

Soundtracks

"Eminem - 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 piss,
my life's like one great big ball of shit,
if I could just put it all in 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,
cant call it shit, all I know is i'm about to hit the wall,
if I have to see another one of mom's alchaholic fits,
this is it, last straw, thats all, thats it,
I aint dealing with another fucking politic,
i'm like a stewin bubble in him, till it filters up,
i'm about to kill it, I can feel it building up,
blow this building up, i've been sealed enough,
my cup run it over i've been filled up,
but then explosion bust and spills my guts,
you think all I do is stand here and feel my nuts,
but i'm a show you what, you gonna feel my rush,
you dont feel it then it must be too real to touch,
feel to touch, i'm about to tear shit up,
goosebumps, yeah i'm make your hair sit up,
yeah sit up, i'm a tell you who I be,
i'm make you hate me cause you aint me,
you aint, it aint to late to finally see,
what you close minded fucks were too blind to see,
whoever find me, is gonna get a finders fee,
out this world and aint no one out there 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,
(Tear)
i'm desperatte at my desk if I could just get the rest,
of this shit off my chest, again, stuck in this slum,
cant think of nothing, fuck i'm stumped,

but wait here comes something,
nope, its not good enough, scribbel it out, new pad,
krinkel it up and throw that shit out,
i'm fissing now thought I had figured it out,
ball's in my court but i'm scared to dribbel it out,
but i'm afraid, why am I afraid, why am I a slave to this
trade,
sign that i'll spit to the grave, real enough to rawl you
up,
what me to flip it I can rip it any style you want,
i'm a switch, yeah a 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 them tense since they
hate me,
see me and shake like a shangeling fence,
by the looks of them you would swear yours was
comming,
by the scream of them you would swear i'm sawing
something,
by the way they running you would swear the law was
coming,
its now or never tonight is 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 be back baby I just got to beat this clock,
fuck this clock, i'm make them 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 neck, 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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