

Believe

Eminem

And I, started from the, bottom
Like a, snowman, ground up
Like round chuck, still put hands on you
Staying wound up is how I spend time
Sucker free, confidence high
Such a breeze when I pin rhymes
I just got the air about me
Like wind chimes (yeah)
Another day in the life (uh)
Used to have to scrape to get by (yeah)
Now my community is gated
And I made it, and my neighbors say hi (say hi)
I'm giving them pounds, I'm upscale now
Guess it means I'm way in the sky
But I still remember the days of, minimal wage for
General labor, welfare recipients is a minor
Look at how government assistance has made ya
Adversity, if at first if you don't succeed
Put your temper to more use 'cause being broke is a poor excuse
That shit only gives you more fuel
Show them why you're you
So close, God, it's like I almost got it But close only counts in timebombs and horseshoes
So I uni-bomb shit (tick, tick, tick)
No remorse
Screw it, I'm lit, and that attitude I blew up on quick
That's why they call me firecracker
I grew up on wick (wick, wick, wick) with a short fuse
I got some important news to report to
Anyone who thought I was done, nah, bitch, not quite
Spotlight's back on, got my faith, where's yours?
Do you still believe
In me?
Didn't I get everything I had to give you to make you see?
I never forget if you turn your back on me
Now and walk out I will never let you live it down
(I never quit) Do you still believe?
In me? Man I know sometimes these thoughts can be harsh and cold as ice
To me, there's just ink blots
I just fling them like slingshots, and so precise

So you might want to think it over twice
When you retards can roll the dice
But beef will at least cost you your career
'Cause even my cheap shots are overpriced But this middle finger is free as a bird
New warhead-ed birth, you just forehead-ed on earth
Too short for a verse, studied his formula
Learned how to incorporate a curse
Point it towards corporate America
Stick a fork in it and turn
'Cause four-letter words are more better
Heard the world force-fed a turd to me
You're getting yours But sometimes I overdo it
But I just get so into it
I was there consoling you when no one knew it
When your situation showed no improvement
I was that door, you walked over to it
I'm the light at the end of tunnel so people are
always looking at me as they're going through it When that tunnel vision is unclear, shit becomes too much to
bear
Since "Cleaning Out My Closet" when
I was having trouble with the snare
I'm that unrealistic prayer answered
And I'ma get you jacked up,
like you're trying to fix a flat (uh), when you struggle with a spare
That double fisted bear,
knuckles coupled with this pair of nuts I'm cupping
I am your fucking switch, nothing can compare Do you still believe
In me?
Didn't I get everything I had to give you to make you see?
I never forget if you turn your back on me
Now and walk out I will never let you live it down
(I never quit) Do you still believe?
In me? Started from the bottom like a snowman
Oh man, put that in your corn-cob pipe and smoke that
But my battery's low
I'm gonna need a booster in my pack
I know I always got Proof on my back
I called you a groupie 'cause I knew for a fact
My insulin ho
Homie I'm calling on you 'cause I think
I'm slowly startin' to lose faith in it, so
Give me that quick mota. Motivation to go, Hussein with the flow
Fake fans with the two-faced that show
Let heartbeats loot, produce hate in my soul
Laying vocals two days in a row

True statement, hate to go down this road
But there's only one route to cross this bridge
So I walk in this bitch with loose chains
'Cause all my dues paid
But this booth is taking its toll But it's never too late to start a new beginning
That goes for you too
So what the fuck are you gonna do, use the tools you're given?
Or are you going to use the cards you were
dealt as an excuse for you to not do shit with them
I used to play the loser victim
Until I saw the way Proof was driven I found my vehicle and I haven't ran out of gas yet
And when they stacked decks, turn handicaps into assets
Fanny packs, hourglasses
If time was still on my side, I'd still have none to waste
Man, in my younger days, that dream was so much fun to chase
It's like I ran in place while this shit dangled in front of my face But how do you keep up the pace and
the hunger pangs once you've won the race
When that pool of exhaust is cooling off
'Cause you don't got nothing left to prove at all
'Cause you done already hit them with the coup de grÃ¢ce
Still you feel the need
To go through and deal with that Bruce Willis
That blue steel, that truth still
When that wheel's loose, I won't lose will
Do you still believe?
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