

Eminem featuring Killa-Kc

"Sing For The Moment"

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[Eminem]

These ideas are, nightmares to white parents
whose worst fear is a child with dyed hair and who likes
earrings

Like whatever they say has no bearing
It's so scary in a house that allows, no swearing
to see him walkin around with his headphones blaring
Alone in his own zone, cold and he don't care
He's a problem child, and what bothers him all comes
out

when he talks about, his fuckin dad walkin out
Cause he just hates him so bad that he, blocks him out
If he ever saw him again he'd probably knock him out
His thoughts are whacked, he's mad so he's talkin back
Talkin black, brainwashed from rock and rap
He sags his pants; doo rags and a stockin cap
His step-father hit him so he, socked him back
and broke his nose, his house is a broken home
There's no control, he just let's his emotions go

[Chorus: Killa-Kc]

C'mon! Sing with me (Sing!)
Sing for the year (Sing it)
Sing for the laughter, sing for the tear (C'mon!)
Sing it with me, Just for today
Maybe tomorrow, the good Lord will take you away...

[Eminem]

Entertainment is changin, intertwinin with gangsters
In the land of the killers a sinner's mind is a sanctum
Holy or unnholy, only have one homie
Only this gun - lonely cause don't anyone know me
Yet everybody just feels like they can relate
I guess words are a motherfucker, they can be great
or they can degate; or even worse, they can teach
hate
It's like these kids hang on every single statement we
make
like they worship us, plus all the stores ship us platinum
Now how the fuck did this metamorphosis happen?
From standin on corners and porches just rappin

to havin a fortune, no more kissin ass
But then these critics crucify you, journalists try to burn
you
Fans turn on you, attorneys all want a turn at you
to get they hands on every dime you have
They want you to lose your mind every time you mad
So they can try to make you out to look like a loose
cannon
Any dispute won't hesitate to produce handguns
That's why these prosecutors wanna convict me
Strictly just to get me off of these streets quickly
But all they kids be listenin to me religiously
So I'm signin CD's while police fingerprint me
They're for the judge's daughter but his grudge is
against me
If I'm such a fuckin menace this shit doesn't make
sense B!
It's all political, if my music is literal
and I'm a criminal how the FUCK can I raise a little girl?
I couldn't; I wouldn't be fit to
You're full of shit too Guerrera - that was a FIST that hit
you!

[Chorus]

[Killa-Kc]

They say music can alter moods and talk to you
Well can it load a gun up for you and cock it too?
Well if it can, and the next time you assault a dude
Just tell the judge it was my fault, and I'll get sued
See what these kids do is hear about us totin pistols
and they want to get one cause, they think the shit's
cool
Not knowin we really just protectin ourselves
We entertainers, of course the shit's affectin our sales
You ignoramus, but music is reflection of self
We just explain it, and then we get our checks in the
mail
It's fucked up ain't it? How we can come from
practically nothin
to bein able to have any fuckin thing that we wanted
That's why we, sing for these kids who don't have a
thing
except for a dream and a fuckin rap magazine
Who post pin-up pictures on they walls all day long
Idolize they favorite rappers and know all they songs
Or for anyone who's ever been through shit in they lives
'Til they sit and they cry at night wishin they'd die
'Til they throw on a rap record and they sit and they
vibe
We're nothin to you - but we're the fuckin shit in they

eyes

That's why we, seize the moment try to freeze it and
own it

Squeeze it and hold it, cause we consider these
minutes golden

And maybe they'll admit it when we're gone, just let our
spirits live on

through our lyrics that you hear in our songs and we
can...

[Chorus] - repeat 2X

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