles all you hear is rumbles
Kanye West sample, here's one for exampleGossip gossip
Niggas just stop it
Everybody know (I'm a motherfucking monster)
I'ma need to see your fucking hands at the concert
I'ma need to see your fucking hands at the concert
Profit profit, nigga I got it
Everybody know I'm a motherfucking monster
I'ma need to see your fucking hands at the concert
I'ma need to see your fucking hands at theUh,
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 I'm bout to take it to another level bitch
Don't matter who you go and get, ain't nobody as cold as this
Do the rap and the track triple double no assist
And my only focus is staying on some bogus shit
Arguin' with my older bitch acting like I owe her shit
I heard the beat the same raps that give the track pain
Bought the chain that always give me back pain
Fuckin' up my money so yeah I had to act sane
Chi nigga but these hos love my accent
She came up to me and said this the number two dial
If you wanna make it number one your number two now
This that goose an' Malibu I call it Maliboomyauh!
God damn Yeezy how I hit 'em with a new style
Know that motherfucker well, what you gon' do now
Whatever ever I wanna do, gosh its cool now
Nah gonna do, uh its a new now
Think yo motherfucker really real need to cool out
Cause you will never get on top off this
So mommy best advice is to get on top of this
Have you ever had sex with a pharaoh

I put the pussy in a sarcophagus
Now she claiming I bruise her esophagus
Head of the class and she just want a swallow-ship
I'm living the future so the presence is my past
My presence is a present kiss my assGossip gossip
Niggas just stop it
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I'ma need to see your fucking hands at the concert
Profit profit, nigga I got it
Everybody know I'm a motherfucking monster
I'ma need to see your fucking hands at the concert
I'ma need to see your fucking hands at theSasquatch, Godzilla, King Kong
Lochness, Goblin, Ghoul, a zombie with no conscience
Question what do all these things have in common
Everybody knows I'm a motherfucking monster
Conquer, stomp ya, 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 here fiends scream in my dreams
Murder murder in black convertibles
I kill a block I murder avenues, I!
Rape and pillage a village, women and children
Everybody wanna know what my Achilles heel is
Love! I don't get enough of it
All I get is these vampires and blood suckers
All I see is these niggas I made millionaires
Milling about, spilling there feelings in the air
All I see is these fake fucks with no fangs
Tryna draw blood from my ice cold veins
I smell a massacre
Seems to be the only way to back you bastards upGossip gossip
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I'ma need to see your fucking hands at the concert
Profit profit, nigga I got it
Everybody know I'm a motherfucking monster
I'ma need to see your fucking hands at the concert
I'ma need to see your fucking hands at thePull up in the monster
Automobile gangster
With a bad bitch that came from Sri Lanka
Yeah I'm in that Tonka, color of Willy Wonka
You could be the King but watch the Queen conquer
OK first things first I'll eat your brains

Then I'mma start rocking gold teeth and fangs
Cause that's what a motherfucking monster do
Hairdresser from Milan, that's the monster do
Monster Giuseppe heel that's the monster shoe
Young money is the roster and the monster crew
And I'm all up all up all up in the bank with the 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 shows ten times your pay
Fifty K for a verse no album out!
Yeah my money's so tall that my barbies gotta climb it
Hotter than a middle eastern climate
Find it, Tony Matterhorn dutty wine it, wine it
Nicki on them titties when I sign it
How these niggas so one-track minded
But really really I don't give a F-U-C-K
Forget barbie fuck Nicki she's fake
She's on a diet but my pockets eating cheese cake
And I'll say bride of Chucky 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 Am' should menage Friday
Pink wig thick ass give 'em whip lash
I think big get cash make 'em blink fast
Now look at what you just saw I think this is what you live for
Ah, I'm a motherfucking monster!I-I crossed the limelight
And I'll-I'll let God decide-cide
I-I wouldn't last these shows
So I-I am headed homeI-I crossed the limelight
And I'll-I'll let God decide-cide
I-I wouldn't last these shows
So I-I am headed homeI-I crossed the limelight (the limelight)
And I'll-I'll let God decide-cide
And I-I wouldn't last these shows
So I-I am headed home

Songwriters
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