

8 Mile "Run Rabbit Run"

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some days I just wanna up and call it quits
I feel like i'm surrounded by a wall of bricks
everytime 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 in to all I spit
instead I always try to swallow it
instead of staring at this wall and shit
while I sit writers block sick of all this shit
can't call it shit, all I know is i'll hit the wall
if I have to see another one of mom's alcoholic fits
this is it, last straw, that's all, that's it
I ain't dealing with another fucking politic
i'm like a skillet bubblin till it filters up
i'm about to kill it, I can feel it building up
blow this building up, i've concealed enough
my cup run'ith over i've done and 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'm a show you what, you gonna feel my rush
you dont feel it then it must be to real to touch
Bill the dutch, i'm about to tear shit up
goosebumps, yeah i'ma make your hair sit up
yeah sit up, i'm a tell you who I be
i'ma make you hate me cause you aint me
you aint, it aint to late to finally see
what you close minded fucks were to blind to see
whoever find me, is gonna get a finders fee
out this world and aint no one out their mind as me
you need peace of mind, well here's a piece of mine
all I need's a line but sometimes
I dont always find the words to rhyme
to express how i'm really feeling at that time
yeah sometimes, sometimes, sometimes
just sometimes, its always me
how dark can these hallways be
the clock stikes midnight, 1, 2, then half past 3
this half ass rhyme with this half ass piece of paper
i'm desperate at my desk if I could just get the rest
of this shit off my chest, again, stuck in this slump
cant think of nothing, fuck i'm stumped
but wait here comes something
nope, its not good enough, scribble it out

new pad, crinkle it up and throw that shit out
i'm fizzling now thought I had 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
sign that i'll spit to the grave, real enough to rile you up
want me to flip it I can rip it any style you want
i'm a switch hitter, bitch, jimmy smith aint a quitter
i'm a sit here till I get enough
for me to finally hit a fucking boiling 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 chain linked
fence
by the looks of 'em you would swear jaws was commin'
by the scream of 'em you would swear i'm sawing
someone
by the way they running you would swear the law was
commin
its now or never and tonight it's all or nothing
momma, jimmy keep leaving on us, he said he'd be
back
he pinky promised, I dont 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
dont believe me watch, i'm a win this race
and i'm a come back and rub my shit in your face
bitch, I found my nitch, you gonna hear my voice
till you sick of it you aint gonna have a choice
if I gotta scream till I have half a lung
if I have half a chance I grab it, rabbit run...

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