I'm friends with the monster that's under my bed
Get along with the voices inside of my head
You're trying to save me, stop holding your breath
And you think I'm crazy, yeah, you think I'm crazy.

I wanted the fame but not the cover of *Newsweek*
Oh well, guess beggars can't be choosey
Wanted to receive attention for my music
Wanted to be left alone in public, excuse me
For wantin' 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's be the Bruce Lee of loose leaf
Abused ink, used it as a tool when I blew steam
Ooh! Hit the lottery, ooh-gee!
But with what I gave up to get it was bittersweet
It was like winnin' 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
Going coo-coo and kooky as Kool Keith
But I'm actually weirder than you think, 'cause I'm

I'm friends with the monster that's under my bed
Get along with the voices inside of my head
You're tryin' to save me, stop holdin' your breath
And you think I'm crazy, yeah, you think I'm crazy.

Well, that's nothin' (Ooh-ooh-ooh-ooh)
(Ooh-ooh-ooh-ooh, ooh-ooh-ooh-ooh)
Well, that's nothin' (Ooh-ooh-ooh-ooh)
(Ooh-ooh-ooh-ooh, ooh-ooh-ooh-ooh, ooh-ooh-ooh-ooh)

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 conjurin'

Sometimes I wonder where these thoughts spawn from
Yeah, ponderin' will do you wonders
No wonder you're losing your mind, the way it wanders
Yodel-odel-ay-hee-hoo!
I think it went wanderin' 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 is killing me
And I can't conquer it

The way this song ends is very powerful because it shows how the singer wants to be saved from himself and the voices inside of him. He wants to escape all the conflict that surrounds him, which makes me think of media and not some rumors or statements about famous people. I love the last statement because it shows how the thing he loves (music) is killing him emotionally and
My OCD is conkin' me in the head, keep knockin'
Nobody's home, I'm sleepwalkin'
I'm just relatin' what the voice in my head's sayin'
Don't shoot the messenger, I'm just friends with the

I'm friends with the monster that's under my bed
Get along with the voices inside of my head
You're tryin' to save me, stop holdin' your breath
And you think I'm crazy, yeah, you think I'm crazy

Well, that's nothin' (Ooh-ooh-ooh-ooh)
(Ooh-ooh-ooh-ooh, ooh-ooh-ooh-ooh)
Well, that's nothin' (Ooh-ooh-ooh-ooh)
(Ooh-ooh-ooh-ooh, ooh-ooh-ooh-ooh, ooh-ooh-ooh-ooh)

Call me crazy, but I have this vision
One day that I'll walk amongst you a regular civilian
But until then, drums get killed and
I'm comin' straight at MC's, blood gets spilled and
I'll take it back to the days that I'd get on a Dre track
Give every kid who got played that pumped-up feelin'
And shit to say back to the kids who played him
I ain't here to save the fuckin' children
But if one kid out of a hundred million
Who are going through a struggle feels it
And 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

I'm friends with the monster that's under my bed
Get along with the voices inside of my head
You're tryin' to save me, stop holdin' your breath
And you think I'm crazy, yeah, you think I'm crazy

I'm friends with the monster that's under my bed
Get along with the voices inside of my head
You're tryin' to save me, stop holdin' your breath
And you think I'm crazy, yeah, you think I'm crazy

Well, that's nothin' (Ooh-ooh-ooh-ooh)
(Ooh-ooh-ooh-ooh, ooh-ooh-ooh-ooh)
Well, that's nothin' (Ooh-ooh-ooh-ooh)
(Ooh-ooh-ooh-ooh, ooh-ooh-ooh-ooh, ooh-ooh-ooh-ooh)
My Understanding of the Song:

I think that the song describes how the reader feels about getting famous. The song shows how he wanted people to know him because of what he loves doing, which was music. But gaining popularity lead his ego to inflate. All he wanted was to be left alone as he walked in public and not surrounded by people and their flashes of their cameras. The song shows how the singer was overwhelmed with how much attention he got and shows how he dealt with his ego and the voice inside of his head which was represented through a Monster.

Identify the Speaker:

The speaker of the song was the singer who described his story and emotions about being famous and the voice that acted like a monster in his head.

Cultural Context:

I think that the cultural context of this song is that people worship celebrity's because of media and the way they portray them as. If you on your phone and you scroll through media you will find so many stories about celebrity's. People are jealous of them because of what they have (big houses, expensive homes) and people stalk them and spread rumors about them. In the earlier times celebrity-fame wouldn't be a cultural context because people didn’t worship them and media wasn’t there to influence their minds to do so.

Mood of the Song:

The mood of this song was somber because it goes through how the singer felt about gaining a lot of attention and how difficult it was for him to cope with his raising ego and the voice inside of his head.

Theme:

I think that the theme of "The Monster" is that there are a lot of mental issues that come with gaining a lot of fame. It shows how difficult it is for celebrity's to walk in streets filled with public who follow them. It shows how hard it is for them to be themselves and despite them owning million dollar homes, feeling stuck in a box with the voice inside of their heads.
I'm friends with the monster that's under my bed.
Get along with the voices inside of my head.
You're trying to save me, stop holding your breath
And you think I'm crazy, yeah, you think I'm crazy.

I wanted the fame but not the cover of Newsweek
Oh well, guess beggars can't be choosey
Wanted to receive attention for my music
Wanted to be left alone in public, excuse me.
For wantin' 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's be the Bruce Lee of loose leaf
Abused ink, used it as a tool when I blew steam
Ooh! Hit the lottery, ooh-gee!
But with what I gave up to get it was bittersweet
It was like winnin' 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
Going coo-coo and kooky as Kool Keith
But I'm actually weirder than you think, 'cause I'm

Well, that's nothin' (Ooh-ooh-ooh-ooh)
(Ooh-ooh-ooh-ooh, ooh-ooh-ooh-ooh)
Well, that's nothin' (Ooh-ooh-ooh-ooh)
(Ooh-ooh-ooh-ooh, ooh-ooh-ooh-ooh, ooh-ooh-ooh-ooh)

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 conjurin'
Sometimes I wonder where these thoughts spawn from
Yeah, ponderin' will do you wonders
No wonder you're losing your mind, the way it wanders
Yodel-odel-ay-hee-hoo!
I think it went wanderin' 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 killing me
And I can't conquer it.

Everything he loves comes with its own monster
And he's not sure how to deal with it and conquer it.

My OCD is conkin' me in the head, keep knockin'
Nobody's home, I'm sleepwalkin'
I'm just relayin' what the voice in my head's sayin'
Don't shoot the messenger, I'm just friends with the

I'm friends with the monster that's under my bed
Get along with the voices inside of my head
You're tryin' to save me, stop holdin' your breath
And you think I'm crazy, yeah, you think I'm crazy

Well, that's nothin' (Ooh-ooh-ooh-ooh)
(Ooh-ooh-ooh-ooh, ooh-ooh-ooh-ooh)
Well, that's nothin' (Ooh-ooh-ooh-ooh)
(Ooh-ooh-ooh-ooh, ooh-ooh-ooh-ooh, ooh-ooh-ooh-ooh)

Call me crazy, but I have this vision
One day that I'll walk amongst you a regular civilian
But until then, drums get killed and
I'm comin' straight at MC's, blood gets spilled and
I'll take it back to the days that I'd get on a Dre track
Give every kid who got played that pumped-up feelin'
And shit to say back to the kids who played him
I ain't here to save the fuckin' children
But if one kid out of a hundred million
Who are going through a struggle feels it
And 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
Rumpelstilstskin 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

I'm friends with the monster that's under my bed
Get along with the voices inside of my head
You're tryin' to save me, stop holdin' your breath
And you think I'm crazy, yeah, you think I'm crazy

Well, that's nothin' (Ooh-ooh-ooh-ooh)
(Ooh-ooh-ooh-ooh, ooh-ooh-ooh-ooh)
Well, that's nothin' (Ooh-ooh-ooh-ooh)
(Ooh-ooh-ooh-ooh, ooh-ooh-ooh-ooh, ooh-ooh-ooh-ooh)

Theme: The theme of "Monster" by Rihanna and Eminem is that it's okay to have monsters. Everyone has a monster that they deal with, but you should never let it consume you. It's your job to conquer it.