

8 Mile Soundtrack

"8 Mile"

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Sometimes I just feel like
Quitting I still might
Why do I put up this fight?
Why do I still write?
Sometimes it's hard enough just dealing with real life
Sometimes I wanna jump on stage and just kill mics
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 the stage fright
Drawing a blank like
(blabbering)
It ain't my fault
Great big eye balls
My insides crawl
And I clam up
I just slam shut
I just can't do it
My whole manhood's just been stripped
I have just been ripped
So I must then get
Off the bus then split
Man fuck this shit
Yo, I'm going the fuck home
Rolling my shoulders as I run back to this 8 Mile Road

I'm a man
I'ma make a new plan
Time for me to just stand up and travel new land
Time for me to just take matters into my own hands
Once I'm over these tracks, man I'ma never look back
And I'm gone
I know right where I'm going
Sorry, mamma, I'm grown
I must travel alone
Ain't gon' follow no footsteps I'm making my own
Only way that I know how to escape from this 8 Mile
Road

Walking these train tracks
Tryin to regain back
The spirit I had 'fore I go back to the same crap
To the same plant
And the same pants
Tryin to chase rap
Gotta move ASAP
Get a new plan
Momma's got a new man
Poor little baby sister, she don't understand
Sits in front of the TV buries her nose in her pad
And just colors until the crayon gets dull in her hand
While she colors a big brother, a mother and dad
Ain't no telling what really goes on in her little head-ac

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