

8 Mile

Eminem

Intro: **Am**~~~ **Fm Am C Bm** (2x)

{Eminem}

Am

Sometimes I just feel like, quittin I still might

Why do I put up this fight, why do I still write

Fm

Am

Sometimes it s hard enough just dealin with real life

C

Bm

Sometimes I wanna jump on stage and just kill mics

Am

And show these people what my level of skill s like

But I m still white, sometimes I just hate life

Fm

Am

Somethin ain t right, hit the brake lights

C

Bm

Case of the stage fright, drawin a blank like

Am

Da-duh-duh-da-da, it ain t my fault

Great then I falls, my insides crawl

Fm

Am

and I clam up {*wham*} I just slam shut

C

Bm

I just can t do it, my whole manhood s

Am

just been stripped, I have just been vicked

So I must then get, off the bus then slip

Fm

Am

Man fuck this shit yo, I m goin the fuck home

C

Bm

World on my shoulders as I run back to this 8 Mile Road

{Chorus}

Am

I m a man, I ma make a new plan

Time for me to just stand up, and travel new land

Fm

Am

Time to really just take matters into my own hands

C

Bm

Once I m over these tracks man I ma never look back

Am

(8 Mile Road) And I m gone, I know right where I m goin

Sorry momma I m grown, I must travel alone

Fm

Am

And go follow the footsteps I m makin my own

C

Bm

Only way that I know how to escape from this 8 Mile Road

{Eminem}

Am

I m walkin these train tracks, tryin to regain back

the spirit I had fore I go back to the same crap

Fm

Am

C

To the same plant, and the same pants

Bm

Tryin to chase rap, gotta move ASAP

Am

And get a new plan, momma s got a new man

Poor little baby sister, she don t understand

Fm

Am

Sits in front of the TV, buries her nose in the pad

C

Bm

And just colors until the crayon gets dull in her hand

Am

While she colors her big brother and mother and dad

Ain t no tellin what really goes on in her little head

Fm

Am

Wish I could be the daddy that neither one of us had

C

Bm

But I keep runnin from somethin I never wanted so bad!

Am

Sometimes I get upset, cause I ain t blew up yet

It s like I grew up, but I ain t grow me two nuts yet

Fm

Am

Don t gotta rep my step, don t got enough pep

C

Bm

The pressure s too much man, I m just tryin to do what s best

Am

And I try, sit alone and I cry

Yo I won t tell no lie, not a moment goes by

Fm

Am

That I don t pray to the sky, please I m beggin you God

C

Bm

Please don t let me be bitchin holdin no regular job

Am

Yo I hope you can hear me homey wherever you are

Yo I m tellin you dawg I m bailin this trailer tomorrow

Fm **Am**
Tell my mother I love her, kiss baby sister goodbye

C **Bm**
Say whenever you need me baby, I m never too far
Am

But yo I gotta get out there, the only way I know

And I ma be back for you, the second that I blow

Fm **Am**
On everything I own, I ll make it on my own

C **Bm**
Off to work I go, back to this 8 Mile Road
{Chorus}

Am
I m a man, I ma make a new plan

Time for me to just stand up, and travel new land

Fm **Am**
Time to really just take matters into my own hands

C **Bm**
Once I m over these tracks man I ma never look back

Am
(8 Mile Road) And I m gone, I know right where I m goin

Sorry momma I m grown, I must travel alone

Fm **Am**
And go follow the footsteps I m makin my own

C **Bm**
Only way that I know how to escape from this 8 Mile Road
{Eminem}

Am
You gotta live it to feel it, you didn t you wouldn t get it

Or see what the big deal is, why it wasn t the skillest

Fm **Am**
To be walkin this borderline of Detroit city limits

C **Bm**
It s different, it s a certain significance, a certificate

Am
of authenticity, you d never even see

But it s everything to me, it s my credibility

Fm **Am**
You never seen heard smelled or met a real MC

C **Bm**
who s incredible upon the same pedestal as me

Am
But yet I m still unsigned, havin a rough time

Sit on the porch with all my friends and kick dumb rhymes

Fm **Am**
Go to work and serve MC s in the lunchline

C **Bm**

But when it comes crunch time, where do my punchlines go

Am

Who must I show, to bust my flow

Fm

Where must I go, who must I know

Am

Or am I just another crab in the bucket

C

Bm

Cause I ain't havin' no luck with this little Rabbit so fuck it

Am

Maybe I need a new outlet, I'm startin' to doubt shit

I'm feelin' a little skeptical who I hang out with

Fm

Am

I look like a bum, yo my clothes ain't about shit

C

Bm

if the Salvation Army tryin' to salvage an outfit

Am

And it's cold, tryin' to travel this road

Plus I feel like I'm on stuck in this battlin' mode

Fm

Am

My defenses are so up, but one thing I don't want

C

Bm

is pity from no one, the city is no fun

Am

There is no sun, and it's so dark

Sometimes I feel like I'm just bein' pulled apart

Fm

Am

I'm torn in my limbs, by each one of my friends

C

Bm

It's enough to make me just wanna jump out of my skin

Am

Sometimes I feel like a robot, sometimes I just know not

what I'm doin' I just blow, my head is a stove top

Fm

Am

I just explode, the kettle gets so hot

C

Bm

Sometimes my mouth just overloads the ass that I don't got

Am

But I've learned, it's time for me to U-turn

Yo it only takes one time for me to get burned

Fm

Am

Ain't no fallin' no next time I meet a new girl

C

Bm

I can no longer play stupid or be immature

Am

I got every ingredient, all I need is the courage

Like I already got the beat, all I need is the words

Fm **Am**
Got the urge, suddenly it s a surge
C **Bm**
Suddenly a new burst of energy is occured
Am
Time to show these free world leaders the three and a third

I am no longer scared now, I m free as a bird
Fm **Am**
Then I turn and cross over the median curb
C **Bm**
Hit the verbs and all you see is a blur from 8 Mile Road

{Chorus}

Am
I m a man, I ma make a new plan
Time for me to just stand up, and travel new land
Fm **Am**
Time to really just take matters into my own hands
C **Bm**
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Am
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C **Bm**
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