

## **Blood On The Dance Floor "I'm a Monster"**

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10, 9, 8, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2, 1  
LET'S GOOOOOO.  
OH NOOOO.

Can't stop the tickles.  
They call me Dr. Giggles.  
It's o-o-o-off the chizzle  
Fo' shizzle dizzle  
I'm bangin' with the b-o-t-o-dizzle  
With wiffles  
'Cause I dribble like I'm rubbing on nipples.  
Gotta get out the pickle  
Make it rain with the ripples.  
Let my candy rum trickle  
Get you buzzed with double triples.  
Getting head in, rentals  
Avoiding the parentals.  
This is ghetto, plain and simple  
With the down beat tempo.

Oh, no.  
They be hatin' us.  
'Cause we're glamorous.  
They be hatin' us.  
'Cause I'm fabulous.  
Can't stop me once I've started,  
Baby, got me retarded.  
Don't phunk-phunk-phunk-phunk  
With my heart.

LET'S GOOOOO.

Chorus:  
Chop, chop, chop you up.  
Ima monster (hah hah hah)  
Eat you like a cannibal,  
Spit you out like an animal. (x2)

Slice, slice, slice you up.  
Ima monster (hah hah hah)  
Cut you up, I'll slice and dice  
Serve you up as cold as ice. (x2)

Go 'head girl, shake that butt.  
Make me freakin' bust a nut.  
Crank that music blast it up  
Let's get wasted, super \*UHN.  
Guess what, honey. I'm a freak.  
I'm a freak inside the sheets.  
Rough, tough, naughty nurse.  
Rip it up, now make it hurt.  
Don't stop, get it, get it!  
Last for hours, not for minutes.  
Open wide for my surprise,  
Scratch and blow for your grand prize.  
Smear it on your plastic face,  
Leave you with a sweeter taste.  
Super soaker on your chest,  
Let it drip down on your breasts.

LET'S GOOOOOO.  
(Chorus)

Haters make me famous (x5)

(Chorus)

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