

# You're Never Over

Eminem

The days are cold livin' without you  
The nights are long, I'm growing older  
I miss the days alone, thinkin' about you  
You may be gone, but you're never over

If Proof could see me now, I know he'd be proud  
Somewhere in me deep down, there's something in me he found  
That made him believe in me, now no one can beat me now  
You try, it'll be them doors, on Dre's Phantom believe me clowns  
That means suicide homie, you'll never throw me  
Off of this course, blow me  
Bitch I do this all for the sport only  
But I want it all, I'm not just talking awards homie  
And the balls in my court and it's lonely  
On top of the world when you're the only  
One with the balls and your shorts  
To leave them jaws on the floor with no re-  
Morse, remember that when they get to doggin' you boy homie  
So y'all can just get to blogg'in' about bologna  
I'm not gonna stop the saga  
Continue, no stoppin' the force Obi, I'm moppin' the floors  
With them, I keep tryna pass it, but they keep on droppin' the torch  
And it won't be, long til this sport is O-V-  
E-R, just blazin' and we knockin' them doors and no we  
Ain't pumpkins on Halloween but we'll show up on your porch, so be  
Careful what you say, there ain't no punks over here so follow me  
Through the fog like I'm S-N-double-O-P  
Let me guide you through the smoke G  
If only I wasn't travellin' down this road by my lonely  
No one who knew me like you will ever know me  
I don't think you understand how much you meant to me

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And it don't stop (oh)  
And it don't quit (oh)  
And it don't stop (oh)  
And it don't quit (oh)  
And I miss you (oh)  
I just miss you (oh)  
I just miss you (oh)  
Homie I'll never forget you (no)

For you, I wanna write the sickest rhyme of my life  
So sick it'll blow up the mic, it'll put the dyna in mite  
Yeah it'll make the dopest MC wanna jump off a bridge and shit himself  
Tap dancin' all over the beat, it'll jump off the page and spit itself  
Yeah it's the best thing I could do right now for you Doodi is to rap  
So I'm a fuck til I die, yeah I'm a do it to death  
And instead of mourning your death, I'd rather celebrate your life  
Elevate to new height, step on the gas and accelerate, I'm a need two mics  
Cause the way that I'm feelin' tonight, everything I can just do right  
There's nothing that I can do wrong, I'm too strong and I'm just too hyped  
Just finished the rhyming and bust it and excuse the corny metaphor

They'll never catch up to all this energy that I've mustered  
So God just help me out while I fight through this grievin' process  
Tryna process this loss is makin' me nauseous  
But this depression ain't takin' me hostage  
I've been patiently watchin' this game, pacin' these hallways  
You had faith in me always  
Proof you knew I'd come out of this slump, rise from these ashes  
Come right back on they asses, and go Mike Tyson on these bastards  
And I'm a show 'em, blow 'em out the water slaughter 'em homes  
I'm on so many bells the only place they can hit me is below  
Homie I know I'm, never gonna be the same with you  
I woulda never came in this game, I'm going insane without you  
Matter of fact it was just the other night, had another dream about you  
You told me to get up, I got up and spread my wings and I flew  
You gave me a reason to fight, I was on my way to see you  
You told me nah Doodi you're not layin' on that table I knew  
I was gonna make it, soon as you said think of Hailie, I knew  
There wasn't no way that I was gonna ever leave them babies, and Proof  
Not many are lucky enough to have a guardian angel like you  
Lord I'm so thankful, please don't think I don't feel grateful, I do  
Just grant me the strength that I need, for one more day to get through  
So homie this is your song, I dedicate this to you  
I love you Doodi

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