

Rihanna - The Monster (Feat Eminem)

Tom: E

Rihanna:

I'm friends with a monster that's under my bed
 Get a long with the voices inside of my head
 You trying to save me
 Stop holding your breath
 And you think I'm crazy, yeah, you think I'm crazy

(Dbm B A Dbm) variação Eminem:

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

(Dbm B A Dbm) variação Eminem:

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?
 No wonder you losing your mind
 The way it wanders)
 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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(Dbm B A Dbm) variação Eminem:

Call me crazy, but I have this vision
 One day that I 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 at
 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 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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Acordes

