

# Kanye West, Monster (Ft. Bon Iver, JAY-Z, Nicki

[Intro: Justin Vernon]

I shoot the lights out  
Hide 'til it's bright out  
Oh, just another lonely night  
Are you willing to sacrifice your life?

[Verse 1: Rick Ross]

Bitch, I'm a monster, no-good bloodsucker  
Fat motherfucker, now look who's in trouble  
As you run through my jungles, all you hear is rumbles  
Kanye West samples, here's one for example

[Chorus: Kanye West]

Gossip, gossip, nigga, just stop it  
Everybody know I'm a motherfuckin' monster  
I'ma need to see your fuckin' hands at the concert  
I'ma need to see your fuckin' hands at the concert  
Profit, profit, nigga, I got it  
Everybody know I'm a motherfuckin' monster  
I'ma need to see your fuckin' hands at the concert  
I'ma need to see your fuckin' hands

[Verse 2: Kanye West]

Uh, 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  
Matter who you go and get, ain't nobody cold as this  
Do the rap and the track, triple-double, no assists  
And my only focus is stayin' on some bogus shit  
Arguin' with my older bitch, actin' like I owe her shit  
I heard the beat, the same raps that gave the track pain  
Bought the chain that always give me back pain  
Fucking up my money so, yeah, I had to act sane  
Chi nigga, but these hoes love my accent  
Chick came up to me and said, "This the number to dial  
If you wanna make your number one your number two now"  
Mix that Goose and Malibu, I call it "Malibooyah"  
Goddamn, Yeezy always hit 'em with a new style  
Know that motherfucker, well, what you gon' do now?  
Whatever I wanna do, gosh, it's cool now  
Know I'm gonna do, ah, it's the new now  
Think you motherfuckers really really need to cool out  
'Cause you'll 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?  
Ah, put the pussy in a sarcophagus  
Now she claiming that I bruised her esophagus  
Head of the class and she just won a swallowship  
I'm livin' in the future so the present is my past  
My presence is a present, kiss my ass

[Chorus: Kanye West & Jay Z]

Gossip, gossip, nigga, just stop it  
Everybody know I'm a motherfuckin' monster  
I'ma need to see your fuckin' hands at the concert  
I'ma need to see your fuckin' hands at the concert (Yeah)  
Profit, profit, nigga, I got it  
Everybody know I'm a motherfuckin' monster  
I'ma need to see your fuckin' hands at the concert  
I'ma need to see your fuckin' hands

[Verse 3: Jay Z]

Sasquatch, Godzilla, King Kong, Loch Ness

Goblin, ghoul, a zombie with no conscience  
Question, what do these things all have in common?  
Everybody knows I'm a motherfuckin' 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 hear fiends scream in my dreams  
Murder, murder in black convertibles, I  
Kill a block, I murder the avenues, I  
Rape and pillage your village, women and children  
Everybody want to know what my Achilles heel is  
Love, I don't get enough of it  
All I get is these vampires and bloodsuckers  
All I see is these niggas I made millionaires  
Millin' about, spillin' they 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 up

[Chorus: Kanye West]

Gossip, gossip, nigga, just stop it  
Everybody know I'm a motherfuckin' monster  
I'ma need to see your fuckin' hands at the concert  
I'ma need to see your fuckin' hands at the concert  
Profit, profit, nigga, I got it  
Everybody know I'm a motherfuckin' monster  
I'ma need to see your fuckin' hands at the concert  
I'ma need to see your fuckin' hands

[Verse 4: Nicki Minaj]

Pull up in the monster, automobile gangsta  
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  
Okay, first things first, I'll eat your brains  
Then I'ma start rocking gold teeth and fangs  
'Cause that's what a motherfuckin' monster do  
Hair dresser from Milan, that's the monster 'do  
Monster Giuseppe heel, that's the monster shoe  
Young Money is the roster and a 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?  
50K for a verse, no album out  
Yeah, my money's so tall that my Barbies got to climb it  
Hotter than a Middle Eastern climate, violent  
Tony Matterhorn, dutty wine it, wine it  
Nicki on them titties when I sign it  
That's how these niggas so one-track-minded  
But really, really I don't give an F-U-C-K  
&quot;Forget Barbie, fuck Nicki, sh-she's fake&quot;  
&quot;She on a diet,&quot; but my pockets eatin' cheesecake  
And I'll say, bride of Chucky, it's 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 ménage Friday  
Pink wig, thick 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  
Ah, I'm a motherfuckin' monster

[Outro: Justin Vernon & Charlie Wilson]

I, I crossed the limelight

And I'll, I'll let God decide  
And I, I wouldn't last these shows  
So I, I am headed home (Headed home)  
I, I crossed the limelight  
And I'll, I'll let God decide, 'cide (No)  
And I, I wouldn't last these shows  
So I, I am headed home (Head home)  
I, I crossed the limelight (No, 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