

# Eminem, Lose Yourself

Look, if you had one shot, or one opportunity  
To seize everything you ever wanted-One moment  
Would you capture it or just let it slip?

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 forgettin  
What he wrote down, the whole crowd goes so loud  
He opens his mouth, but the words won't come out  
He's chokin', how everybody's jokin' now  
The clock's run out, time's up over, bloah!  
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 stagnant that he knows  
When he goes back to his mobile home, that's when it's  
Back to the lab again yo  
This whole rap shit  
He better go capture this moment and hope it don't pass him

[Hook:]

You better lose yourself in the music, the moment  
You own it, you better never let it go  
You only get one shot, do not miss your chance to blow  
This opportunity comes once in a lifetime yo

The soul's escaping, through this hole that it's gaping  
This world is mine for the taking  
Make me king, as we move toward a, new world order  
A normal life is borin, but superstardom's close to post mortem  
It only grows harder, only grows hotter  
He blows us all over these hoes is all on him  
Coast to coast shows, he's know 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 your nose cuz here goes the cold water  
His hoes don't want him no mo, he's cold product  
They moved on to the next schmoe who flows  
He nose dove and sold nada  
So the soap opera is told and unfolds  
I suppose it's old partna', but the beat goes on  
Da da dum da dum da da

[Hook]

No more games, I'ma change what you call rage  
Tear this mothafuckin roof off like 2 dogs caged  
I was playin in the beginnin, the mood all changed  
I been chewed up and spit out and booed off stage  
But I kept rhymin and stepwritin the next cypher  
Best believe somebody's payin the pied piper  
All the pain inside amplified by the fact  
That I can't get by with my 9 to 5  
And I can't provide the right type of life for my family  
Cuz man, these goddam food stamps don't buy diapers  
And it's no movie, there's no Mekhi Phifer, this is my life  
And these times are so hard and it's getting even harder  
Tryin to feed and water my seed, plus

Teeter totter caught up between being a father and a prima donna  
Baby mama drama's screamin on and  
Too much for me to wanna  
Stay in one spot, another day of monotony  
Has gotten me to the point, I'm like a snail  
I've got to formulate a plot fore I end up in jail or shot  
Success is my only mothafuckin 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 is my shot.  
Feet fail me not cuz maybe the only opportunity that I got

[Hook]

You can do anything you set your mind to, man