

White America (Produced by Eminem, J. Bass)

Eminem

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
'Til 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
Cause Congress keeps telling me I ain't causin' nothin' 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 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 T-R-L, 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 T-R-L, 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 dimples would help
Make ladies swoon baby (ooh baby)
Look at myself!
Let's do the math

If I was black I woulda sold half
I ain't have to graduate from Lincoln High School to know that
But I can rap so fuck school
I'm too cool to go back
Gimme the mic
Show me where the fuckin' studios 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 hes got
Like damn we just swapped
Sittin' back look at this shit wow
I'm like "My skin, is it startin' to work to my benefit now?" "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 T-R-L, 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 T-R-L, look how many hugs I get
See the problem is I speak to suburban kids
Who otherwise woulda never knew these words exist
Whose mom's probably woulda never gave two squirts of piss
'Til I created so much muthafuckin' turbulence
Straight out the tube right into ya livin' 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 wit' me too because I looked like them
That's why they put my lyrics up under this microscope
Searchin' wit' a fine toothed comb
It's like this rope waitin' to choke

Tightenin' around my throat
Watchin' me while I write this like
"I dont like this, no!"
All I hear is
Lyrics lyrics constant controversy
Sponsors workin' round the clock
To try to stop my concerts early
Surely hip hop is never a problem
In Harlem only in Boston
After it bothered ya fathers
Of daughters startin' to blossom
Now I'm catchin' the flack from these activists
When they raggin'
Actin' like I'm the first rapper to smack a bitch and say fagot
Shit,
Just look at me like I'm ya closest pal
A poster child
The muthafuckin' spokesman now for 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 T-R-L, 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 T-R-L, look how many hugs I get So to the parents of America
I am the derringer aimed at little Erica
To attack her character
The ring leader of the 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 this democracy of hypocrisy
Fuck you Ms. Cheney
Fuck you tipper Gore
Fuck you with the free-ness of speech this
Divided states of embarrassment will allow me to have
Fuck you! Ha ha ha! I'm just playin' America, you know I love you

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