

Eminem

"Dream On"

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These ideas are nightmares for white parents

Whose worst fear is a child with dyed hair and who
likes earrings

Like whatever they say has no bearing

Its so scary in a house that allows no swearing

To see him walking around with his headphones
blaring

Alone in his own zone cold, and he dont care

He's a problem child, what bothers him all comes out

When he talks about his fuckin' dad walkin out

Cos he hates him so bad that he blocks him out

But if he ever saw him again, he'd prolly 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, Do rags and a stocking 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 lets his emotions go

Come on...

Chorus:

Sing with me, sing for the year

Sing for the laughter, sing for the tear

Sing with me, just for today

Maybe tomorrow, the good Lord will take you away

Verse #2

Entertainment is changing, intertwining with gangsters

In the land of the killers, a sinner's mind is a sanctum

Only you're unholy, only have one homey

Only this gun, lonely, cuz don't anyone know me

But everybody just feels like they can relate

I guess words are a motherfucker, they can be great

Or they can be degrate, or even worse, they can teach
hate

Its 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, attorney's all wanna turn at you

To get their 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

Thats why these prosecutors wanna convict me

Strictly just to get me offa these streets quickly

But all their kids be listen'n to me religiously

So i'm signing cds while police fingerprint me

They're for the judges 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

Verse #3

They say music can alter moods and talk to you

But can it load a gun up for you and cock it too?

Well if it can, then 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 toting pistols

And they want to get one, cos they think the shit's cool

Not knowin' we're really just protectin' ourselves

We entertainers; of course this shit's affecting our
selves

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

It's why we sing for these kids that don't have a thing
Except for a dream and a fucking rap magazine
Who post pinup pictures on their walls all day long
Idolize their favorite rappers and know all they songs
Or for anyone who's ever been through shit in they lives
So they sit and they cry at night, wishing they die
Till they throw on a rap record, and they sit and they
vibe
We're nothing to you, but we're the fuckin' shit in their
eyes
That's why we seize the moment, and try to freeze it
and own it
Squeeze it and hold it, 'cos we consider these minutes
golden
And maybe they'll admit it when we're gone
Just let our spirits live on, through the lyrics that you
hear in our songs
And we can
Chorus
Chorus without Beat
Instrumental

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