Run Rabbit Run

Eminem

Some days I just wanna up and call it quits
I feel like I'm surrounded by a wall of bricks
Every time I go to get up I just fall in pits
My life's like one great big ball of shit!

If I could just put it all into all I spit
Instead of always trying swallow it
Instead of starin' at this wall and shit
While I sit writer's block, sick of all this shit
Can't call it shit!

All I know is I'm about to hit the wall
If I have to see another one of Mom's alcoholic fits
This is it, last straw
That's all, that's it
I ain't dealin' with another fuckin' politic

I'm like a skillet bubblin', until it filters up
I'm about to kill it, I can feel it buildin' up
Blow this building up, I've been sealed enough
My cup runneth over, I done filled it up

The pen explodes and busts, ink spills my guts!
You think all I do is stand here and feel my nuts
Well, Imma show you what, You gon' feel my rush
If you don't feel it, then it must be too real to touch

Build the dutch, I'm about to tear shit up
Goosebumps, Yeah Imma make your hair sit up, Yeah sit up
Imma tell you who I be, Imma make you hate me, Cause you ain't me

You wait, it ain't too late to finally see
What you close-minded fucks were too blind to see
Whoever finds me is gonna get a finder's fee
Out this world, ain't no one out their mind as me

You need peace of mind? Here's a piece of mine
All I need's a line, but Sometimes I don't always find the words to rhyme
To express how I'm really feeling at that time, Yes
Sometimes, Sometimes, Sometimes

It's just sometimes it's always me
How dark can these hallways be
The clock strikes midnight
1, 2, then half past 3
This half-assed rhyme, with this half-assed piece of paper

I'm desperate at my desk
If I could just get the rest of this shit off my chest, Again
Stuck in this slump, Can't think of nothing
Fuck, I'm stumped, Oh, Wait, Here comes something, nope!

It's not good enough, scribble it out
New pad, crinkle it up, and throw this shit out
I'm fizzling out, thought I figured it out
Ball's in my court but I'm scared to dribble it out

I'm afraid, but why am I afraid? Why am I a slave
To this Trade ? Cyanide I spit to the grave
Real enough to rile you up, Want me to flip it? I can rip it
any style you want.

Imma switch hitter bitch Jimmy Smith ain't a quitter
Imma sit here till I get enough of me to finally hit a fucking boiling point
Put some oil in your joints, Flip the coin, Bitch come get destroyed

An MC's worst dream, I make them tensed, they hate me
See me and shake like a chain-link fence
By the looks of 'em you would swear that Jaws was coming
By the screams of 'em you would swear I'm sawing someone

By the way they runnin', you would swear the law was coming
It's now or never, and tonight it's all or nothing
Momma, Jimmy keeps leaving on us, He said he'd be back
He pinky promised, I don't think he's honest

I'll be back baby, I just gotta beat this clock
Fuck this clock! Imma make them Eat this watch
Don't believe me Watch! Imma win this race
And Imma come back and rub my shit in your face, Bitch!

I found my niche, You gon' hear my voice
'Til you're SICK of it, you ain't gonna have a choice
If I gotta scream 'til I have half a lung
If I have half a chance, I'll grab it, Rabbit Run!

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