

8 Mile

Danny Brown

Same nigga, notebook full of rhymes
My nigga ace the face saw the signs
My talent level excel my age
So about age 9, knew that I would rock stage
So it made me think of grades, sort of like catching AIDS
Didn't hit class, I wrote in my notepad
Mimic what I heard, got sicker with the verbs
Figured this the quickest way to get the pick-up in the 'burbs
Distribute herb, admit I used to dabble, but dawg
The snares a better sound than the gavel
Got so damn hungry, with work I used to travel
Packets in some drawers, toothpaste in the packets
Tryna leave my habitat, in ways that I've adapted
Sleep different when you on somebody else's mattress
Mental got scarred, change the pace could be advantage
Everybody in the D tryna move to Atlanta

Click your seat fool, get ready to ride
And say good bye we 'bout to go past 8 mile
Brace yourselves only the strong survive
If you alive, we 'bout to go past 8 mile
Its too happy, hope your heater is dated
Are you ready? we 'bout to go past 8 mile
Tired of hating with the changes I'm making
I've been waiting just to go past 8 mile

It's where the line divide, either side, kinda tell get a sense
of your pride
Where everyone ain't the same, but in the D that's how it is
How can you judge one from where one is?
The hook be on some other shit, checking our ID's
Hate tela's go back over the 8
Used to talk to white girls that I knew I couldn't date
Cause we was outta bonds, if we met either way
Now tell me what's the call
When we still gotta go over there to hit the mall
So I'm a take this d shit far
I'm the hybrid meaning sun take a hit past ours
As the summer's get hotter, winter get colder
Sons get locked, and our daughters having daughters
Feel its time to speak, before this shit be out of order
Before you be the nigga, I'm here begging for quarters