

## Survival

Eminem

The chord progression throughout the song is:

Gm Fm A#m Cm Dm

You strum every cord once except the A#m which you do twice.

[Hook: Liz Rodrigues]

Gm Fm A#m Cm Dm

This is survival of the fittest

Gm Fm A#m Cm Dm

This is do or die

Gm Fm A#m Cm Dm

This is the winner takes it all

Gm Fm A#m Cm Dm

So take it all

[Verse 1]

Wasn t ready to being a millionaire, I was ill-prepared

I was prepared to be ill though, the skill was there

From the beginning, it wasn t bout the ends

It was bout busting raps and standing for something, fuck an acronym

Cut the fucking act like you re happy, I m fucking back again

With another anthem, why stop when it doesn t have to end?

It ain t over til I say it s over " enough when I say enough

Throw me to them wolves and close the gate up

I m afraid of what ll happen to them wolves

When the thought of being thrown into an alligator pit, I salivated it

Weight is up, hands up like it s 12 noon, nah, homie

Hold them bitches straight up, up wave em til you dislocate a rotator cuff

Came up rough, came to ruffle feathers, nah, egos

I ain t deflate enough, last chance to make this whole stadium erupt

[Hook]

[Verse 2]

I can see the finish line with each line that I finish

I m so close to my goals I can almost pole vault over the goal post

And if I don t got enough in the tank, maybe I can just siphon enough

To fill up this last can, man will I survive in this climate or what?

They said I was washed up, and got a blood bath

I m not a rapper, I m an adapter, I can adjust

Plus I can just walk up to a mic and just bust

So floor s open if you d like to discuss

Top 5 in this mothafucka and if I don t make the cut

What, like I give a fuck, I mma light this bitch up like I m driving a truck

To the side of a pump, 0 to 60 hop in and gun it

Like G-Unit without the hyphen, I m hyping em up

And if there should ever come a time where my life s in a rut

And I look like I might just give up, eh you might ve mistook  
Me for bowing out I ain t taking a bow, I m stabbing myself  
With a fucking knife in the gut, while I m wiping my butt!  
Cause I just shitted on the mic, and like getting cut  
I get excited at the sight of my blood, you re in a fight with a nut  
Cause I mma fight til I die or win  
Biting the dust it ll just make me angrier, wait  
Let me remind you of what got me this far, picture me quitting  
Now draw a circle around it and put a line through it, slut  
It s survival of what?

[Hook]

[Verse 3]

So get your ideas, stack your ammo  
But don t come unless you come to battle, I m mad now jump in the saddle  
This is it, it s what you eat, sleep, piss and shit  
Lift, breathe, your whole existence just consists of this  
Refuse to quit, fuse is lit, can t diffuse the wick  
I don t do this music shit, I lose my shit  
Ain t got shit to lose, it s the moment of truth  
It s all I know how to do, as soon as I get thrown in the booth, I spit  
But my respect is overdue, I m showing you the flow no one do  
Cause I don t own no diploma for school, I quit!  
So there s nothing for me to fall back on, I know no other trades  
So you d better trade your fucking mics in for some tool-box-es  
Cause you ll never take my pride from me  
It ll have to be pried from me, so pull out your pliers and your screwdri-vers  
But I want you to doubt me, I don t want you to buh-lieve  
Cause this is something that I must use to suc-ceed  
And if you don t like me then fuck you!  
Self es-teem must be fucking shooting through-the-roof cause trust me  
My skin is too thick and bul-let proof to touch me  
I can see why the fuck I disgust you  
I must be a-llergic to failure cause everytime I come close to it  
I just sneeze, I just go atchoo then achieve!