

8 Mile

Eminem

Sometimes I just feel like
Quitting I still might
Why do I put up this fight?
Why do I still write?
Sometimes it's hard enough just dealing with real life
Sometimes I want to jump on stage and just kill mics
And show these people what my level of skill's like
But I'm still white
Sometimes I just hate life
Something ain't right
Hit the brake lights
Case of the stage fright
Drawing a blank like

Dah, dah, dah. dah
It ain't my fault
Great then I fall
My insides crawl
And I clam up
I just slam shut
I just can't do it
My whole manhood's just been stripped
I have just been ripped
So I must then get
Off the bus then split
Man fuck this shit
Yo, I'm going the fuck home
World on my shoulders as I run back to this 8 Mile Road

I'm a man
I'm a make a new plan
Time for me to just stand up and travel new land
Time for me to just take matters into my own hands
Once I'm over these tracks, man I'ma never look back
And I'm gone
I know right where I'm going
Sorry, momma, I'm grown
I must travel alone
Ain't gon' follow no footsteps I'm making my own
Only way that I know how to escape from this 8 Mile Road

Walking these train tracks
Tryin' to regain back
The spirit I had 'fore I go back to the same crap
To the same plant
And the same pants
Tryin' to chase rap
Gotta move ASAP
Get a new plan
Momma's got a new man
Poor little baby sister, she don't understand
Sits in front of the TV buries her nose in her pad
And just colors until the crayon gets dull in her hand
While she colors her big brother, her mother and dad
Ain't no telling what really goes on in her little head
Wish I could be the daddy that neither one of us had
But I keep running from something I never wanted so bad

Sometimes I get upset 'cause I ain't blew up yet
It's like a grew up but I ain't grow me two nuts yet
Don't got a rep, my step
Don't got enough pep
The pressure's too much, man I'm just tryin' to do what's best
And I try
Sit alone and I cry
Yo I won't tell no lie
Not a moment goes by
That I don't pray to the sky
Please, I'm beggin' you God
Please don't let me be pigeon holed in no regular job
Yo I hope you can hear me homie wherever you are
Yo, I'm telling you dog I'm bailing this trailer tomorrow
Tell my mother I love her, kiss baby sister goodbye
Say whenever you need me, baby, I'm never too far
But yo I gotta get out there the only way I know
And I'ma be back for you the second that I blow
On everything I own
I'll make it on my own
Off to work I go
Back to this 8 Mile Road

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You gotta live it to feel it
You didn't, you wouldn't get it
Or see what the big deal is
Why it was and it still is
To be walking this borderline of Detroit's city limits
It's different and it's a certain significance
A certificate of authenticity
You'd never even see
But it's everything to me
It's my credibility
You'd never seen, heard, smelled or met a real mc
Who's incredible or on the same pedestal as me
But yet still unsigned
Having a rough time
Sit on the porch with all my friends and kick dumb rhymes
Go to work and serve MC's in the lunch line
When it comes crunch time
Where did my punch lines go?
Who must I show?
To bust my flow
Where must I go?
Who must I know?
Or am I just another crab in the bucket
Cause I ain't having to run with this little rabbits but fuck it
Maybe I need a new outlet
I'm starting to doubt shit
I'm feeling a little skeptical who I hang out with
I live like a bum, yo my clothes ain't about shit

At the Salvation Army trying to salvage an outfit
And it's cold
Trying to travel this road
Plus I feel like I'm always stuck in this battling mode
My defenses are so up
The one thing I don't want
Is pity from no one
This city is no fun
There is no sun
And it's so dark
Sometimes I just feel like I'm being pulled apart
From each one of my limbs
By each one of my friends
It's enough to just make me want to jump out of my skin
Sometimes I feel like a robot
Sometimes I just know not
What I'm doing, I just blow, my head is a stove top
I just explode, the kettle gets so hot
Sometimes my mouth just overloads the ass that I don't got
But I've learned
It's time for me to u-turn
Yo it only takes one time for me to get burned
Ain't no fallin' on next time I'll meet a new girl
I can not only play stupid or be immature
I got every ingredient all I need is the courage
Like I already got the beat all I need is the words
Got the urge
Suddenly it's a surge
Suddenly a new burst of energy has occurred
Time to show these free world leaders the three and a third
I am no longer scared now, I'm free as a bird
Then I turn and cross over the median curb
Hit the burbs and all you see is a blur
I'm Eight Mile Road

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