

## The Best

## I Monster

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  
Eminem  
I wanted the fame, but not the cover of Newsweek  
Oh well, guess beggars can't be choosy  
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  
Irony 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  
I'm friends with a monster that's under my bed  
Get a long with the voices inside of my head  
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Stop holding your breath  
And you think I'm crazy, yeah, you think I'm crazy  
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?)  
No wonder you losing your mind  
The way it wanders)  
Yo-lo-lo-lo-yee-whoa  
I think you've been wandering off down yonder  
And stumbled onto Jeff Van  
Vonderen'  
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  
I'm friends with a monster that's under my bed  
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Well, that's nothing  
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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 f\*cking 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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