Eminem, The Monster (feat. Rihanna)

[Rihanna:]
I'm friends with the monster that's under my bed
Get along with the voices inside of my head
You're trying to save me, stop holding your breath
And you think I'm crazy, yeah, you think I'm crazy

I wanted the fame, but not the cover of Newsweek
Oh well, guess beggars can't be choosey
Wanted to receive attention for my music
Wanted to be left alone in public, excuse me
Been wanting my cake, and eat it too, and wanting it both ways
Fame made me a balloon cause my ego inflated
When I blew; see, it was confusing
Cause all I wanted to do is be the Bruce Lee of loose leaf
Abused ink, used it as a tool when I blew steam (wooh!)
Hit the lottery, oh wee
With what I gave up to get was bittersweet
With this like winning a huge meet
Ironic cause I think I'm getting so huge I need a shrink
I'm beginning to lose sleep: one sheep, two sheep
Going cuckoo and cooky as Kool Keith
But I'm actually weirder than you think
Cause I'm

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Well, that's nothing!
Well, that's nothing!

No, I ain't much of a poet but I know somebody once told me
To seize the moment and don't squander it
Cause you never know when it all could be over tomorrow
So I keep conjuring, sometimes I wonder where these thoughts spawn from
(Yeah, ponder it, do you want this?
It's no wonder you losing your mind, the way it wanders)
Yo-lo-lo-lo-yee-whoo
I think you've been wandering off down yonder
And stumbled onto Jeff VanVonderen
Cause I need an interventionist
To intervene between me and this monster
And save me from myself and all this conflict
Cause the very thing that I love is killing me and I can't conquer it
My OCD is conking me in the head
Keep knocking, nobody's home, I'm sleepwalking
I'm just relaying what the voice in my head's saying
Don't shoot the messenger, I'm just friends with the

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Call me crazy, but I have this vision
One day that I'd walk amongst you a regular civilian
But until then drums get killed and I'm coming straight at
Emcees, blood get spilled and I
Take it back to the days that I get on a Dre track
Give every kid who got played that

Pumped up feeling and shit to say back
To the kids who played 'em
I ain't here to save the fucking children
But if one kid out of a hundred million
Who are going through a struggle feels and then relates that's so great
It's payback, Russell Wilson falling way back
In the draft, turn nothing into something, still can make that
Straw into gold chump, I will spin Rumpelstiltskin in a haystack
Maybe I need a straight jacket, face facts
I am nuts for real, but I'm okay with that
It's nothing, I'm still friends with the

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