THE MONSTER

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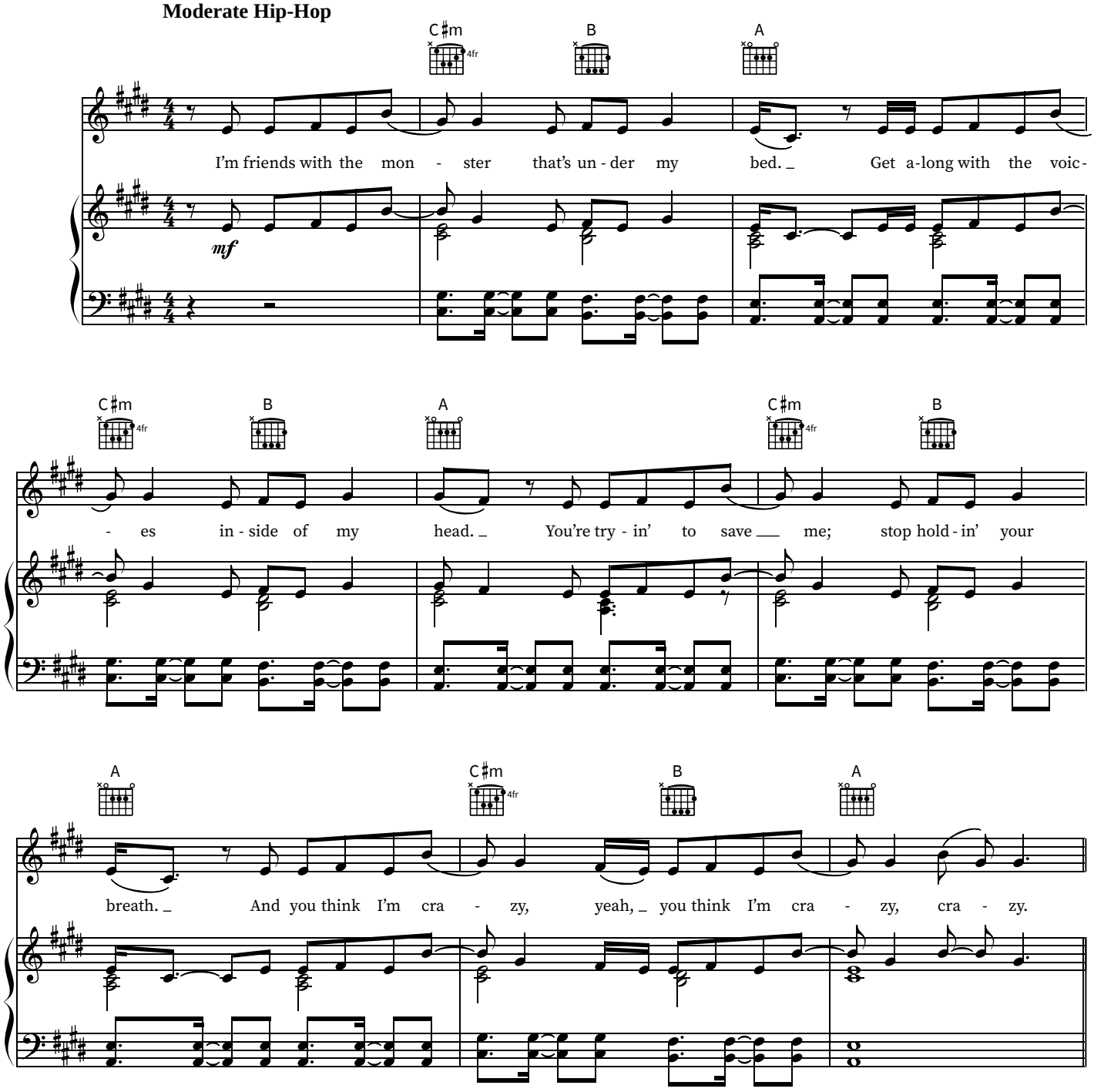
Moderate Hip-Hop



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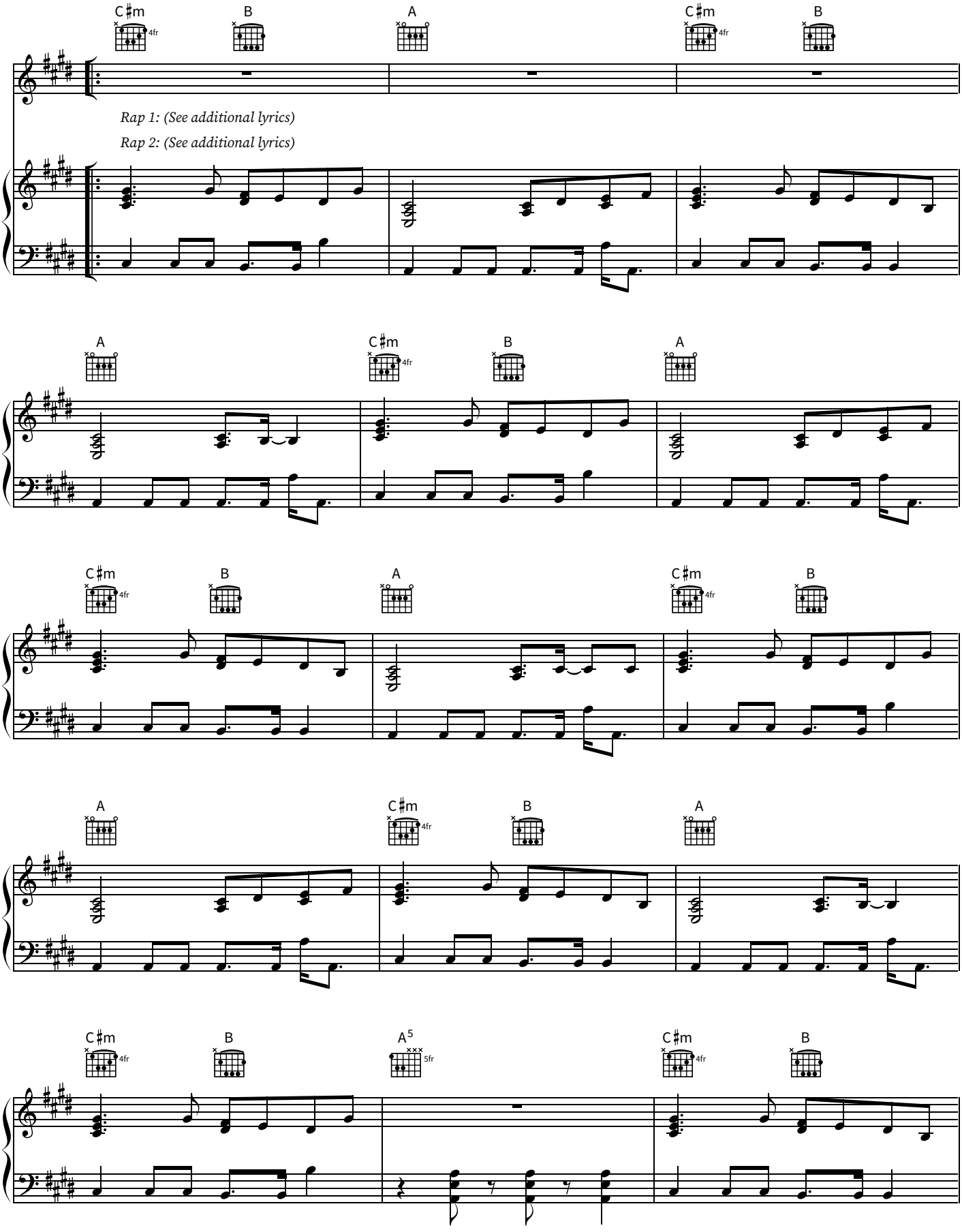
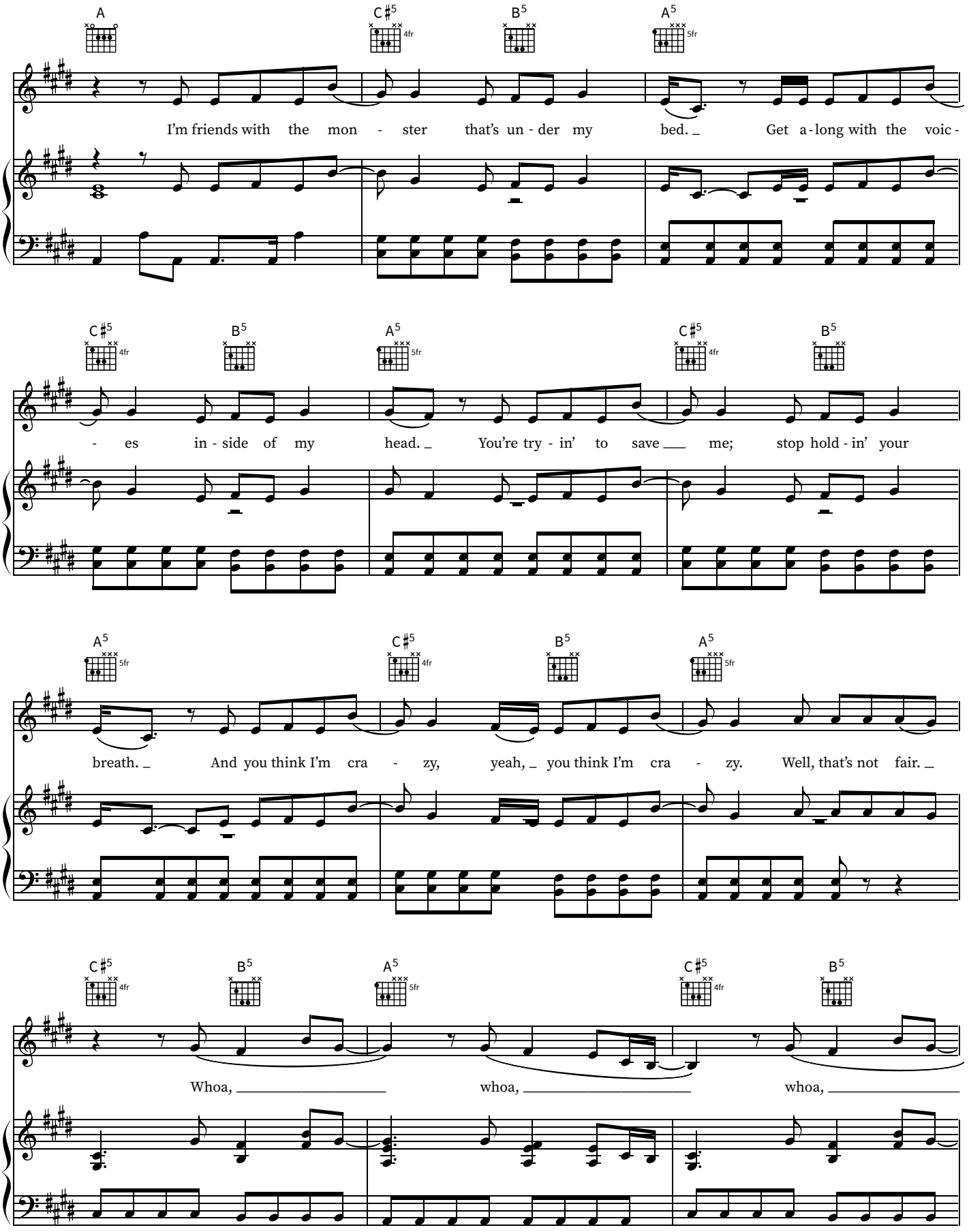
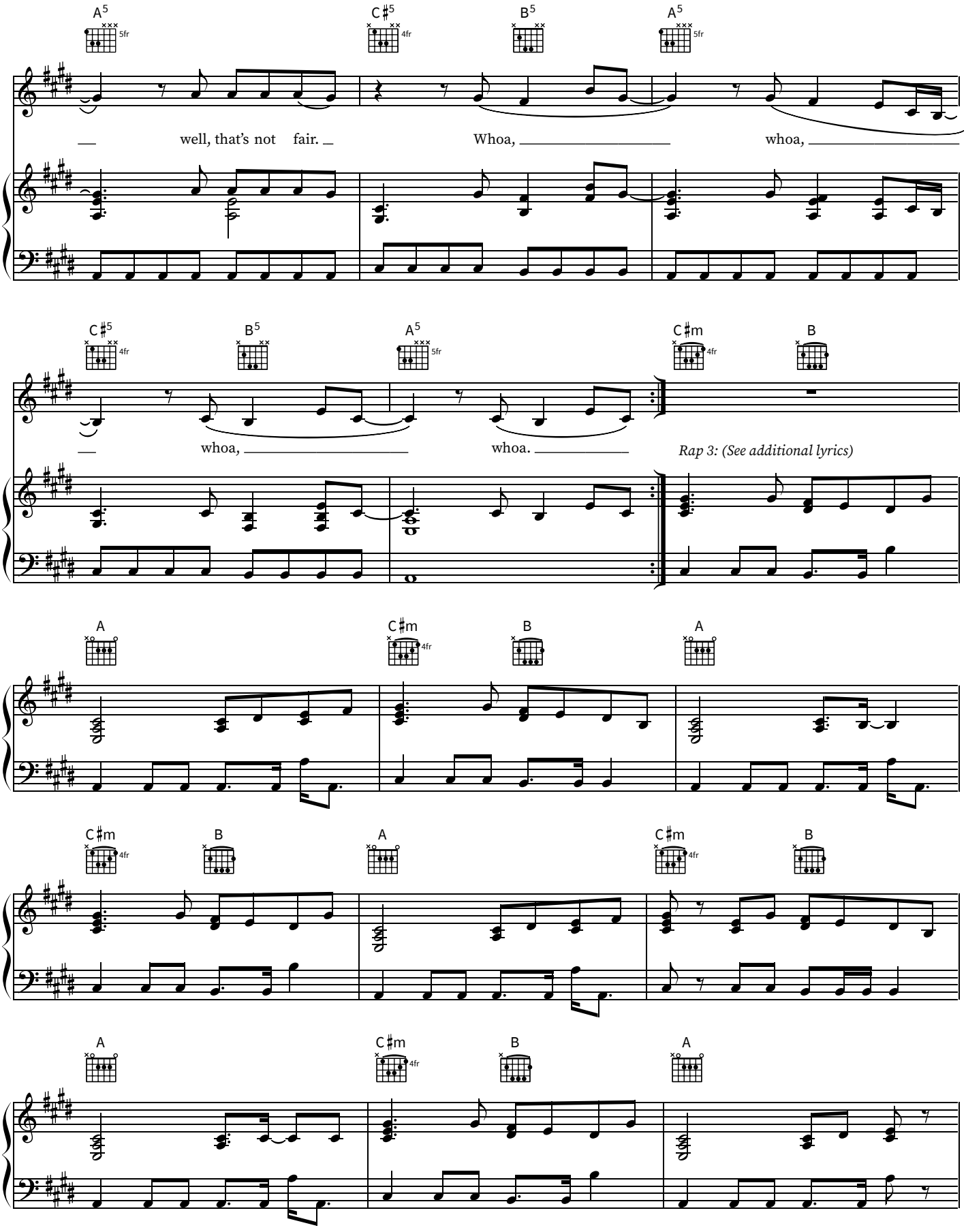
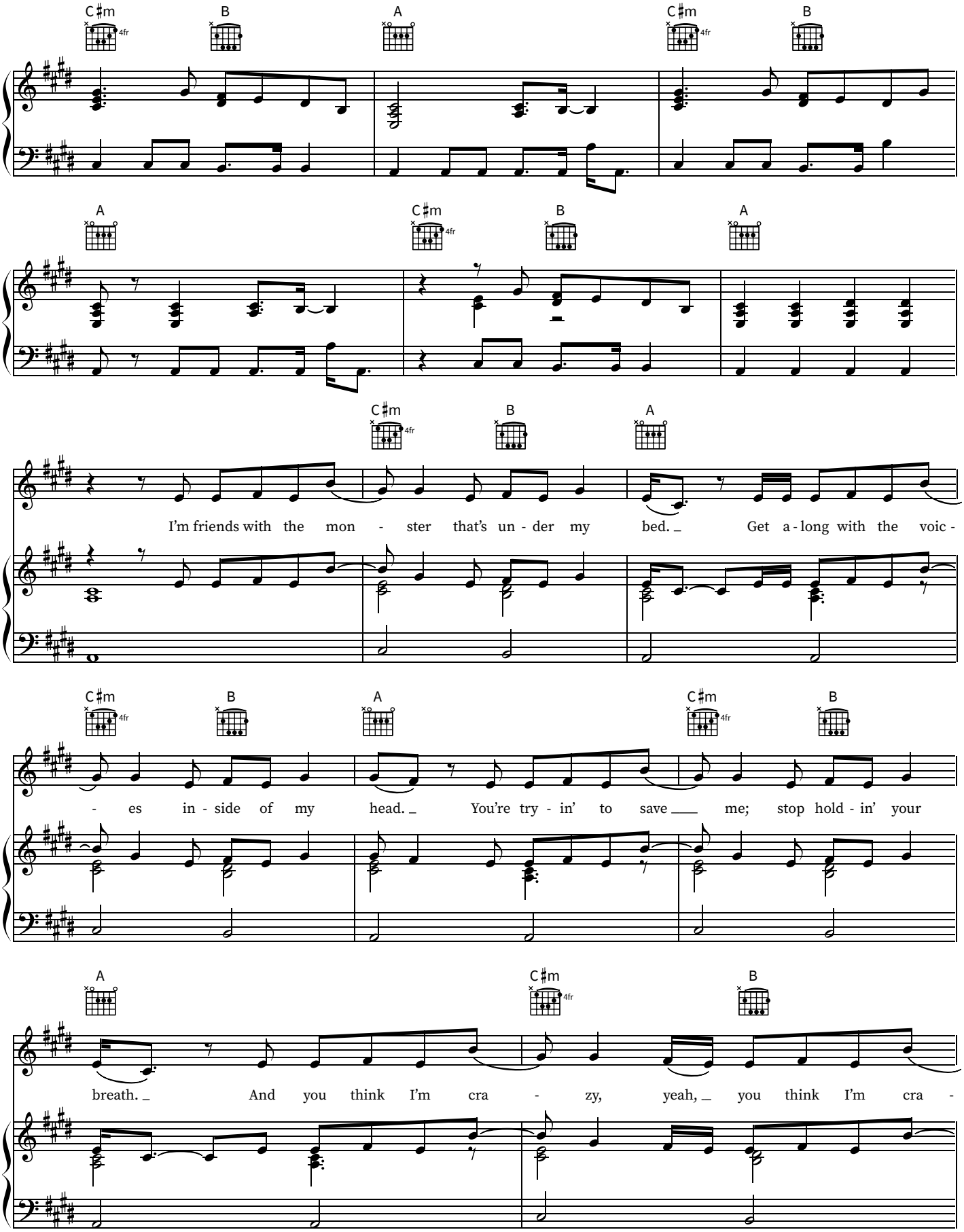
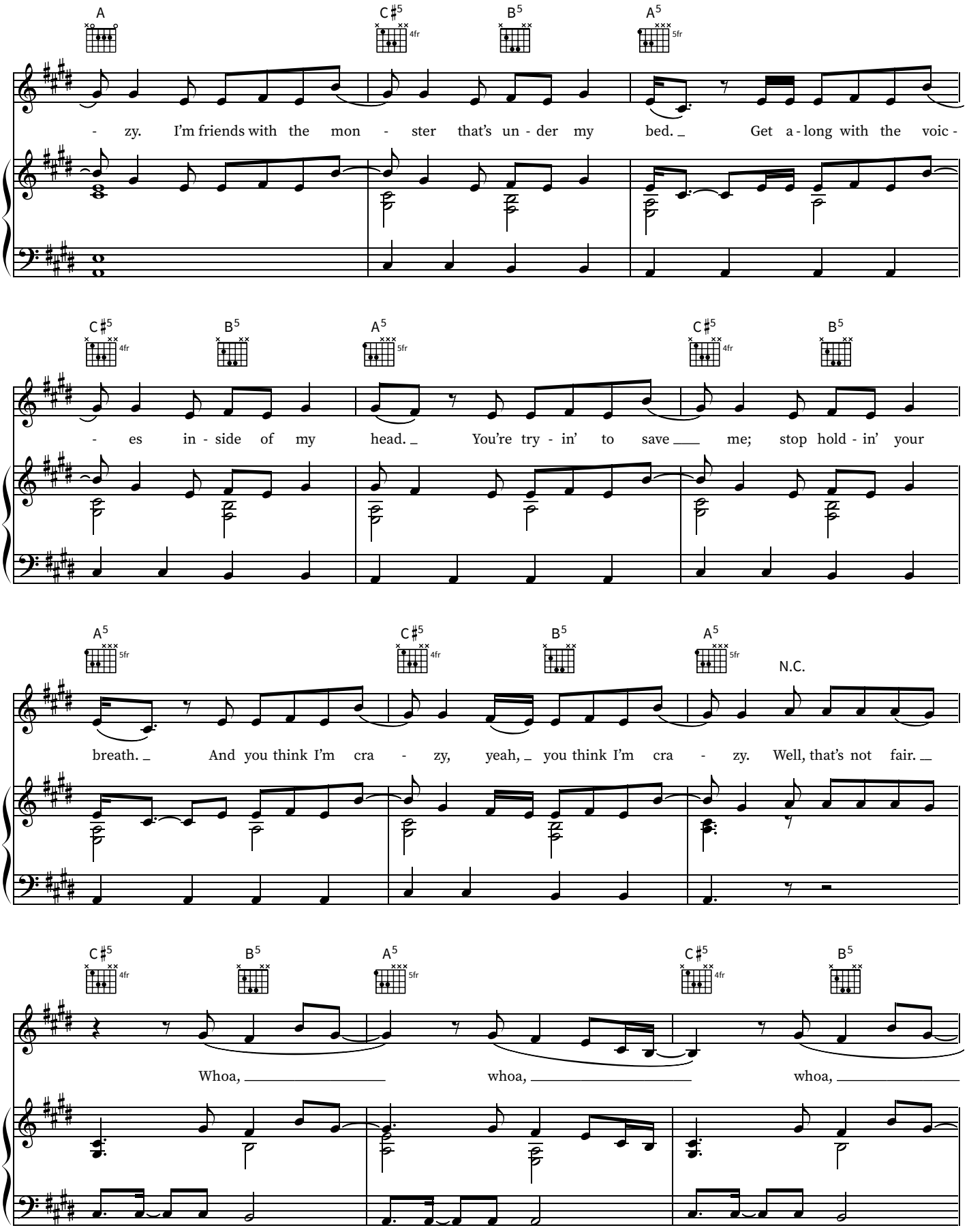
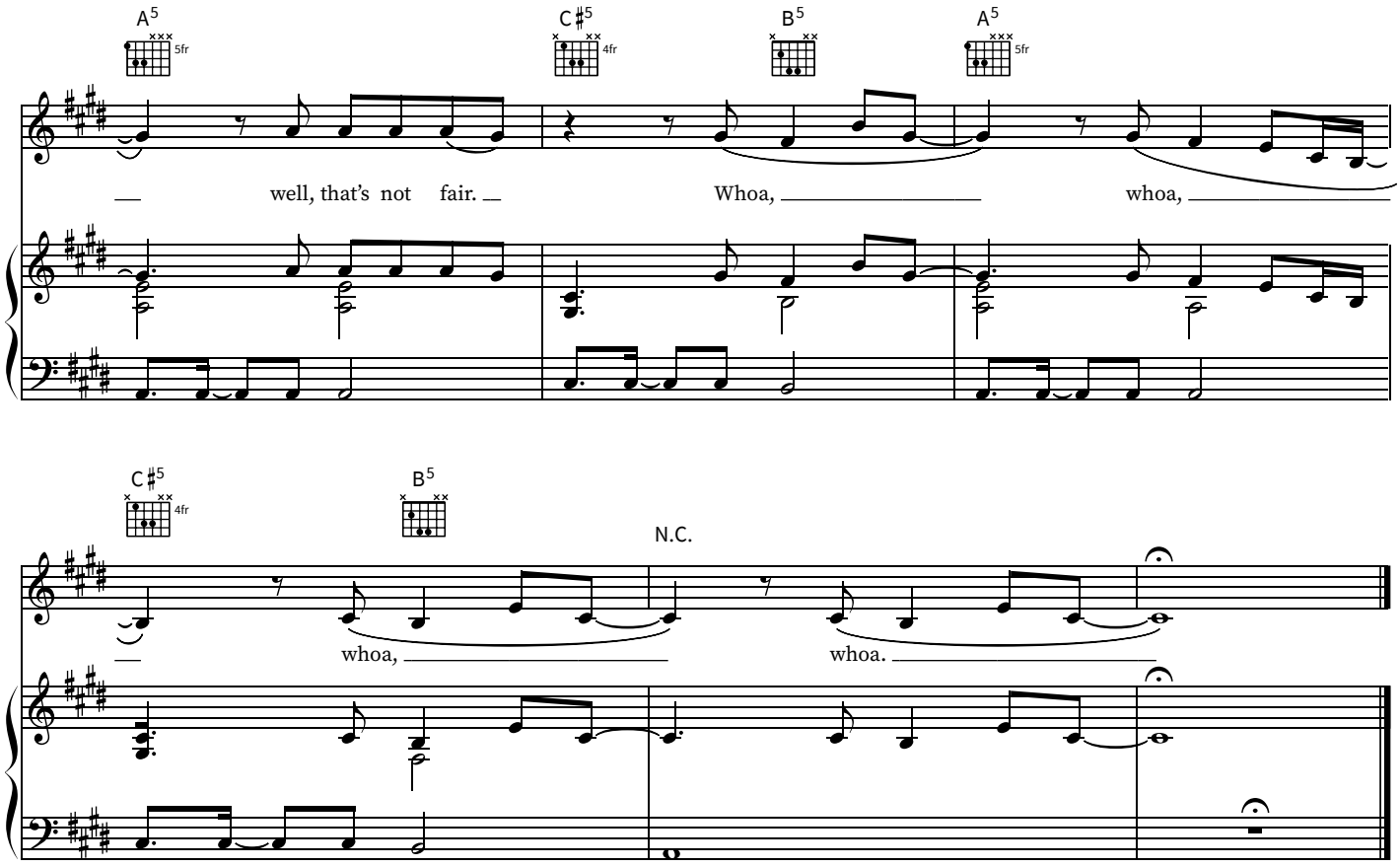

C♯m
B
A
C♯m
B
Rap 1: (See additional lyrics)
Rap 2: (See additional lyrics)
A
C♯m
B
A
C♯m
B
A
C♯m
B
A
C♯m
B
A
C♯m
B
A5
C♯m
B


A
C♯5
B5
A5
I'm friends with the mon - ster that's un - der my bed. Get a - long with the voic -
C♯5
B5
A5
C♯5
B5
- es in - side of my head. You're try - in' to save me; stop hold - in' your
A5
C♯5
B5
A5
breath. And you think I'm cra - zy, yeah, you think I'm cra - zy. Well, that's not fair.
C♯5
B5
A5
C♯5
B5
Whoa, whoa, whoa,


A5
C♯5
B5
A5
well, that's not fair.
Whoa,
whoa,
C♯5
B5
A5
C♯m
B
whoa,
whoa.
Rap 3: (See additional lyrics)
A
C♯m
B
A
C♯m
B
A
C♯m
B
A
C♯m
B
A


C♯m
B
A
C♯m
B
A
C♯m
B
A
I'm friends with the mon - ster that's un - der my bed. _ Get a - long with the voic -
C♯m
B
A
C♯m
B
- es in - side of my head. _ You're try - in' to save ___ me; stop hold - in' your
A
C♯m
B
breath. _ And you think I'm cra - zy, yeah, _ you think I'm cra -


A
C♯5
4fr
B5
A5
5fr
- zy. I'm friends with the mon - ster that's un - der my bed. Get a - long with the voic -
- es in - side of my head. You're try - in' to save me; stop hold - in' your
breath. And you think I'm cra - zy, yeah, you think I'm cra - zy. Well, that's not fair.
N.C.
Whoa, whoa, whoa,



Additional Lyrics

Rap 1: *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 for wanting my cake and eat it, too, and wantin' it both ways.
Fame made me a balloon 'cause my ego inflated when I blew. See, but 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. Hit the lottery, ooh wee.
But with what I gave up to get was bittersweet. It was like winning a used mink.
Ironic 'cause I think I'm gettin' so huge I need a shrink.
I'm beginnin' to lose sleep. One sheep, two sheep. Goin' cuckoo and kooky as Kool Keith.
But I'm actually weirder than you think, 'cause I'm...

Rap 2: *Now 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, pondering'll do you wonders. No wonder you're losin' your mind the way it wanders.
Yodel-odel-ay-hee-hoo. I think you 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's killin' me, and I can't conquer it. My OCD's conkin' me in the head.
Keep knockin', nobody's home. I'm sleeptalkin'. I'm just relayin' what the voice in my head's sayin'.
Don't shoot the messenger, I'm just friends with the...

Rap 3: *Call me crazy, but I had this vision one day that I'll walk amongst you a regular civilian.*
But until then, chumps get killed and I'm comin' straight at MC's. Blood get's spilled.
And I'll take it back to the days that I get on a Dre track. Give every kid who got played that pumped up feeling.
*And, sh**, to say back to the kids who played 'em, I ain't here to save the f**king children, but if one kid*
Out of a hundred million who are going through a struggle feels that it relates, that's great.
It's payback. Russell Wilson falling way back in the draft, turn nothin' into somethin'.
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 nothin', I'm still friends with the...