

8-Mile - 1/3

Interprété par Eminem.

It's ok, it's ok, let the world get back this day

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 aint 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 aint my room...

Refrain

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,
Ain't no followin footsteps, i'm making my own,
Only way that I know how to escape from, this aint 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 dont 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 aint blew up yet,
Its like I grew up but I aint grown up to nuts yet,
Don't got a rep, my step, dont 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,

8-Mile - 2/3

Not a moment goes by that I look right at the sky,
Please i'm begging you god,
Please dont 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 aint my room...

Refrain

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 its everything to me,
Its my credibilaty, you never seen, heard, smelt a meda ta MC,
Who's incredible 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 aint 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 aint about shit,
At the salvation army trying to salvage an outfit,
And its 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 dont want it pity from no one,
This city is no fun, there is no sun and its 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 dont got,
But I learned its 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,

8-Mile - 3/3

Uh uh got the urge, suddenly its 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 its a blur, this aint my room...

Refrain