Eminem, Dream On

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 bearing
Its 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 dont 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 prolly 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, Do 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
Come on...

Chorus:
Sing with me, sing for the year
Sing for the laughter, sing for the tear
Sing with me, just for today
Maybe tomorrow, the good Lord will take you away

Verse #2
Entertainment is changing, intertwining 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 degrate, or even worse, they can teach hate
Its 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 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 wanna turn at you
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 cannon
Any dispute won't hesitate to produce handguns
Thats why these prosecutors wanna convict me
Strictly just to get me offa these streets quickly
But all their kids be listen'n to me religiously
So i'm signing 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 doesnt make sense, B
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!

Chorus

Verse #3
They say music can alter moods and talk to you
But can it load a gun up 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 Ill get sued
See what these kids do, is hear about us toting pistols
And they want to get one, cos they think the shit's cool
Not knowin' we're really just protectin' ourselves

We entertainers; of course this shit's affecting our selves
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 fucking 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, wishing they die
Till they throw on a rap record, and they sit and they vibe
We're nothing 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 the lyrics that you hear in our songs
And we can

Chorus

Chorus without Beat

Instrumental