Yellow Brick Road

Eminem

What we have to do is deal with it
When these individuals are young enough
If you will, to be saved, not in a religious sense
But not to constitute what this country at times calls if or which over
We seem to be approaching an age of the gross
We all have this idea that we should
Move up a little bit from our parents station
And each generation should do a little bit better
Alright, come on let's cut the bullshit enough let's get it started
Let's start addressing this issue and open it up
Let's take this shit back to basement and we can discuss statements
Thats made on this tape and its whole original
The music that we all know and love
The music we all enjoy the music you all accuse me of try na destroy
Let's rewind it to '89 when I was a boy on the east side of Detroit
Crossin' 8 mile into Warren into hick territory I'd like to share a story
This is my story and you cant nobody tell it for me
You have well informed me and I am well aware that I don't belong here
You've made that perfectly clear I get my ass kicked
Damn near everywhere from Bel-air shopping center
Just for stopping in there from the black side
All the way to the white side
Okay there's a bright side, a day that I might slide
You may call it a past I call it haulin' my ass
Through that patch of grass over them railroad tracks
Oh them railroad tracks them old railroad tracks
Them good old notorious oh well known tracks
So, let's go back
Follow the yellow brick road as we go on another episode
Journey with me as I take you through this nifty little place
That I once used to call home sweet home
Come on, let's go back
Follow the yellow brick road as we go on another episode
Journey with me as I take you through this nifty little place
That I once used to call home sweet home
I'd roam the streets so much they call me a drifter
Sometimes I stick up a thumb just to hitch hike
Just to get picked up to get me a lift to 8 mile and Van Dyke
And steal a god damn bike from somebody's backyard

And drop it off at the park that was the halfway mark
To meet Kim had to walk back to her Mamma's on Chalmers after dark
To sneak me in the house when I'm kicked out my Mom's
Thats about the time I first met Proof n' Goofy Gary on the steps
At Osborne handin' out some flyers
He was doin' some talent shows at centerline high
I told him to stop by and check us out sometime
He looked at me like I'm out my mind
Shook his head like white boys don't know how to rhyme
I spit out a line and rhymed birthday with first place
And we both had the same rhymes that sound alike
We was on the same shit that big Daddy Kane shit
With compound syllables sound combined
From that day we was down to ride
Somehow we knew we'd meet again somewhere down the line
So, let's go back
Follow the yellow brick road as we go on another episode
Journey with me as I take you through this nifty little place
That I once used to call home sweet home
Come on, let's go back
Follow the yellow brick road as we go on another episode
Journey with me as I take you through this nifty little place
That I once used to call home sweet home
My first year in 9th grade, can't forget that day at school
It was cool till your man M C Sham came through
And said that pumas the brand 'cuz the clan makes troops
It was rumors but man god damned they flew
Must a been true because man we done banned they shoes
I had the new ones the cool J, ice land, swayed too
And we just through them in the trash like they yesterday's news
Guess who came through next, X Clan debut
Professor X and glorious exists in a state of red, black, and green
With a key sissies now with this bein' a new trend
We don't fit in crack as is out with cactus albums
Blackness is in, African symbols and medallions
Represents black power and we ain't know what it meant
Me and my man Howard and butter would go to the mall with 'em
All over our necks like we're showin 'em off not knowin' at all
We was bein' laughed at you ain't even half black
You ain't posed to have that homie let me grab that
And that flavor flave clock we gon' have to snatch that
All I remember is meetin' back at Manx's basement
Sayin' how we hate this, how racist but dope the X Clan take this
Which reminds me back in '89 me and Kim broke up for the first time
She was try na two time me and there was this black girl

At our school who thought I was cool
'Cuz I rapped so she was kinda eying me
And oh the irony guess what her name was ain't even gon' say it plus
The same color hair as hers was and blue contacts and a pair of jugs
The bombest god damn girl in our whole school if I could pull it
Not only would I become more popular
But I would be able to piss Kim off at the same time
But it backfired I was supposed to dump her
But she dumped me for this black guy
And that's the last I ever seen or heard
Or spoke to the oh foolish pride girl
But I've heard people say they heard the tape and it ain't that bad
But it was I singled out a whole race and for that apologize
I was wrong 'cuz no matter what color a girl is she still a
So, let's go back
Follow the yellow brick road as we go on another episode
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That I once used to call home sweet home
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