

## Ross Copperman

### "Dear Slim"

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Dear Slim,  
My favorite icon put the bong and the knife down  
I'm sick of the songs about strapping your mom and  
your ex-wife down  
To a nuclear bomb and dropping them on Saddam  
Killing all the muses you use in almost all of your songs  
Except those songs about Slim the Hip-Hoppian God  
They make it seem you don't respect rappers like  
Biggie and Pac  
Who if it weren't for them you be out of a job  
Or flipping burgers with Ronald McDonald and not  
leading your mob  
But the Blob's offensive, run and jumping the fences  
And burying politicians in pop culture trenches  
Dude, have some humility, oops responsibility, oops  
accountability, oops I said humility  
Your face has covered worse magazines  
Than the artists and politicians you've mocked on every  
CD release  
Ooh, how cool; you've proved you lack tact in your  
songs  
In fact, you've grown up to act just like your mom

If y'all represent the truth and America's youth  
Act like a leader we could actually use  
You're a celebrity now, oh no, look what you did  
You're America's role model but deny that you're it

Come on, come on, let's stand together as one

I ain't yelling about selling my soul, going to hell and  
back for platinum  
Or gold to show the world is a gullible globe  
Although, I can't respect the coalition of politicians  
signing petitions  
Fearing Eminem's mission to bitch  
When it's his right to taunt if he wants to fight  
Even if you're frightened of what he might want to write  
You're sworn to defend men, who offend men  
Just because you believe in the first amendment  
Even if it's illogical angst and vengeance

So defend your senses, but cleanse your dirty lenses  
The law's written to both conservatives and leftists  
It says Vanilla Ice Preservatives can be sexist

If y'all represent the truth and America's youth  
Act like the leaders we could actually use  
You're politicians now, oh no, look what you did  
You're America's role models but deny art from our  
kids

Come on, come on, let's stand together as one

Censoring, the denial of actual words or factual things  
declared obscene  
But molesting archdiocese, disease,  
Dead people in the streets from shooting sprees,  
epidemics  
Paramedics clearing debris here and overseas aren't  
banned from TV  
But yell shit, goddamn, or fuck hear three individual  
bleeps  
A word's a word, let it be heard and learned  
It's not the individual words but the order that hurts  
Come on, come on, let's stand together as one  
Come on, come on, stop threatening to censor our  
thoughts  
And you'll get the response you want from now on  
Come on, come on

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