

## Soundtrack

# "Eminem - Run Rabbit Run"

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What you guys already have

[Verse 1]

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 pits  
My life's like one great big ball of shit  
If I could just put it all into all I spit  
Instead of always trying to swallow it  
Instead of staring at this wall and shit  
While I sit, writer's block, sick of all this shit  
Can't call it shit, all I know is I'm about to hit the wall  
If I have to see another one of mom's alcoholic fits  
This is it, last straw, that's all, that's it  
I ain't dealing with another fuckin' politic  
I'm like a skillet bubbling until it filters up  
I'm about to kill it, I can feel it building up  
Blow this building up, I've concealed enough  
My cup runneth over, I done filled it up,  
The pen explodes and busts, ink spills my guts  
You think all I do is stand here and feel my nuts,  
Well I'm-a show you what, you gon' feel my rush,  
You don't feel it, then it must be too real to touch,  
Peel the Dutch, I'm about to tear shit up  
Goosebumps, yeah, I'm-a make your hair sit up  
Yeah sit up, I'm-a tell you who I be  
I'm-a make you hate me, 'cause you ain't me  
You wait, it ain't too late to finally see  
What you closed-minded fucks were too blind to see  
Whoever finds me's gonna get a finder's fee  
Out this world, ain't no one out they mind as me  
You need peace of mind? Here's a piece of mine  
All I need's a line,  
But sometimes I don't always find the words to rhyme  
To express how I'm really feeling at that time, yea  
Sometimes, sometimes, sometimes  
Just sometimes, it's always me  
How dark can these hallways be?  
The clock strikes midnight, one, two, then half past  
three  
This half-assed rhyme, with this half-assed piece of  
paper,

[Verse 2]

I'm desperate at my desk  
If I could just get the rest of this shit off my chest again  
Stuck in a slump, can't think of nothing  
Fuck I'm stumped, but wait, here comes something  
Nope, it's not good enough, scribble it out, new pad,  
Crinkle it up and throw the shit out  
I'm fizzlin' now, thought I figured it out  
Ball's in my court, but I'm scared to dribble it out  
I'm afraid, but why am I afraid, why am I a slave to this  
trade?  
Cyanide I spit to the grave, real enough to rile you up  
Want me to flip it, I can rip it any style you want  
I'm-a switch hitter bitch, Jimmy Smith ain't a quitter  
I'm-a sit it here 'til I get enough of me to finally hit  
A fucking boiling point, put some oil on your joints,  
Flip the coin bitch, come get destroyed,  
An MC's worst dream, I make 'em tense,  
They hate me, see me and shake like a chain-link  
fence,  
By the looks of 'em you would swear that jaws was  
comin',  
By the screams of 'em, you would swear I'm sawin'  
someone,  
By the way they running, you would swear the law was  
comin',  
It's now or never, and tonight it's all or nothing,  
Mama, Jimmy keeps leaving on us, he said he'd be  
back,  
He pinky promised, I don't think he's honest,  
I'll be back baby, I just gotta beat this clock  
Fuck this clock, I'm-a make 'em eat this watch,  
Don't 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 niche, you gonna hear my voice,  
'Til you're sick of it, you ain't gonna have a choice,  
If I gotta scream till I have half a lung,  
If I have half a chance I'll grab it, Rabbit Run...

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