

# 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}  
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C Bm  
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{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 Fm C 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

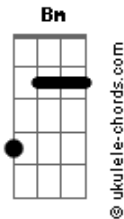
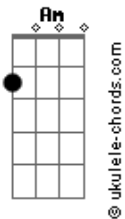
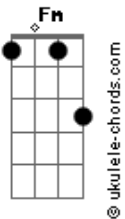
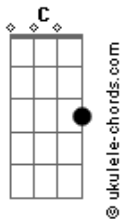
Am  
But I've learned, it's time for me to U-turn

Yo it only takes one time for me to get burned

Fm

Am

## Acordes



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 occurred

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}

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