

Eminem - Lose Yourself

Tom: C

LOSE YOURSELF (TEMA DO FILME "8 MILE")
Intro: (TOCADO NO PIANO MAS TRANSCRITO PRA GUITARRA)

GUITAR (VERSÃO INTRODUÇÃO) essa parte esta perfeita, repita a musica toda

Dica: Faça esse bico com essas mesmas posições, mas vá variando o jeito de tocá-las, até q fique igual a música....

LETRA DA MUSICA

Look, if you had, one shot, or one opportunity
to seize everything you ever wanted... in one moment
Would you capture it, or just let it slip? Yo
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 forgetting what he wrote down
The whole crowd goes so loud
He opens his mouth but the words won't come out
He's choking, how?
Everybody's jokin' now
The clock's run out, time's up, over BLOW!
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 easy, 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 sad that he knows
When he goes back to this mobile home that's when it's
back to the lab again, yo
This whole rhapsody
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, oh
You only get one shot, do not miss your chance to blow
'cause opportunity comes once in a lifetime go
You better lose yourself in the music
The moment you own it, you better never let it go, oh
You only get one shot, do not miss your chance to blow
'cause opportunity comes once in a lifetime, yo

You better
Soul's escapin' through this hole that is gaping
This world is mine for the taking
Make me king, as we move toward a, new world order
A normal life is boring
But superstardom's close to post mortem
It only grows harder, homie grows hotter
He blows us all over, these hoes is all on him
Coast to coast shows, he's known 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 ya nose 'cause here goes the cold water
These hoes don't want him no mo', he's cold product
And they moved on to the next schmo who flows
and he knows dove and sold nada
And so the soap opera is told and unfolds
I suppose it's old partner, 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 muthafuckin' roof off like two dogs caged
I was playin' in the beginnin', the mood all changed
I've been chewed up and spit out and booed off stage
But I kept rhyming and stepwritin' the next cipher
Best believe somebody's payin' the pied piper
All the pain inside amplified by the
fact that I can't get by with my nine to five
And I can't provide the right type of
life for my family 'cause man
these Goddamn food stamps don't buy diapers
And there's no movie, there's no Mekhi Phifer
This is my life and these times are so hard
And it's gettin' even harder tryin' to feed and water my seed
plus see disohnr
Caught up between bein' a father and a pre-madonna
Baby momma drama, screamin' on her
Too much for me to wanna stay in one spot
Another damn or not, has gotten me to the point I'm like a
snail
I've got to formulate a plot
'fore end up in jail or shot
Success is my only muthafuckin' option, failure's not
Mom I love you but this trailer's got to go
I cannot grow old in Salem's Lot
So here I go, it's my shot
Feet fail me not
'cause maybe the only opportunity that I got
Chorus
You can do anything you set your mind to man

Acordes

