

# Eminem, White America (Dirty)

(Prelude)

America! 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. (Yo I want everybody to  
listen to the words of this song) or so we're told...

Verse 1

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 woulda 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, cuz 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 X2

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

Verse 2

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  
dimples would help, make ladies swoon baby, ooh baby! Look at my sales  
Lets do the math, If I was black I would've sold half, I aint 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 who looked 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!

Chorus X2

Verse 3

See the problem is I speak to suburban kids who otherwise would of never  
knew these these words exist whose moms probably woulda never gave two squirts  
of piss, till I created so much motherfuckin' turbulence straight out the  
tube, right into your living rooms 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 lyrics 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 mother fuckin' spokesman now for...

Chorus X2

Verse 4

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 face 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!  
I'm just playin' America, you know I love you...