

# White America

## Eminem

America, hahaha, we love you  
How many people are proud to be citizens of this beautiful country of ours  
The stripes and the stars for the rights that men have died for to protect  
The women and men who have broke their necks for the freedom of speech  
The United States government has sworn to uphold, or so we're told I never woulda dreamed in  
a million years I'd see

So many motherfuckin' people, who feel like me  
Who share the same views and the same exact beliefs  
It's like a fucking army marching in back of me  
So many lives I touched, so much anger aimed  
In no particular direction, just sprays and sprays  
And straight through your radio waves, it plays and plays  
'til it stays stuck in your head, for days and days  
Who woulda thought, standing in this mirror bleaching my hair  
With some peroxide, reaching for a t-shirt to wear  
That I would catapult to the forefront of rap like this?  
How could I predict my words would have an impact like this  
I musta struck a chord with somebody up in the office  
Cause Congress keep telling me, I ain't causing nothing but problems  
And now they're sayin' I'm in trouble with the government, I'm lovin' it  
I shoveled shit all my life, and now I'm dumping it on White America, I could be one of your  
kids

White America, little Eric looks just like this  
White America, Erica loves my shit  
I go to TRL, look how many hugs I get  
White America, I could be one of your kids  
White America, little Eric looks just like this  
White America, Erica loves my shit  
I go to TRL, look how many hugs I get  
Look at these eyes, baby blue, baby just like yourself  
If they were brown Shady'd lose, Shady sits on the shelf  
But Shady's cute, Shady knew Shady's dimples would help  
Make ladies swoon baby (ooh baby!) Look at my sales  
Let's do the math: if I was black, I woulda sold half  
I ain't have to graduate from Lincoln High School to know that  
But I could rap, so fuck school, I'm too cool to go back  
Gimme the mic, show me where the fuckin' studio's at  
When I was underground, no one gave a fuck I was white  
No labels wanted to sign me, almost gave up I was like, "Fuck it"  
Until I met Dre, the only one to look past  
Gave me a chance and I lit a fire up under his ass  
Helped him get back to the top, every fan  
black that I got  
Was probably his in exchange for every white fan that he's got  
Like damn; we just swapped: sitting back, looking at shit, wow

I'm like my skin is just starting to work to my benefit now? It's White America, I could be one  
of your kids

White America, little Eric looks just like this

White America, Erica loves my shit

I go to TRL, look how many hugs I get

White America, I could be one of your kids

White America, little Eric looks just like this

White America, Erica loves my shit

I go to TRL, look how many hugs I get

See the problem is, I speak to suburban kids

Who otherwise woulda never knew these words exist

Whose mom's probably woulda never gave two squirts of piss

'til I created so much motherfuckin' turbulence

Straight out the tube, right into your living rooms I came That's all it took, and they were  
instantly hooked right in

And they connected with me too because I looked like them

That's why they put my lyrics up under this microscope

Searching with a fine tooth comb, it's like this rope

Waiting to choke; tightening around my throat Watchin' me while I write this, like I don't like  
this, NOPE!

All I hear is: lyrics, lyrics, constant controversy, sponsors working

Round the clock to try to stop my concerts early, surely

Hip hop was never a problem in Harlem only in Boston

After it bothered the fathers of daughters starting to blossom

So now I'm catchin' the flack from these activists when they raggin'

Actin' like I'm the first rapper to smack a bitch or say faggot, shit

Just look at me like I'm your closest pal

The posterchild, the motherfuckin' spokesman now, for

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I go to TRL, look how many hugs I get

White America, I could be one of your kids

White America, little Eric looks just like this

White America, Erica loves my shit

I go to TRL, look how many hugs I get

So to the parents of America

I am the Derringer aimed at little Erica to attack her character

The ringleader of this circus of worthless pawns

Sent to lead the march right up to the steps of Congress

And piss on the lawns of the White House

To burn the {flag} and replace it with a Parental Advisory sticker

To spit liquor in the faces of this democracy of hypocrisy

Fuck you Ms. Cheney, Fuck you Tipper Gore

Fuck you with the free-est of speech

This Divided States of Embarrassment will allow me to have

Fuck you!

Haha, I'm just playing, America

You know I love you

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

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>