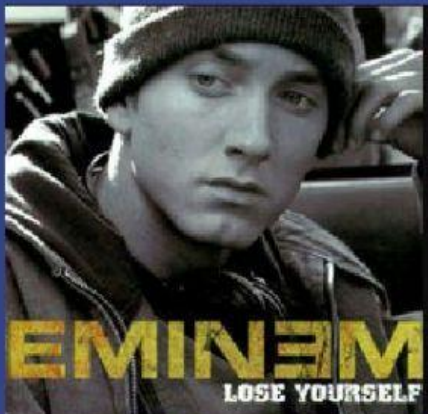




## LOSE YOURSELF – EMINEM

"Lose Yourself" is the theme song from Eminem's semi-biographical movie 8 Mile. It's considered one of Eminem's best songs—if not his best song—and is also his biggest hit to date.

Produced by: Eminem & Jeff Bass - Release Date: October 28, 2002

Youtube: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=7YuAzR2XVAM>

*[Intro]*

Look, if you had one \_\_\_\_\_ or one opportunity

- shot      - pot      - hot

to seize everything you ever wanted in one moment

would you capture it, or just let it \_\_\_\_\_? Yo

- sit      - hip      - slip

*[Verse 1]*

His palms are \_\_\_\_\_, knees weak, arms are heavy

- sweetie      - sweaty      - petty

there's vomit on his sweater \_\_\_\_\_, mom's spaghetti

- already      - ready      - deadly

He's \_\_\_\_\_, but on the surface he looks calm and ready

- service      - serve us      - nervous

to drop bombs, but he keeps on \_\_\_\_\_

- forgetting
- sweating
- setting

what he wrote down, the whole \_\_\_\_\_ goes so loud

- crowd
- snout
- fallout

He opens his \_\_\_\_\_, but the words won't come out

- south
- mouth
- rough

He's choking, how? Everybody's \_\_\_\_\_ now

- poking
- stoking
- joking

The \_\_\_\_\_ run out, time's up, over—*blow!*

- clock's
- clock has
- sock's

Snap back to reality, *ope* there goes \_\_\_\_\_, *ope*

- cavity
- quality
- gravity

There goes Rabbit, he \_\_\_\_\_, he's so mad but he won't

- soaked
- chocked
- poked

give up that easy, no, he won't have it, he knows

he's whole back's to these \_\_\_\_\_, it don't matter, he's dope

- ropes
- slopes
- soaps

he knows that but he's \_\_\_\_\_, he's so stagnant, he knows

- smoke
- broke
- poke

When he goes back to this \_\_\_\_\_ home, that's when it's

- mobile
- double
- simple

back to the lab again *yo*, this old rap shit, he

**better go capture this moment and hope it don't pass him, and**

*[Chorus]*

You better lose yourself in the music

The moment, you own it, you better never let it go (Go!)

You only get one shot, do not miss your chance to blow

This opportunity comes once in a lifetime, yo

You better lose yourself in the music

The moment, you own it, you better never let it go (Go!)

You only get one shot, do not miss your chance to blow

This opportunity comes once in a lifetime, yo

You better...

*[Verse 2]*

**His soul's \_\_\_\_\_ through this hole that is gaping**

- saving                      - pressing      - escaping

**This world is mine for the taking, make me \_\_\_\_\_**

- ring                      - king                      - thing

**As we move toward a New World Order**

**A normal life is \_\_\_\_\_; but superstardom's**

- boring                      - burning      - running

**Close to \_\_\_\_\_, it only grows harder**

- keep him      - post-mortem                      - catch them

\_\_\_\_\_ grows hotter, he blows, it's all over

- Homie
- mommy
- coffee

These hoes is all on him, coast-to-coast shows

He's known as the \_\_\_\_\_, lonely roads

- Globetrotter
- undercover
- philosopher

God only knows, he's grown farther from home, he's no father

He goes home and barely knows his own \_\_\_\_\_

- clutter
- daughter
- water

But hold your \_\_\_\_\_, 'cause here goes the cold water

- nose
- rose
- pose

These hoes don't want him no mo', he's \_\_\_\_\_ product

- old
- fold
- cold

They moved on to the next schmoe who flows

He nose-dove and sold \_\_\_\_\_, and so the soap opera

- prada
- nada
- data

Is told, it \_\_\_\_\_, I suppose it's old, partner

- unfolds
- behold
- blindfolds

But the beat goes on: da-da-dom, da-dom, dah-dah, dah-dah

[Chorus]

...

[Verse 3]

No more games, I'ma change what you call rage  
Tear this motherfuckin' roof off like two dogs caged  
I was playin' in the beginning, the mood all changed  
I've been chewed up and spit out and booed off stage  
But I kept rhymin' and stepped right in 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 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  
Tryna feed and water my seed, plus teeter-totter  
Caught up between bein' a father and a prima donna  
Baby mama drama, screamin' on her, too much for me to wanna  
Stay in one spot, another day of monotony's  
Gotten me to the point I'm like a snail, I've got  
To formulate a plot or end up in jail or shot  
Success is my only motherfuckin' 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

This may be the only opportunity that I got

[Chorus]

...

[Outro]

You can do anything you set your mind to, man