

Ross Golan And Molehead "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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