

Sing for the Moment

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 walking 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 fucking dad walking out
Cause he hates him so bad that he, blocks him out
If he ever saw him again he'd probably knock him out
His thoughts are wacked, he's mad so he's talking back
Talking black, brainwashed from rock and rap
He sags his pants, doo-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
Sing with me, sing for the year (sing it)
Sing for the laughter, sing for the tear (Come on!)

Sing it with me, just for today
Maybe tomorrow, the good Lord will take you away
Entertainment is changing, intertwining
with gangsters

In the land of the killers a sinner's mind is a sanctum
Holy or unholy, 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 mothafucka, they can be great
Or they can degrade, 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 standing on corners and porches just rapping
To having a fortune, no more kissing 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 their kids been listening to me religiously
So I'm signing CD's while police fingerprint me

They're for the judge's daughter but his grudge is against me
If I'm such a fucking menace this shit doesn't make sense B
It's all political, if my music is literal
Then 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
Sing with me, sing for the year (sing it)
Sing for the laughter, sing for the tear (sing this shit!)
Sing it with me, just for today
Maybe tomorrow, the good Lord will take you away
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 'bout us toting pistols
And they wanna get one cause, they think the shit's cool
Not knowing we really just protecting ourselves
We entertainers, of course the shit's affecting 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 nothing
To being able to have any fucking thing that we wanted
That's why we, sing for these kids who don't have a thing
Except for a dream and a fucking rap magazine
Who post pin-up pictures on they walls all day long
Idolize their favorite rappers and know all their songs
Or for anyone who's ever been through shit in they lives
So they sit and they cry at night wishing they'd die
'til they throw on a rap record and they sit and they vibe
We're nothing to you, but we're the fucking shit in their 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
Sing with me, sing for the year (sing it)
Sing for the laughter, sing for the tear (Come on!)
Sing it with me, just for today
Maybe tomorrow, the good Lord will take you away
Sing with me, sing for the year (sing it)
Sing for the laughter, sing for the tear (Come on!)
Sing it with me, just for today
Maybe tomorrow, the good Lord will take you away

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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