

# Rihanna, Question Exsisting

Take off my shirt.  
Loosen the buttons and undo my skirt  
Stare at myself in the mirror  
Take me apart piece by piece  
Sorrows increase  
Pressure release, I put in work  
Did more than called upon, more than deserved  
When it was over, did I wind up hurt (Yes)  
But it taught me before a decision ask this question first

Who am I living for?  
Is this my limit, can I endure some more  
Chances are given, question existing  
Who am I living for?  
Is this my limit, can I endure some more  
Chances are given, question existing

Take off my shirt, show them that  
Under here, I'm just like you  
Do the mistakes, I may make me a fool  
Or a human with loss, and if that I'm lost  
Round of applause, take the abuse  
Sometimes it feels like they want me to lose  
It's entertainment is that an excuse? (No)  
But the question existing whether win or lose

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Dear Diary,  
its Robyn  
Entertaining is something I do for a living  
It's not who I am, I'd like to think that I'm pretty normal,  
I laugh, I get mad, I hurt, I think  
guys suck sometimes,  
But when you're in the spotlight,  
Everything seems good,  
Sometimes I feel like I have it worse cause I have to always keep my guard up,  
I don't know who to trust, I don't know who wants to date me for who I am,  
Or who wants to be my friend for who I really am,

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