

Believe

Eminem

And I started from the bottom
Like a snowman-ground-up
Like round chuck, and still put hands on you
Stayin' wound up is how I spend time (get it?)
Sucker free, confidence high
Such a breeze when I pen rhymes
I just got that air about me like wind chimes (yeah)
Another day in the life (uh)
Used to have to scrape to get by (yeah)
Now my community's gated and I
Made it and my neighbors say hi (say hi)
I'm givin' 'em pounds, I'm upscale now
Guess it means I'm way in the sky (way in the sky)
But I still remember the days of
Minimum wage for general labor
Welfare recipient since a minor
Look how government assistance has made ya!
Adversity, if at first you don't succeed
Put your temper to more use
'Cause bein' broke's a poor excuse
That should only give you more fuel
Show 'em why you're you
So close, God, it's like I almost got it
But close only counts in time, bombs and horseshoes
So I Unabomb shit-tick, tick, tick-no remorse, pew!
Screw it, I'm lit, and that attitude I blew up on quick
That's why they call me firecracker
I grew up on WIC-wick, wick, wick-with a short fuse
I got some important news to report to
Anyone who thought I was done: nah bitch, not quite
Spotlight's back on, got my faith, where's yours?

Do you still believe in me?
Didn't I give everything I had to give you to make you see?
I'll never forget if you turn your back on me now
And walk out, I will never let you live it down
I'll never quit, do you still believe in me?

Man, I know sometimes
These thoughts can be harsh and cold as ice
To me they're just ink blots
I just fling 'em like slingshots and so precise
So you might wanna think it over twice (yeah)
When you retards can roll the dice
But beef will at least cost you your career
'Cause even my cheap shots are overpriced
But this middle finger's free as a bird
Nuke warhead at birth, hugest forehead on Earth
Too short for the verse, studied his formula, learned
How to incorporate a curse
Point it towards corporate America
Stick a fork in and turn
'Cause four-letter words are more better heard
The world force-fed a turd to me, you're getting yours
But sometimes I overdo it, but I just get so into it
I was there consolin' you when no one knew it
When your situation showed no improvement

I was that door, you walked over to it
I'm the light at the end of tunnel
So people are always lookin' to me as they're goin' through it
When that tunnel vision is unclear
Shit becomes too much to bear
Since "Cleanin' Out My Closet"
When I was havin' trouble with the snare
I'm that unrealistic prayer answered
And I'ma get you jacked up like you're tryna fix a flat, uh
When you struggle with despair
That double-fisted, bare-knuckles coupled with this pair
Of nuts I'm cuppin', I am your fuckin' switch, nothin' can compare

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Started from the bottom like a snowman
Oh man, put that in your corncob pipe and smoke that
But my battery's low, I'ma need a boost to my pack
And I know that I always got Proof at my back
I called you "Proof" because I knew for a fact
My ace in the hole, homie, I'm callin' on you
'Cause I think I'm slowly startin' to lose faith in it, so
Give me that apron and mo-
-tivation to go, Hussein with the flow
Fake fans left you two-faced at the show
Let heartbeats loop, produce hate in my soul
Layin' vocals two days in a row
True statement, hate to go down this road
But there's only one route to cross this bridge
So I walk in this bitch with loose change
'Cause all my dues paid, but this booth's takin' its toll
But it's never too late to start a new beginnin'
That goes for you too, so what the fuck you gon' do?
Use the tools you're given!
Or you're gon' use the cards you're dealt
As an excuse for you to not do shit with 'em?
I used to play the loser/victim
'Til I saw the way Proof was driven
I found my vehicle and I haven't ran out of gas yet
And when they stacked decks, turn handicaps into assets
Fanny packs, hourglasses
If time was on my side, I'd still have none to waste
Man, in my younger days
That dream was so much fun to chase
It's like I'd run in place
While this shit dangled in front of my face
But how do you keep up the pace
And the hunger pangs once you've won the race?
When that dual exhaust is coolin' off
'Cause you don't got nothin' left to prove at all
'Cause you done already hit 'em with the coup de grâce
Still you feel the need to go full tilt
That Bruce Willis, that Blue Steel, that true skill
When that wheel's loose, I won't lose will
Do you still believe?