

Marshall Mathers

"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 clock's run out, time's up over, bloah!
Snap back to reality, Oh there goes gravity
Oh, there goes Rabbit, he choked
He's so mad, but he won't give up that
Is he? No
He won't have it , he knows his whole back's to these ropes
It don't matter, he's dope
He knows that, but he's broke
He's so stacked that he knows
When he goes back to his mobile home, that's when it's

Back to the lab again yo

This whole rap shit

He better go capture this moment and hope it don't
pass him

Chorus:

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

(x2)

The soul's escaping, through this hole that it's 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 superstardom's 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, he's know as the globetrotter

Lonely roads, God only knows

He's grown farther from home, he's no father

He goes home and barely knows his own daughter

But hold your nose cuz here goes the cold water

His hoes don't want him no mo, he's 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 it's old potna, but the beat goes on

Da da dum da dum da da

Chorus

No more games, I'ma 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 somebody's payin the pied piper

All the pain inside amplified by the fact

That I can't get by with my 9 to 5

And I can't provide the right type of life for my family

Cuz man, these goddam food stamps don't buy
diapers

And it's no movie, there's 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's 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, failure's not

Mom, I love you, but this trail has got to go

I cannot grow old in Salem's lot

So here I go is my shot.

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

Chorus

You can do anything you set your mind to, man

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