

White America

Eminem

America!

Ha ha ha

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 of men

Who have died for the 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 I never would a dreamed in a million years I'd see

So many mothafuckin' people who feel like me

Who share the same views and the same exact beliefs

Its like a fuckin' army marchin' in back of me

So many lives I touched

So much anger aimed at no particular direction

Just sprays and sprays straight through the radio waves

It plays and plays till it stays stuck in your head

For days and days

Who would've thought standin' in this mirror

Bleachin' my hair with some peroxide

Reachin' for a T shirt to wear

That I would catapult to the fore front of rap like this

How can I predict my words and have an impact like this

I musta struck a chord with somebody up in the office

Cuz Congress keeps tellin' me

I ain't causin' nottin' but problems

And now they sayin' Im 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 'TRL'

Look how many hugs I get

Yea 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 getLook at these eyes baby blue, baby just like ourself
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,
Lets 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' 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
Sitting back look at this shit wow
I'm like "My skin, is it starting 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 'TRL'
Look how many hugs I get
YeaWhite 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 getSee the problem is I speak to suburban kids
Who otherwise woulda never knew these words exist
These moms probly would've never gave two squirts of piss
Till I created so much mothafuckin' 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 with me too cuz 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
Watching me while I write this like
"I don't 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 faggot shit
Just look at me like I'm ya closest pal
A poster child
The mothafuckin' spokesman 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 'TRL'
Look how many hugs I get (yea) 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 So to the parents of America
I am the damager 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. Cheeney
Fuck you Tipper Gore
Fuck you with the freeness of speech

This divided states of embarrassment will allow me to have

Fuck you

(Huh huh huh ahh)

(Huh huh huh ahh)

(Huh huh huh ahh)

(Oooh)

Ha ha ha

I'm just playin' America, you know I love you

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