

## 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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