

**Martina McBride****"Lose yourself"**

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Look, if you had one shot, one opportunity

To seize everything you ever wanted

One moment

Would you capture it or just let it slip?

His palms are sweaty, knees weak, arms are heavy

There's vomit on his sweater already, mom's spaghetti

He's nervous, but on the surface he looks calm and ready

To drop bombs, but he keeps on forgettin

What he wrote down, the whole crowd goes so loud

He opens his mouth, but the words won't come out

He's chokin, how everybody's jokin now

The clocks run out, times up over, bloah!

Snap back to reality, Oh there goes gravity

Oh, there goes Rabbit, he choked

Hes so mad, but he wont give up that easy No

He wont have it , he knows his whole back citys ropes

It dont matter, hes dope

He knows that, but hes broke

Hes so stacked that he knows

When he goes back to his mobile home, thats when its

Back to the lab again yo

This whole rap shit

He better go capture this moment and hope it dont  
pass him

HOOK:

You better lose yourself in the music, the moment

You own it, you better never let it go

You only get one shot, do not miss your chance to blow

This opportunity comes once in a lifetime yo

The souls escaping, through this hole that its gaping

This world is mine for the taking

Make me king, as we move toward a, new world order

A normal life is borin, but superstardoms close to post  
mortar

It only grows harder, only grows hotter

He blows us all over these hoes is all on him

Coast to coast shows, hes know as the globetrotter

Lonely roads, God only knows

Hes grown farther from home, hes no father

He goes home and barely knows his own daughter

But hold your nose cuz here goes the cold water

His bosses dont want him no mo, hes cold product

They moved on to the next schmoe who flows

He nose dove and sold nada

So the soap opera is told and unfolds

I suppose its old potna, but the beat goes on

Da da dum da dum da da

HOOK

No more games, Ima change what you call rage  
Tear this mothafuckin roof off like 2 dogs caged  
I was playin in the beginnin, the mood all changed  
I been chewed up and spit out and booed off stage  
But I kept rhymin and stepwritin the next cypher  
Best believe somebodys payin the pied piper  
All the pain inside amplified by the fact  
That I cant get by with my 9 to 5  
And I cant provide the right type of life for my family  
Cuz man, these goddam food stamps dont buy diapers  
And its no movie, theres no Mekhi Phifer, this is my life  
And these times are so hard and it's getting even  
harder  
Tryin to feed and water my seed, plus  
See dishonor caught up bein a father and a prima  
donna  
Baby mama drama screamin on and  
Too much for me to wanna  
Stay in one spot, another jam or not  
Has gotten me to the point, I'm like a snail  
I've got to formulate a plot fore I end up in jail or shot  
Success is my only mothafuckin option, failures not  
Mom, I love you, but this trail has got to go  
I cannot grow old in Salems lot  
So here I go is my shot.

Feet fail me not cuz maybe the only opportunity that I  
got

HOOK

You can do anything you set your mind to, man

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