Eminem, White America

America, hahaha, we love you, how many people are proud to be citizens of this beautiful
Country of our's, the stripes and the stars for the rights that men have died for to protect,
The women and men who have broke their neck's for the freedom of speech the United States
Government has sworn to uphold, or
(Yo', I want everybody to listen to the words of this song) so we're told...

I never would've 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 fuckin' army marchin' in back of me, so many lives I
Touch, so much anger aimed, in no particular direction, just sprays and sprays, and straight
Through your radio waves it plays and plays, 'till it stays stuck in your head for days and
Days, who would of thought, standing in this mirror bleachin' my hair, with some peroxide,
Reachin 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 must've struck a chord, with somebody
Up in the office, cause congress keeps telling me I ain't causin' nuthin' 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...

[Chorus]
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 lose, Shady
Sits on the shelf, but Shady's cute, Shady knew, Shady's dimple's would help, make ladies swoon
Baby, {ooh baby}, look at my sales, let's do the math, if I was black, I would've 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, sittin' back lookin' at
Shit, wow, i'm like my skin is it starting to work to my benefit now, it's...

[Chorus]

See the problem is, I speak to suburban kids, who otherwise would of never knew these words
Exist, whose mom's probably would of never gave two squirts of piss, 'till I created so much
Motherfuckin' turbulence, straight out the tube, right into your living room I came, and kids
Flipped when they knew I was produced by Dre, 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
Lyric's up under this microscope, searchin' with a fine tooth comb, its like this rope, waitin'
To choke, tightening around my throat, watching 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...

[Chorus]

So to the parents of America, I am the □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 casket and replace
It with a parental advisory sticker, to spit liquor in the faces of in this democracy of
Hypocrisy, fuck you Ms. Cheney, fuck you Tipper Gore, fuck you with the freest of speech this
Divided states of embarassment will allow me to have, fuck you, [vocal melody],
He, hahaha, i'm just playin' America, you know I love you...