Eminem, Lose Yourself (Radio Version)

Look, if you had one shot, one opportunity
To seize everything you ever wantedOne moment
Would you capture it or just let it slip?
His palms are sweaty, knees weak, arms are heavy
Theres vomit on his sweater already, moms spaghetti
Hes nervous, but on the surface he looks calm and ready
To drop bombs, but he keeps on forgetting
What he wrote down, the whole crowd goes so loud
He opens his mouth, but the words wont come out
Hes chokin, how everybodys jokin now
The clocks run out, times up over, bloah!
Snap back to reality, Oh there goes gravity
Oh, there goes Rabbit, he choked
Hes so mad, but he wont give up that easy,
No
He wont have it , he knows his whole back to this ropes
It dont matter, hes dope
He knows that, but hes broke
Hes so stacked that he knows
When he goes back to his mobile home, thats when its
Back to the lab again yo
This whole rap ****
He better go capture this moment and hope it dont pass him
Chorus X2
You better lose yourself in the music, the moment
You own it, you better never let it go
You only get one shot, do not miss your chance to blow
This opportunity comes once in a lifetime yo
The souls escaping, through this hole that its gaping
This world is mine for the taking
Make me king, as we move toward a, new world order
A normal life is borin, but superstardoms close to post mortar
It only grows harder, only grows hotter
He blows its all over, his boss is all on him
Coast to coast shows, hes know as the globetrotter
Lonely roads, God only knows
Hes grown farther from home, hes no father
He goes home and barely knows his own daughter
But hold your nose cuz here goes the cold water
his bosses dont want him no mo, hes cold product
They moved on to the next schmoe who flows
He nose dove and sold nada
So the soap opera is told and unfolds
I suppose its old potna, but the beat goes on
Da da dum da dum da da
Chorus X2
No more games, Ima change what you call rage
Tear this motha****** roof off like 2 dogs caged
I was playin in the beginnin, the mood all changed
I been chewed up and spit out and booed off stage
But I kept rhymin and stepwritin the next cypher
Best believe somebodys payin the pied piper
All the pain inside amplified by the fact
That I cant get by with my 9 to 5
And I cant provide the right type of life for my family
Cuz man, these goddam food stamps dont buy diapers
And its no movie, theres no Mekhi Phifer, this is my life
And these times are so hard and its getting even harder
Tryin to feed and water my seed, plus
Teeter totter, caught up between bein a father and a prima donna
Baby mama dramas screamin on and
Too much for me to wanna
Stay in one spot, another day of monotomy
Has gotten me to the point, Im like a snail

Ive got to formulate a plot fore I end up in jail or shot
Success is my only motha****** option, failures not
Mom, I love you, but this trailer has got to go
I cannot grow old in Salems lot
So here I go is my shot.
Feet fail me not cuz maybe the only opportunity that I got
Chorus X2
You can do anything you set your mind to, man