

# Sing For The Moment

## Eminem

[Eminem]

These ideas are, nightmares to white parents  
whose worst fear is a child with dyed hair and who likes earrings

Like whatever they say has no bearing

It's so scary in a house that allows, no swearing  
to see him walkin around with his headphones blaring

Alone in his own zone, cold and he don't care  
He's a problem child, and what bothers him all comes out  
when he talks about, his fuckin dad walkin out

Cause he just hates him so bad that he, blocks him out  
If he ever saw him again he'd probably knock him out

His thoughts are whacked, he's mad so he's talkin back

Talkin black, brainwashed from rock and rap

He sags his pants; doo rags and a stockin cap

His step-father hit him so he, socked him back  
and broke his nose, his house is a broken home

There's no control, he just let's his emotions go

[Chorus: Eminem]

C'mon! Sing with me (Sing!)

Sing for the year (Sing it)

Sing for the laughter, sing for the tear (C'mon!)

Sing it with me, Just for today

Maybe tomorrow, the good Lord will take you away...

[Eminem]

Entertainment is changin, intertwinin with gangsters

In the land of the killers a sinner's mind is a sanctum

Holy or unnholy, only have one homie

Only this gun - lonely cause don't anyone know me

Yet everybody just feels like they can relate

I guess words are a motherfucker, they can be great  
or they can degrade; or even worse, they can teach hate

It's like these kids hang on every single statement we make  
like they worship us, plus all the stores ship us platinum

Now how the fuck did this metamorphosis happen?

From standin on corners and porches just rappin

to havin a fortune, no more kissin ass

But then these critics crucify you, journalists try to burn you

Fans turn on you, attorneys all want a turn at you  
to get they hands on every dime you have  
They want you to lose your mind every time you mad  
So they can try to make you out to look like a loose cannon  
Any dispute won't hesitate to produce handguns  
That's why these prosecutors wanna convict me  
Strictly just to get me off of these streets quickly  
But all they kids be listenin to me religiously  
So I'm signin CD's while police fingerprint me  
They're for the judge's daughter but his grudge is against me  
If I'm such a fuckin menace this shit doesn't make sense B!  
It's all political, if my music is literal  
and I'm a criminal how the FUCK can I raise a little girl?  
I couldn't; I wouldn't be fit to  
You're full of shit too Guerrera - that was a FIST that hit you!

[Chorus: Eminem]

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Sing for the laughter, sing for the tear (C'mon!)  
Sing it with me, Just for today  
Maybe tomorrow, the good Lord will take you away...

[Eminem]

They say music can alter moods and talk to you  
Well can it load a gun up for you and cock it too?  
Well if it can, and the next time you assault a dude  
Just tell the judge it was my fault, and I'll get sued  
See what these kids do is hear about us totin pistols  
and they want to get one cause, they think the shit's cool  
Not knowin we really just protectin ourselves  
We entertainers, of course the shit's affectin our sales  
You ignoramus, but music is reflection of self  
We just explain it, and then we get our checks in the mail  
It's fucked up ain't it? How we can come from practically nothin  
to bein able to have any fuckin thing that we wanted  
That's why we, sing for these kids who don't have a thing  
except for a dream and a fuckin rap magazine  
Who post pin-up pictures on they walls all day long  
Idolize they favorite rappers and know all they songs  
Or for anyone who's ever been through shit in they lives  
'Til they sit and they cry at night wishin they'd die  
'Til they throw on a rap record and they sit and they vibe  
We're nothin to you - but we're the fuckin shit in they eyes  
That's why we, seize the moment try to freeze it and own it

Squeeze it and hold it, cause we consider these minutes golden  
And maybe they'll admit it when we're gone, just let our spirits live on  
through our lyrics that you hear in our songs and we can...

[Chorus: Eminem]

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Sing for the laughter, sing for the tear (C'mon!)  
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