

## **Eminem**

# **"Sing For The Moment"**

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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 bearin'  
Its so scary in a house that allows no swearin'  
To see him walkin' around with his headphones blarin'  
Alone in his own zone cold and he don't 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 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 two rags and a stockin' cap  
His step father hit him so he socked him back  
And broke his nose this house is a broken home  
There's no control he just lets his emotions go  
(C'mon)

Sing with me  
(Sing)  
Sing for the year  
(Sing)  
Sing for the laughter  
Sing for the tear  
(C'mon)  
Sing with me just for today  
Maybe tomorrow the good Lord will take you away

Entertainment is danger intertwine it 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 great or even worse they can teach hate  
Its like 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 gonna turn it to  
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  
canon  
You need to spew don't hesitate to produce air guns  
That's why these prosecutors wanna convict me  
Swiftly just to get me off these streets quickly  
But all their kids been listen to me religiously  
So I'm signin' 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, Pete  
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

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They say music can alter moods and talk to you  
But can it load a gun 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 totin' pistols  
And they want to get one 'cos they think the shit's cool  
Not knowin' we're really just protectin' ourselves  
We're entertainers of course this 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  
It's why we sing for these kids that don't have a thing  
Except for a dream and a fuckin' 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 wishin' they die  
Till they throw on a rap record and they sit and they  
vibe  
We're nothin' 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 out lyrics that you  
hear in our songs  
And we can

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