

# Eminem, Sing For The Moment

## [Verse 1]

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 fuckin' dad walkin' out  
Cause he just hates him so bad that he blocks him out  
If he ever saw him again he'd probably 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 let's his emotions  
go...

## [Chorus]

{C'mon}, sing with me, {sing}, sing for the years  
{Sing it}, sing for the laughter, sing for the tears, {c'mon}  
Sing it with me, just for today, maybe tomorrow the good Lord will take you  
away...

## [Verse 2]

Entertainment is changin', intertwinin' with gangsta's  
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 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, 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 they kids be listenin' to me religiously, so i'm signin' cd's while  
police fingerprint me  
They're for the judge's daughter but his grudge is against me  
If i'm such a fuckin' menace, this shit doesn't make sense Pete  
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  
Well 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 i'll get sued  
See what these kids do is hear about us totin' pistols  
And they want to get one cause they think the shit's cool

Not knowin' we really just protectin' ourselves, we entertainers  
Of course the shit's affectin' 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 fuckin'  
thing that we wanted  
That's why we sing for these kids, who don't have a thing  
Except for a dream, and a fuckin' rap magazine  
Who post pin-up pictures on their walls all day long  
Idolize they favorite rappers and know all they songs  
Or for anyone who's ever been through shit in their lives  
Till they sit and they cry at night wishin' they'd die  
Till they throw on a rap record and they sit, and they vibe  
We're nothin' to you but we're the fuckin' shit in they 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...

[CHORUS X2]