Eminem, Yellow Brick Road

[Intro]

What we have to do is deal with it when these individuals are young enough. If you wish 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 from our parents station and each generation should do a little bit better.

[Verse 1- Eminem]

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 disscuss statements thats made on this tape

And its whole origin of the music that we all know and love

The music that we all enjoy the music you all accuse me of tryna 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 cant no body tell it for me

You will well inform me, 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

[Chorus x2]

So lets 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

I once used to call home sweet home

[Verse 2- Eminem]

I 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 half way mark

To meet Kim had to walk back to her mama'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 with Goofy Gary on the steps

At Osbourne handing out some flyers, he was doin some talent shows

At Centerline High, I had told him to stop by and check this out sometime

He looked at me like I'm out my mind shook his head like white boys dont 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

[Chorus x2]

So lets 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

I once used to call home sweet home

[Verse 3- Eminem]

My first year in 9th grade, can't forget that day at school

It was cool till your man MC Shan came through

And said that Puma's The Brand 'cause the clan makes troops

It was rumors but man, god damn, they flew

Musta 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 vanglorious 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 crackas 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, we 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 supposed 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 Manix'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 tryna two time me and there was this black girl At our school who thought I was cool cuz I rapped so she was kinda eyein 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 quy And thats 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's still a hoe

[Chorus x2]
So lets 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
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