

Boomkat

"8 mile"

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If you had...
one shot...
one oppurtunity...
this is everthing you ever wanted..
His Palms are sweaty
he's weak arms are heavy
the vomit on his shoulders
is his mom's spghetti
but on the surface
he looks calm and ready...
what he wrote down the crowd
goes so loud
he opens his mouth but the words don't come out
he's choking now everbodys
chokin' now the clocks run out
times up over now and back to reality ...
oh there goes gravity
but he won't give up that easy nope

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