

Rabbit Run (from the "8 Mile" soundtrack)

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 tryin to 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 alcholic 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 buildin 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 I'ma show you what,
you gon' feel my rush

You don't feel it, then it must be too real to touch

Peal the dutch, I'm about to tear shit up
Goosebumps yea, I'ma make your hair sit up
Yea sit up, I'ma tell you who I be
I'ma make you hate me, cause you ain't me

You wait, it ain't too late to finally see what you closed-minded fucks were too blind to see
Whoever finds me is gonna get a finder's feeout this world, ain't no one out there mind as me

You need piece 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 feelin at that time

Yea sometimes sometimes sometimes
It's just sometimes, it's always me

How dark can these hallways be? The clock strikes midnight, one-two, then half past three
This half-assed rhyme with this half-assed piece of paper
I'm desperate at my desk

If I can just get the rest of the shit off my chest again
Stuck in this slump, can't think of nothin
Fuck I'm stumped, but wait, here comes somethin
Nope, it's not good enough, scribble it outNew pad, crinkle it up, and throw the shit out
I'm fizzlin now, 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? Signed out of spit to the grave
Real enough to rill you up
Want me to flip it I can rip it any style you want
I'm a switch hitter bitch, Jimmy Smits ain't a quitter
I'ma sit until I get enough in me to finally hit a fuckin boilin point, put some oil in your joints
Flip the coin bitch, come get destroyed
An MC's worst dream, I make 'em tense
They hate me, see me and shake like a chainlink fence
By the looks of 'em, you would swear their jaws was comin
By the screams of 'em, you would swear I'm sawin someone
By the way they're runnin, you would swear the law was comin
It's now or never and tonight is all or nothin
Momma Jimmy keeps leavin 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, I'ma make 'em eat this watch
Don't believe me watch, I'ma win this race
And I'ma come back and rub my shit in your face, bitch
I found my nitch, you gon' hear my voice 'Til you sick of it, you ain't gonna have a choice
If I gotta scream 'til I have half a lung
If I had half a chance I'd grab it - Rabbit, run

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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