Second Chance

Eminem

Yeah...
It's my life...
My own words I guess...
Have you ever loved someone so much, you'd give an arm for?
Not the expression, no, literally give an arm for?
When they know they're your heart
And you know you were their armour
And you will destroy anyone who would try to harm her
But what happens when karma, turns right around and bites you?
And everything you stand for, turns on you to spite you?
What happens when you become the main source of her pain?
"Daddy look what I made", Dad's gotta go catch a plane
"Daddy where's Mommy? I can't find Mommy where is she?"
I don't know go play Hailie, baby, your Daddy's busy
Daddy's writing a song, this song ain't gonna write itself
I'll give you one underdog then you gotta swing by yourself
Then turn right around in that song and tell her you love her
And put hands on her mother, who's a spitting image of her
That's Slim Shady, yeah baby, Slim Shady's crazy
Shady made me, but tonight Shady's rocka-by-baby...

You look like you're in another world
but I can read your mind
how can you be so far away
lying by my side

Things ain't always what they seem or cracked up to be
Like all these fakin' ass rappers in this industry
Talkin' bout what they got, and they ain't got a damn thang
How you own three cars, but you don't own ya own name?
Get ya business right boys, the first class is in session
Get a entertainment lawyer in the music profession
Start up ya own company, trademark the name
That's gon' run ya bout a grand so start savin' ya change
Open a bank account quick, and then follow these steps
Sign yourself to yourself and start signin' ya own checks
Hit the booth and start recording at the speed of need
Whatever gets ya juices flowin' could be speed or weed
Get it mixed and mastered, pressed up and plastered
Sell it to ya whole hood out the trunk, ya bastard!
Show all the non-believers what you destined to be
And in just a couple years you could be rich like me

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Money to be made best believe a nigga clockin,
I run it myself like a quarterback option,
I pitch a 10 g's tell a bitch to go shopping,
she buy herself some clothes, and she bought me back a chopper,
see niggas tryna kick it, but no I don't play sucka,
I'm all about my cake I'm tryna marry Betty Crocker,
a package on the way you know my whip game proper,
and enough for one key I see seventy thousand dollas,
Now I was shootin dice, smokin on a joint,

I bet with Yo Gotti, he hit five straight points,
we ovahere hustlin, we ova here grindin,
you rap about money and nigga might sign ya,
you rap about me and a nigga might find ya,
banana in ya ass with ya head right behind ya,
DOPE GAME BITCH let his mamma worry bout him, you can holla at me for a fee

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