

# Eminem - 8 Mile

Tom: C  
 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

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 Ain't no fallin no next time I meet a new girl  
 Am C Bm  
 Maybe I need a new outlet, I'm startin to doubt shit  
 I can no longer play stupid or be immature  
 I'm feelin a little skeptical who I hang out with  
 Am  
 I got every ingredient, all I need is the courage  
 Fm Am  
 I look like a bum, yo my clothes ain't about shit  
 C Bm  
 Like I already got the beat, all I need is the words  
 Fm Am  
 if the Salvation Army tryin to salvage an outfit  
 C Bm  
 Got the urge, suddenly it's a surge  
 Am  
 And it's cold, tryin to travel this road  
 Suddenly a new burst of energy is ocured  
 Am  
 Plus I feel like I'm on stuck in this battlin mode  
 Fm Am  
 Time to show these free world leaders the three and a third  
 My defenses are so up, but one thing I don't want  
 I am no longer scared now, I'm free as a bird  
 C Bm  
 is pity from no one, the city is no fun  
 Fm Am  
 Then I turn and cross over the median curb  
 Am  
 There is no sun, and it's so dark  
 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  
 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

## Acordes

