

Eminem**"Where I'm At Solo"**

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Where I'm at- Eminem solo
Yea, you got me.
I'm up now
It's your loss. Suffer to you
History is like a point of no delay
It keeps repeating itself
But What else can I say?
You wondering why I act
This way?
I never should have gave you
The time of day,
I guess you know what time
It is now ayy?

There must have bin a gust of wind,
Cuz you changed your mind everytime it blows,
And you just changed it a maafuckin again
You just said just wanted some dick before
I stuck it in, I wouldn't have bin such a prick to you,
Fucking men.

You say you don't trust em, why do I hear the sound of
toilets
Flushing, some shit is going down; you must have
Just not bin truthful from the start, see for me it would
be
Nothing to say you never had my heart
But I would be lying.

Fucking, see why they call this bullshit a relationship,
Cuz ships sink and you know it's love soon as you fall
In it; cuz shit stinks and it feels like everytime I fucking
I do I get jinxed; cupid must have put a CURSE on me.

Six weeks have went by, and we only spoke twice; I'm
sitting
In your driveway, calling you from the car, suffice, I
think it's safe to
Say that your not at home. I'm calling your cellphone,
you answer
But I can tell though that ya not alone.

How was I to know, it should have bin time to go a long
time ago
I kept holding on; it's comical when I think back now,
why couldn't I
Get the hint it feel the draft you were throwin but I
wasn't catchin
Ya drift.

But there is a cold breeze blowin over me, I'm over you;
success is the best

Revenge to pay you back and that payment is overdue,
I overcame odds to
Get even, the sober me is shittin all over the unsober
you; & I hope they
Play this in all you going into. I'm haunting you bitch,
everywhere turn
I'm fallowing you; cuz I loved you with every ounce of
me.
You know it's true.

It's killing you now, yea I hope the hoe dies slow in you
It's cuz of you now I don't trust em at all. Fuck the
middle finger
Up, I'm gonna keep grabbing my balls... cup em, I'll
never fall again
I trip on stairs I fall up on em. So buttercup don't try and
come back
Knocking on my door or dolled up...

Cuz I'm moving on don't worry about me, cuz ima be
just fine without ya
You'll see.
There aint no one on this earth right now I much rather
be, cuz god damnit
I'm glad that
I'm me... I said if you could be where I'm at
(Bye-bye)
You'd wanna be you too
(I'm living without ya)
If you felt the way I feel, I bet you'd be
In as good as a mood as I am.
But you don't cuz you just feel like you.

I said if you could be where I'm at.
(Bye-bye)
You'd wanna be you too
(I'm living without ya)
If you felt the way I feel, I bet you'd be
In as good as a mood as I am.

But you don't cuz you just feel like you.

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Angel Pincott Quiñones
(Ángel SÁgrado)

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