

Fine Line

Eminem

Another day, another hotel, the inside of it's nice though
Oh well, this is my life so as I go and try to close for the nights show
See how far that line goes, still blows my mind, show business
Guess I'll never get some of this shit just always feels so weird
To this day cause all I ever did
Was just say the shit I would've wanted to hear
Other people say to me when I was a kid
So please don't make me some type of hero
'Cause I will say some inspirational shit in a real way but will still have a field day
With some of the fucked up shit in the world and tell it to sucking a dick
'Cause I still make fun of a situation
Someone's in like a son of a bitch at another's expense
I'm fuckin' relentless as fuck when it comes to this pen
I struggle with coming to senses
Stuck on the fence on a balance beam if I seem unbalanced
It's challenging but my conscience allows me to think
The most foulish childish things without even blinking
Without even thinkin' about, all the stinkin'
Amounts of people that seem to be reachin' in the crowds
I'm scream in the palace, sold out this evening
But now it's, maybe down to sleeping
Is it really my soul to keep or
Have I sold it cheap is it greed
Do I take more than I need
When I joke of leavin'
But keep over achievin'
'Cause what it's stole from me I've barely broken even
It's a fine, fine line
So I notice how I paint myself
And through my hair when ordeals I'm so vain
I want my respect but ignore the
Butterfly effect that comes from my dialect
Till I, sit in the dark and I reflect
And my reflection shows what it's like here
'Cause this vanity, surrounded by all these lights, yeah
It's like a nightmare
I said, this vanity surrounded by these lights is a nightmare
And I don't like how I see myself, so I open the Bible to Isaiah
'Cause I swear to Christ there are nights where I stay up at night
And say a prayer twice just to make sure God hears cause this ice layer
I skate on's a nice way of putting it but I like stands

Feistier then a triceritops and like a dice player
I got a nice paradise here, sealed off in my lair
Away from the bullshit good safe place to sit and talk shit
From this house it's quite big, but it ain't when you can't leave it
And I feel so isolated, nice I made it
But it's like I paid the price of fame twice, I hate it
So I bitch about my life then make another song, it's a cycle ain't it
Then I wonder why I'm still famous
I keep walkin' the line
This gold fish poke it's old
But especially when you don't know
If your conscience is sayin' I told you so
'Cause you don't even know anymore if you got the soul of a soldier
Or you sold your soul It's a fine, fine line And from here you look so small
Hovering high above us all
Please come back, to me I still remember the times when
They were simpler than the rhymes of
Vanilla Ice were when I was just killin' the mics
I'll never forget what that feeling was like
I miss those times now when I was just starting out
Without a dime and, now I'm diamond
I can't even stage dive in the crowd anymore now when I've been
Stuck in this house hibernatin'
Hate even going outside it
Sucks, sometimes I just wanna walk in Target and look at shit browse
I don't even want to buy nothin'
I just wanna fuckin' walk around inside it
Look how excited I sound when I get to talkin' bout life and
Everything about it I miss, which now reminds me
Put a thousand lighters in the sky for the Outsidaz
Wow, I must have had Alzheimers
Long time since I shouted them out, bout time
'Cause it's been on my mind lately how
Zee, you always supported me
You vouched, I will never forget that and
How you guys, accepted me for me and Pace
I love you too, you slept on my couch
And I been thinkin' 'bout the time when I slept on the floor at the outhouse
Rhyming's all we ever wanted to do
And regardless how life has turned out
Inside I'm, I'll always be an outsider
My life has been turned inside out but It's a fine, fine line

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