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,
Everytime I go to get up I just fall in piss,
My life's like one great big ball of shit,
If I could just put it all in all I spit,
Instead I always try to swallow it,
Instead of staring at this wall and shit,
While I sit writers 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, thats all, thats it.
I ain't dealing with another fucking politic.
I'm like a skillet, bubblin' until it filters up
I'm about to kill it, I can feel it building up,
Blow this building up, I've been sealed enough,
My cup runneth over and filled it up,
The pen explodes and busts, ink spills my guts
You think all I do is stand here and feel my nuts,
But I'm a show you what, you gonna feel my rush,
You don't feel it then it must be too real to touch,
Feel to touch, I'm about to tear shit up,
Goosebumps, yeah I'm make your hair sit up,
Yeah sit up, I'm a tell you who I be,
I'm make you hate me cause you ain't me,
You wait, it ain't to late to finally see,
What you close minded fucks were too blind to see,
Whoever finds me, is gonna get a finders fee,
Out this world and ain't no one out their mind as me,
You need peace of mind, well 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,
Yeah sometimes, sometimes, sometimes,
just sometimes, Its always me,
how dark can these hallways be?
The clock strikes midnight, 1, 2, then half past 3,

This half ass rhyme with this half ass piece of paper, (tear)

I'm desperate at my desk
if I could just get the rest, of this shit off my chest, again,
stuck in this slum, Cant think of nothing,
fuck I'm stumped, but wait here comes something,
Nope, it's not good enough, scribble it out, new pad,
crinkle it up, and throw that shit out,
I'm fizzling now, thought I had figured it out,
Ball's in my court but I'm scared to dribble it out,
But I'm afraid, why am I afraid?
why am I a slave to this trade?
Sign that I'll spit to the grave, real enough to rattle you up,
Want me to flip it? I can rip it any style you want.
I'm a switch hitter, bitch,
jimmy smith ain't a quitter,
I'm a sit here till I get enough
For 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 tense
they hate me, see me and shake like a chain link fence,
By the looks of them you would swear Jaws was coming,
By the screams of them you would swear I'm sawing someone,
By the way they running you would swear the law was coming,
Its now or never tonight is all or nothing,
Momma, Jimmy keep leaving on us, he said he'd be back,
He pinky promised, I don't think he's honest,
I'll back baby I just got to beat this clock,
Fuck this clock, I'm'a make them eat this watch,
Don't believe me? Watch.
I'm a win this race, And I'm a come back
and rub my shit in your face, Bitch.
I found my nitch,
You gonna hear my voice
Till you sick of it you ain't gonna have a choice,
If I gotta scream till I have half a lung,
If I have half a chance I grab it, rabbit run...

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