

Eminem, For The Moment

Verse #1

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,
its so scary in a house that allows, no swearing.
To see him walking around with his, headphones blaring
Alone in his own zone, cold, and he dont care.
He's a problem child, and what bothers him all comes out,
when he talks about, his fuckin' dad walkin out.
Causes he hates him so bad that he, blocks him out.
And if he ever saw him again he'd probobly 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, do-rags and a stocking cap.
His step-father hit him so he, socked him back.
And broke his nose, this house is a broken home,
there's no control, he just lets his emotions go!
Come on...

Chorus:

Sing with me, sing for the year
Sing for the laughter, sing for the tear
Sing with me, if its just for today
Maybe tomorrow, the good Lord will take you away

Verse #2

Entertainment is changing, intertwine it with gansters.
In the land of the killers, a sinner's mind is a sanctum
Holy or unholy, only have one homie,
only this gun, lonely, cause so many don't know me.
Then everybody just feels like they can relate.
I guess words are a motherfucker, they can be great.
Or they can be degrate, or even worse they can teach hate.
Its like 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, attornies all wanna turn at you.
To get their 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 canon.
Any dispute, dont hesitate to produce hand-guns.
Thats why these prosecutors wanna convict me.
Strictly just to get me offa these streets quickly.
But all their kids been listen'n to me religiously,
so i'm signing cds while police fingerprint me.
They're for the judges daughter, but his grudge is against me.
If i'm such a fuckin' menace, this shit doesnt make sense, Pete.
It's all political, if my music is literal and i'm a criminal,
then how the fuck can i raise a little girl?
I couldn't. I wouldn't be fit to.
You're full of shit too, Gurrera, that was a fist that hit you!

Chorus

Verse #3

They say music can alter moods and talk to you.
But can it load a gun up for you and cock it too?
Well if it can, then 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 toting pistols
and, they want to get one cause, they think the shit's cool.
Not knowin' we're really just protectin' ourselves,
we entertainers, of course this shit's affecting our sales
you ignoramous. But music is reflection of self.
We just explain it, and then we get our cheques 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.
It's why we sing for these kids that don't have a thing.
Except a dream and a fuckin' rap magazine.
Who post pinup pictures on their walls all day long.
Idolise their favorite rappers and know all they songs.
Or for anyone who's ever been through shit in they lives,
till they sit and they cry at night, wishin' they die.
Till they throw on a rap record, and they sit and they vibe.
We're nothing to you, but we're the fuckin' shit in they eyes.
That's why we, sieze the moment, and try to freeze it and own it,
squeeze it and hold it, 'cuz we consider these minutes golden.
And maybe they'll admit it when we're gone, and
just let our spirits live on, through lyrics that you hear in our songs,
and we can:

Chorus

Chorus Without Beat

Instrumental