8 Mile

OST 8 Mile

Sometimes I just feel like, quittin
I still mic, why do I put up this fight, why do I still write
Sometimes it's hard enough just dealing with real life
Sometimes I just wanna jump on stage and just kill mic's
And show these people what my level of skill's like
But I'm still white, sometimes I just hate life
Something ain't right, hit the brake lights
Case of this stage fright, draw on the plane flight
Call but I might fall
It ain't my fault breaking my balls'
My insides crawl and I clam up
I just slam shut, I just can't do it
My whole man-hoods, just been stripped
I've just been picked so I must then get on the bus then split
Man fuck this shit, yo I'm going the fuck home
World on my shoulders as I run back to this ain't my room
I'm a man, I'm a make a new plan
Time for me to just stand up and travel new land
Time to leave and just take matters into my own hands
Once I'm over these track man I'm a never look back
And I'm gone and I know right where I'm goin
Sorry momma I'm grown, I must travel alone
Aint no followin footsteps, I'm making my own
Only way that I know how to escape from, this ain't my room
Walking these train tracks trying to regain back
The spirit I have before I go back to the same crap
To the same plant, in the same pants
Trying to chase rap, gotta move a.s.a.p
Gotta get a new plan, momma's gotta new man
Poor little baby sister, she don't understand
Sits in front of the tv, buries her nose in the pad
And just colours until the crayon get dull in her hand
While she just colours her big brother and mother and dad
There's no telling what really goes on in her little head
Wish that I could be the daddy that neither one of us had
But I keep running from something I never wanted so bad
Sometimes I get upset, cause I ain't blew up yet
Its like I grew up but I ain't grown up to nuts yet
Dont got a rep, my step, don't got enough pep

The pressures too much man I'm just trying to do what's best
And I try, sit alone and I cry, yo I wont tell her why
Not a moment goes by that I look right at the sky
Please I'm begging you god
Please don't let me be fishin holding no regular job
Yo I hope you will be getting home, whereva you are
Yo I'm telling you dog, I'm bailing this trailer tomorrow
Tell my mother I love her, kiss baby sister goodbye
Say whenever you need me baby, I'm never to far
But yo I gotta get out there, the only way I know
And I'm a be back for you the second that I blow
On everything I own, I'll make it on my own
Off to work I go, back to this ain't my room
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You got to live it to feel it, you didn't then you wouldn't get it
Well see what the big deal is, why wasn't and still is
To be walking this borderline of detroit city limits
Its different in it, a certain significant of certificate
Of authenticity, you'd never even see but it's everything to me
Its my credibilaty, you never seen, heard, smelt a meda ta mc
Who's incredable on the same pedestal as me
The chaque still unsigned, having a rough time
Sit on the porche with all my friends and kick dumb rhymes
Go to work and serve mc's in the lunch line
But when it comes crunch time, where do my punch lines go
Who must I show, to bust my flow, where must I go, who must I know
Or am I just another grabbing the bucket
Cause I ain't having no luck with this little rappers so fuck it
Maybe I need a new outlet, I'm starting to doubt shit
I'm feeling a little skeptical who I hang out with
I look like a bum, yo my clothes ain't about shit
At the salvation army trying to salvage an outfit
And it's cold trying to travel this road
Plus I feel like I'm always stuck in this batteling mode
My defenses are so up one thing don't want it pity from no one
This city is no fun, there is no sun and it's so dark
Sometimes I just feel like, I'm being pulled a-part
From each one of my limbs, by each one of my friends

Its enough to make me just wanna jump out of my skin
Sometimes I just feel like a robot, sometimes I just know not
What I'm doing I just blow my head as a stove top
I just explode, the kettle gets so hot
Sometimes my mouth just overloads the acid, I don't got
But I learned it's time for me to u-turn
Yo it only takes one time for me to get burned
Aint no callin her next time I need a new girl
I can no longer play stupid or be immature
I got every ingredient all I need is the courage
Like I already got the beat all I need is the word
Uh uh got the urge, suddenly it's a surge
Suddenly a new burst of energy hits the curve
Time to show these free world leaders, three and the third
I am no longer scared now, I'm free as a bird
Then I turn and cross over the medium curve
Hit the burbs and run and see it's a blur, this ain't my room
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