

# Sing for the Moment

## 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 walking 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 fucking dad walking out  
Cause he hates him so bad that he, blocks him out  
If he ever saw him again he'd probably knock him out  
His thoughts are wacked, he's mad so he's talking back  
Talking black, brainwashed from rock and rap  
He sags his pants, doo-rags and a stocking 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 lets his emotions go  
Sing with me, sing for the year (sing it)  
Sing for the laughter, sing for the tear (Come on!)  
Sing it with me, just for today  
Maybe tomorrow, the good Lord will take you away  
Entertainment is changing, intertwining  
with gangsters  
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 don't anyone know me  
Yet everybody just feels like they can relate  
I guess words are a mothafucka, 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 standing on corners and porches just rapping  
To having a fortune, no more kissing 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 their kids been listening to me religiously  
So I'm signing CD's while police fingerprint me

They're for the judge's daughter but his grudge is against me  
 If I'm such a fucking menace this shit doesn't make sense B  
 It's all political, if my music is literal  
 Then 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  
 Sing with me, sing for the year (sing it)  
 Sing for the laughter, sing for the tear (sing this shit!)  
 Sing it with me, just for today  
 Maybe tomorrow, the good Lord will take you away  
 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 'bout us toting pistols  
 And they wanna get one cause, they think the shit's cool  
 Not knowing we really just protecting ourselves  
 We entertainers, of course the shit's affecting 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 nothing  
 To being able to have any fucking thing that we wanted  
 That's why we, sing for these kids who don't have a thing  
 Except for a dream and a fucking rap magazine  
 Who post pin-up pictures on they walls all day long  
 Idolize their favorite rappers and know all their songs  
 Or for anyone who's ever been through shit in they lives  
 So they sit and they cry at night wishing they'd die  
 'til they throw on a rap record and they sit and they vibe  
 We're nothing to you, but we're the fucking shit in their 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  
 Sing with me, sing for the year (sing it)  
 Sing for the laughter, sing for the tear (Come on!)  
 Sing it with me, just for today  
 Maybe tomorrow, the good Lord will take you away  
 Sing with me, sing for the year (sing it)  
 Sing for the laughter, sing for the tear (Come on!)  
 Sing it with me, just for today  
 Maybe tomorrow, the good Lord will take you away

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>