Eminem, Eight Mile Road

("It's okay, it's okay. I'm gonna make it anyway.)
Sometimes I just feel like
Quittin I still might
Why do I put up this fight?
Why do I still write?
Sometimes it's hard enough steal from the real life
Sometimes I wanna 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
Somethin ain't right
Hit the breaklights
In case of the stage fright
Draw on the blank light
(Uhh, But if I fall, It ain't my fault, Breakin eyeballs, My insides crawl)
And I clam up (SMASH!)
I just slam shut
I just can't do it
My whole manhood's just been stripped
I've just been ripped
So I must been dipped
Or the bustin split
Man fuck this shit yo
I'm goin the fuck home
Rollin my shoulders as I run back to this 8 Mile Rd.
(Chorus)
I'm a man
I'm a make a new plan
Time for me to stand up and travel new land
Time for me to just to take matters into my own hands
Once I'm over these tracks man
I'm a never look back
(8 Mile Rd.)
And I'm gone
I don't like where I'm goin
Sorry mama I've grown
I must travel alone
Ain't no followin no footsteps
I'm makin my own
Only way I know how to escape from this 8 Mile Rd.
Walkin these traintracks
Tryin to regain back the spirit I have
'Fore I go back to the same crap (SMASH!)
To the same plant
And the same pants
Tryin to chase rap
Gotta move A.S.A.P.
Get a new plan
Mama's got a new man
Poor little baby sister
She don't understand
Sits in front of the TV, bury's her nose in the 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 tellin what really goes on in her little head
Wish I could be the daddy that neither one of us had
But I keep runnin from somethin I never wanted so bad
Sometimes I get upset
Cuz I ain't blew up yet
It's like I grew up, but I aint grownin two nuts yet
Don't gotta rap 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 a 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 holdin on regular job
Yo I hope you can hear me hommie
Wherever you are
Yo I'm tellin you dog
I'm bailin this trailor 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'm going to be back for you
On 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 Rd.
(Chorus)
Ya gotta live it to feel it
If you didn't you wouldn't get it
We'll see what the big deal is
Why it wasn't, it still is
To be walkin this border line of Detroit city's limit
It's different, it's a certain significant certificate of authenticity
You'd never even see
But it's everything to me
It's my credibility
You've never seen, heard, smell, or met an MC
Who's incredible and on the same pedistool as me
But check
Still unsigned
Havin a rough time
Sit on the porch with all my friend's who kick dumb rhymes
Go to work
And servin MC's in the lunch line
But when it come's crunch time
Where do 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
Cuz I ain't havin no luck with this little rabbit so fuck it
Maybe I need a new outlit
I'm startin to doubt shit
I'm feelin a little scepticle
Of who I hang out with
I look like a bum
Yo my clothes ain't about shit
At the Salvation Army
Tryin to salvage and outfit
And it's cold
Tryin to travel this road
Plus I feel like I'm only stuck in this battlin mode
My defenses are so up
And one thing I don't want
Is pity from no one
The city is no fun
There is no sun

And it's so dark
Sometimes I feel like I'm just being pulled apart
Being torn in my limbs
By each one of my friends
Enough to just make me wanna jump outta my skin
Sometimes I feel like a robot
Sometimes I just know not what I'm doin
I just blow
My head is a stove top
I just explode
The kettle gets so hot
Sometimes my mouth just overloads the acid 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 burnt
Ain't no fallin
No next time
I meet a new girl
I can no longer play stupid
Or be immature
I've got every ingredient
All I need is the courage
Like I already got to beat
All I need is the words
Got the urge
Suddenly its a search
Suddenly a new verse of energy has occured
Time to show these free world leaders
Three in the third
I am no longer scared now
I'm free as a bird
And I turn and cross over
The median curb
Hit the burbs and all you see is a blur on 8 mile rd.
(Chorus)