Eminem, Sing For The Moment (I Spent Hours G

Verse 1:
These ideas are nightmares,
white parents whose first fear is a child with dyed hair,
and who like 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 his own zone, cold and he dont care,
he's a problem child, what bothers him all comes out,
when he talks about his f***in Dad walking out,
cuz 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, his mad so his talkin back,
talkin black, brainwashed from rock & rap,
he sags his pants, few rags and a stocking cap,
his stepfather 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,
c'mon!
Chorus:
Sing with me (sing),
for the year (sing),
for the laughter, sing for the tear (c'mon)
Sing with me, just for today
Maybe tomorrow, the good Lord will take you away
Verse 2:
Entertainment is changing, intertwinin' 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 cuz don't anyone know me,
yet everybody just feels like they can relate,
i guess words are a motherf***a, they can be great,
or they can 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 f*** 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 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,
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 CD's while police fingerprint me,
they're for the judges daughter, but his grudge is against me,
if i'm such a f***in' menace, this shit doesnt make sense, B,
it's all political, if my music is literal then i'm a criminal,
how the f*** 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 Ill get sued,
see what these kids do, is hear about us totin' pistols,
they want to get one, cuz they think this shit's cool,
not knowin' we're really just protectin' ourselves,
we're entertainers; of course this shit's affecting our sales,

you ignoranus.
But music is reflection of self,
we just explain it, and then we get our cheques in the mail,
it's f***ed up ain't it,
how we can come from practically nothin',
to bein' able to have any f***in' thing that we wanted
it's why we sing for these kids that don't have a thing,
except for a dream and a f***in' 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, wishin they'd die,
till they throw on a rap record, and they sit and they vibe,
we're nothing to you, but we're the f***in' 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 our lyrics that you hear in our songs,
and we can
Chorus
Chorus without Beat
Guitar solo