

# THE MONSTER

Words and Music by MARSHALL MATHERS,  
BRYAN FRYZEL, ROBYN FENTY, BEBE REXHA,  
MATTHEW ATHANASIOU, JONATHAN BELLION  
and AARON KLEINSTUB

## Moderate Hip-Hop

Chord diagrams: C#m (x 4fr), B (x), A (x 4fr)

I'm friends with the mon - ster that's un - der my bed. \_ Get a-long with the voic -

*mf*

Chord diagrams: C#m (x 4fr), B (x), A (x 4fr), C#m (x 4fr), B (x)

- es in - side of my head. \_ You're try - in' to save \_ me; stop hold - in' your

Chord diagrams: A (x 4fr), C#m (x 4fr), B (x), A (x 4fr)

breath. \_ And you think I'm cra - zy, yeah, \_ you think I'm cra - zy, cra - zy.

Copyright © 2013 SONGS OF UNIVERSAL, INC., SHROOM SHADY MUSIC, FREQ SHOW MUSIC, EMI BLACKWOOD MUSIC INC., ANNARHI MUSIC LLC, BMG PLATINUM SONGS, KISS ME IF YOU CAN MUSIC, MATTHEW ATHANASIOU PUBLISHING DESIGNEE, JONATHAN BELLION PUBLISHING DESIGNEE and AARON KLEINSTUB PUBLISHING DESIGNEE  
All Rights for SHROOM SHADY MUSIC and FREQ SHOW MUSIC Controlled and Administered by SONGS OF UNIVERSAL, INC.  
All Rights for EMI BLACKWOOD MUSIC INC. and ANNARHI MUSIC LLC Administered by SONY/ATV MUSIC PUBLISHING LLC, 8 Music Square West, Nashville, TN 37203  
All Rights for BMG PLATINUM SONGS and KISS ME IF YOU CAN MUSIC Administered by BMG RIGHTS MANAGEMENT (US) LLC  
All Rights Reserved Used by Permission

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 A<sup>5</sup> C#m B

The musical score is written for guitar and piano. It consists of four systems of music. Each system begins with guitar chords and fretting instructions: C#m (4fr), B, A, C#m (4fr), and B. The first system includes lyrics for 'Rap 1' and 'Rap 2'. The piano accompaniment features a rhythmic melody in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand. The key signature is three sharps (F#, C#, G#). The guitar part includes chords C#m, B, A, and A5, with some fretting instructions like '4fr' and '5fr'. The piano part features a rhythmic melody in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand.

A C<sup>#5</sup> B<sup>5</sup> A<sup>5</sup>

I'm friends with the mon - ster that's un - der my bed. \_ Get a-long with the voic -

C<sup>#5</sup> B<sup>5</sup> A<sup>5</sup> C<sup>#5</sup> B<sup>5</sup>

- es in - side of my head. \_ You're try - in' to save \_ me; stop hold - in' your

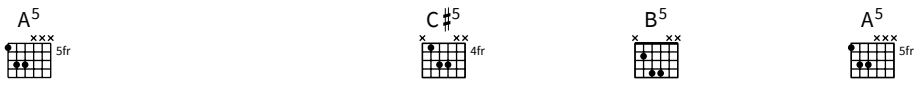
A<sup>5</sup> C<sup>#5</sup> B<sup>5</sup> A<sup>5</sup>

breath. \_ And you think I'm cra - zy, yeah, \_ you think I'm cra - zy. Well, that's not fair. \_


C<sup>#5</sup> B<sup>5</sup> A<sup>5</sup> C<sup>#5</sup> B<sup>5</sup>

Whoa, \_ \_ \_ \_ \_ whoa, \_ \_ \_ \_ \_ whoa, \_ \_ \_ \_ \_


A<sup>5</sup> C<sup>#5</sup> B<sup>5</sup> A<sup>5</sup>



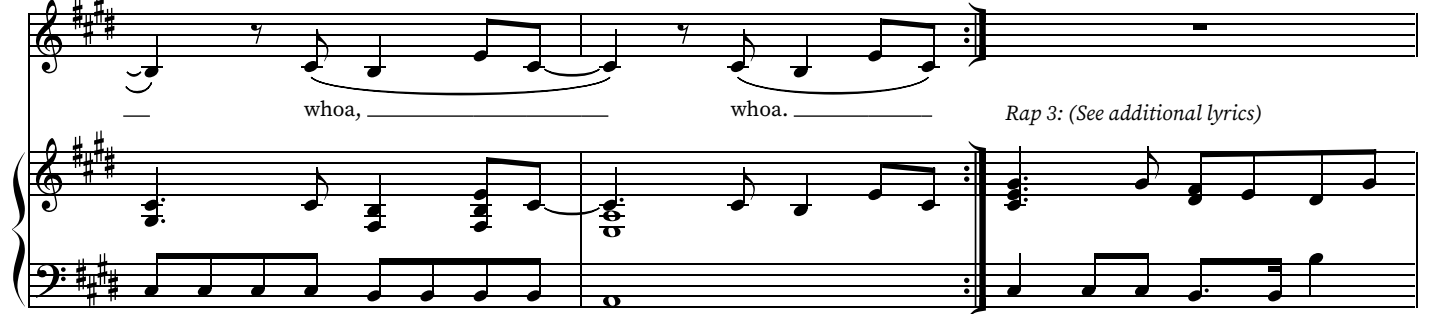
well, that's not fair. — Whoa, — whoa, —



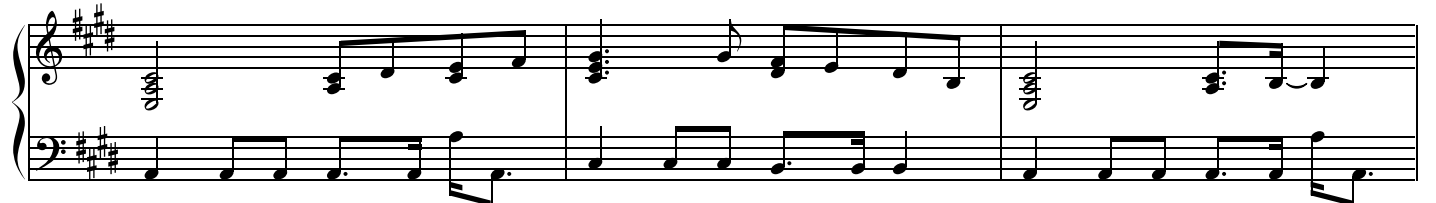
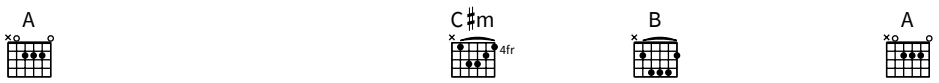
C<sup>#5</sup> B<sup>5</sup> A<sup>5</sup> C<sup>#m</sup> B



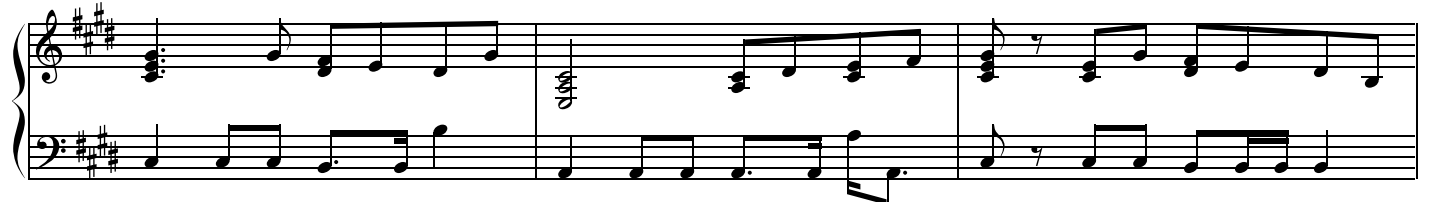

whoa, — whoa. — *Rap 3: (See additional lyrics)*



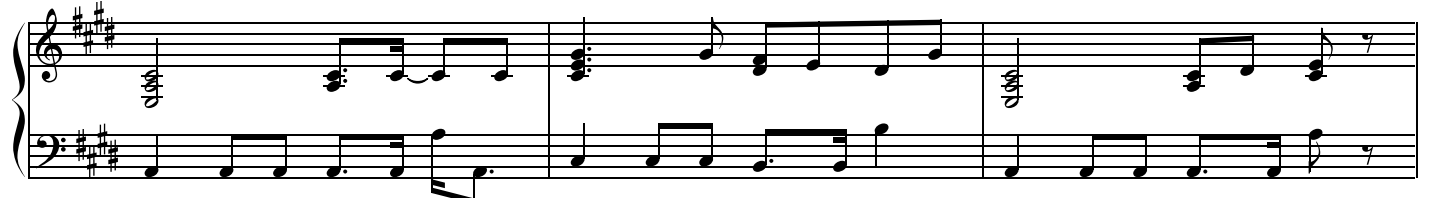
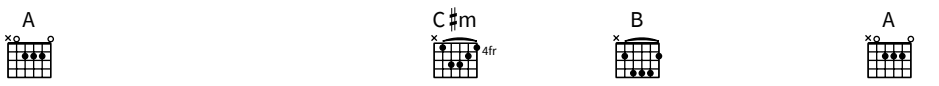
A C<sup>#m</sup> B A



C<sup>#m</sup> B A C<sup>#m</sup> B



A C<sup>#m</sup> B A



Chord diagrams: C#m (4fr), B, A, C#m (4fr), B.

Chord diagrams: A, C#m (4fr), B, A.

Chord diagrams: C#m (4fr), B, A.





I'm friends with the mon - ster that's un - der my bed. \_ Get a-long with the voic -

Chord diagrams: C#m (4fr), B, A, C#m (4fr), B.






- es in - side of my head. \_ You're try - in' to save \_ me; stop hold - in' your

Chord diagrams: A, C#m (4fr), B.





breath. \_ And you think I'm cra - zy, yeah, \_ you think I'm cra -

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, \_

A<sup>5</sup> C<sup>#5</sup> B<sup>5</sup> A<sup>5</sup>

well, that's not fair. — Whoa, — whoa, —

C<sup>#5</sup> B<sup>5</sup> N.C.

whoa, — whoa. —

### Additional Lyrics

- Rap 1:** 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 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...