

# 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  
That's 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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