

# Eminem, Valora

Look, if you had one shot, one opportunity  
To seize everything you ever wanted  
One moment  
Would you capture it or just let it slip  
His plams are sweaty, knees weak, arms are heavy  
There's vomit on his sweater already, mom's spaghetti  
He's 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 won't come out  
He's chokin, how everybody's jokin now  
The clocks run out, times up over, bloah!  
Snap back to reality, Oh there goes gravity  
Oh, there goes Rabbit, he choked  
He's so mad, but he won't give up that easy  
No  
He won't have it , he knows his whole back's to these ropes  
It dont matter, he's dope  
He knows that, but he's broke  
He's so stacked that he knows  
When he goes back to his mobile home, thats when it's  
Back to the lab again yo  
This whole rap city  
He better go capture this moment and hope it don't pass him  
HOOK: (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  
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 mortem  
It only grows harder, only grows hotter  
He blows us all over these hoes is all on him  
Coast to coast shows, he's known as the globetrotter  
Lonely roads, God only knows  
He's grown farther from home, he's no father  
He goes home and barely knows his own daughter  
But hold your nose cuz here goes the cold water  
His hoes don't want him no more, he's 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 it's old partner, but the beat goes on  
Da da dum da dum da da  
HOOK (x2)  
No more games, I'ma change what you call rage  
Tear this mothafuckin roof off like 2 dogs caged  
I was playin in the beginnin, the mood all changed  
I been chewed up and spit out and booted off stage  
But I kept rhymin and stepwritin the next cypher  
Best believe somebody's payin the pied piper  
All the pain inside amplified by the fact  
That I can't get by with my 9 to 5  
And I can't provide the right type of life for my family  
Cuz man, these goddam food stamps don't buy diapers  
And it's no movie, theres no Mekhi Phifer, this is my life  
And these times are so hard and it's getting even harder  
Tryin to feed and water my seed, plus  
See dishonnor caught up bein a father and a prima donna  
Baby mama drama screamin on and  
Too much for me to wanna  
Stay in one spot, another jam or not

Has gotten me to the point, I'm like a snail  
I've got to formulate a plot or I end up in jail or shot  
Success is my only mothafuckin option, failure's not  
Mom, I love you, but this trailer has got to go  
I cannot grow old in Salems lot  
So here I go its my shot.  
Feet fail me not cuz maybe the only opportunity that I got  
HOOK  
You can do anything you set your mind to, man