

XV**"AaaHH! Real Monsters"**

Visit "[AaaHH! Real Monsters](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Play them, play them, play them loud
Comin' down, bangin' that new shit
From the moment you said I was over my head
I wrote on my hand your name in my Grammy speech
(You made a monster out of me)
My label tried to change me, well congratulations
Now look what you made me, I done turned to a
motherfuckin' beast
(You made a monster out of me)
And I will go wherever you take me
But the only place you drive me is crazy, cause baby
(You made a monster out of me)
And magazines said I couldn't blow like Lohan
Now I'm making all my haters Earl, no ToeJam
Mess with me and I am on your head like Zohan
Flocka no hands, that is no man, that's a monster
Real monsters, real monsters
Real monsters, play it, play it, play it loud
They say, "Put on for us, make us proud"
On top so see me now
If you hate don't make a sound
Play it, play it, play it, loud
When they see him with the green shock the world like
Blanka
Whipping through the city in a Phantom of the opera
Tell every interview and blogger
(You made a monster out of me)
So I dressed up in a old tux
Smoked four blunts then
I took a horcrux
Buried myself alive, now look what woke up
(You made a monster out of me)
And my ex girl said I wouldn't make it
Now she ass-naked, revenge so sweet on her knees
make her taste it
(You made a monster out of me)
But what you ain't make is a dude from the midwest
Who grind for ten years just to get himself these big
checks
I am overkill, Cloverfield meet T-Rex
What's that mean X? That just means that
Mom told me that I need to grow up

I was in the room trying to blow up
Could only get an eighth, I'm tryna roll up turn up
(You made a monster out of me)
Yeah, she was on her own and could do well with the
support and
Thank God that you didn't get that abortion
And thank you for them Jays, man them shits was so
important
(You made a monster out of me)
Homies laughin' and girl done left me
Just borrow money, now I'm owin' like Jesse
Same clothes, underarms smell zesty
(You made a monster out of me)
But now I got a whole new steez, polo tees
Matchin' drawers, suck on these
And yes the honeys all on me from the way I be's
Lil' Q, Figg Street, bitch now couldn't be
Can I sit 'em down
Top Dawg bow wow
Look what you did to me, look what you started
Now this middle finger's higher than the planes in
Laguardia
There'll be no apologies, don't beg for my pardon
Sir, you'll just look retarded, so get the fuck off it
Listen, they know I done been with beast mode
Been turned up, ya'll niggas late to the party
Been caked up, ain't no fake in this balling
Got accounts overseas that they can't even audit
So be aware of the angel of death known as debt
You just living now-a-days to protect head and neck
That's a billion lost souls that the government collects
In the belly of the beast and she harvesting a nest
That's why I never sleep, tell me what the fuck is rest?
Niggas thought I sold my soul for the money and
respect
But I ain't playing checkers my nigga I'm playing chess
So checkmate, exit now, stage left motherfucker

Visit [XV](#) page on [MotoLyrics.com](#), to get more lyrics and videos.