

Monster

KB

K to the second...

This ain't my first rodeo, uh
Check my portfolio, uh
Without the Holy Ghost, I would be gettin' my commas
On quote-on-quote, quote-on-quote, quote-on-quote
I am not so-and-so (no)
Might be the rapper that no one knows
But I got the clique like a metronome
Let that immeasurable, new intellectual, yeah
I was the Oreo, I was the Oreo comin' up
Told 'em, "At least I'ma get my degree
Then I'll be back on the scene and my cream will be double stuffed"
Either that or we'll knuckle up
Started boxing to toughen up
Then I met Jesus and seen that the struggle somebody will sacrifice all for
the other one
I ain't got no records with me braggin' on it
Under the blood, blood, ain't no stackin' on it
Shout out to Reach Records, they put the master on it
Every record got the Master on it
But this free freedom ain't no MAGA homie
Man, it's Jesus, Jesus, 'til I'm mad annoying
We indeed are living, la-la vida
He has reaped demons in the ceiling
I am loyal 'cause

Boy, I used to be a monster (be a monster)
I was tweakin', had my mama goin' bonkers
Yeah, you probably wouldn't believe it
If it hadn't been for Jesus
I'd be still runnin' around like I'm a gangster

Boy, I used to be a monster
Now it's 15, 000 people at my concert
Got they hands up screamin', I'ma tell 'em all about Jesus
How He turned me to a rapper, an imposter

Boy, I used to be a monster, used to be a monster
Boy, I used to be a monster, used to be a monster

Boy, I used to be a playboy
Yeah, don't you leave your girl around me, boy
Yeah, they don't take sand to the Beach Boy
But I got me an island in my queen, boy
Bankroll, fake though
Hundred ones wrapped up in a Franco
Runnin' chips in that queso
Make diamonds dance and I say so
Draco, slang though
'Fore the Feds ex them like Kinkos
I carry different, my aim though
My game dope, you already know

Boy, I used to be a monster
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Yeah, you probably wouldn't believe it

If it hadn't been for Jesus
I'd be still runnin' around like I'm a gangster

Cool!

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Got they hands up screamin', I'ma tell 'em all about Jesus
How He turned me to a rapper, an imposter

I used to, I used to be a monster
I used to hide the pain, I tried to keep it inside, locked up
But now I'm out my shell, I'm on the table at Red Lobster
I can't believe I almost missed it but I found the golden ticket like I'm Willy Wonka
I can't believe I'm on the team, they put me on the roster
If we both servin' God, I guess 'mi casa es su casa'
I take these boys to school, I got 'em singin' out they minds
They like, "Whatchu singin' in vibrato?"

Boy, I used to be a monster