White America

Eminem

America, hahaha, we love you
How many people are proud to be citizens of this beautiful country of ours
The stripes and the stars for the rights that men have died for to protect
The women and men who have broke their necks for the freedom of speech
The United States government has sworn to uphold, or so we're toldI never woulda dreamed in a million years I'd see
So many motherfuckin' people, who feel like me
Who share the same views and the same exact beliefs
It's like a fucking army marching in back of me
So many lives I touched, so much anger aimed
In no particular direction, just sprays and sprays
And straight through your radio waves, it plays and plays
'til it stays stuck in your head, for days and days
Who woulda thought, standing in this mirror bleaching my hair
With some peroxide, reaching for a t-shirt to wear
That I would catapult to the forefront of rap like this?
How could I predict my words would have an impact like this
I musta struck a chord with somebody up in the office
Cause Congress keep telling me, I ain't causing nothing but problems
And now they're sayin' I'm in trouble with the government, I'm lovin' it
I shoveled shit all my life, and now I'm dumping it onWhite America, I could be one of your kids
White America, little Eric looks just like thisWhite America, Erica loves my shit
I go to TRL, look how many hugs I getWhite America, I could be one of your kids
White America, little Eric looks just like this
White America, Erica loves my shit
I go to TRL, look how many hugs I get
Look at these eyes, baby blue, baby just like yourself
If they were brown Shady'd lose, Shady sits on the shelf
But Shady's cute, Shady knew Shady's dimples would help
Make ladies swoon baby (ooh baby!) Look at my sales
Let's do the math: if I was black, I woulda sold half
I ain't have to graduate from Lincoln High School to know that
But I could rap, so fuck school, I'm too cool to go back
Gimme the mic, show me where the fuckin' studio's at
When I was underground, no one gave a fuck I was white
No labels wanted to sign me, almost gave up I was like, "Fuck it"
Until I met Dre, the only one to look past
Gave me a chance and I lit a fire up under his assHelped him get back to the top, every fan black that I got
Was probably his in exchange for every white fan that he's got
Like damn; we just swapped: sitting back, looking at shit, wow

I'm like my skin is just starting to work to my benefit now? It'sWhite America, I could be one of your kids
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I go to TRL, look how many hugs I get
See the problem is, I speak to suburban kids
Who otherwise woulda never knew these words exist
Whose mom's probably woulda never gave two squirts of piss
'til I created so much motherfuckin' turbulence
Straight out the tube, right into your living rooms I cameThat's all it took, and they were instantly hooked right in
And they connected with me too because I looked like them
That's why they put my lyrics up under this microscope
Searching with a fine tooth comb, it's like this rope
Waiting to choke; tightening around my throatWatchin' me while I write this, like I don't like this, NOPE!
All I hear is: lyrics, lyrics, constant controversy, sponsors working
Round the clock to try to stop my concerts early, surely
Hip hop was never a problem in Harlem only in Boston
After it bothered the fathers of daughters starting to blossom
So now I'm catchin' the flack from these activists when they raggin'
Actin' like I'm the first rapper to smack a bitch or say faggot, shit
Just look at me like I'm your closest pal
The posterchild, the motherfuckin' spokesman now, for
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White America, Erica loves my shit
I go to TRL, look how many hugs I get
White America, I could be one of your kids
White America, little Eric looks just like this
White America, Erica loves my shit
I go to TRL, look how many hugs I get
So to the parents of America
I am the Derringer aimed at little Erica to attack her character
The ringleader of this circus of worthless pawns
Sent to lead the march right up to the steps of Congress
And piss on the lawns of the White House
To burn the {flag} and replace it with a Parental Advisory sticker
To spit liquor in the faces of this democracy of hypocrisy
Fuck you Ms. Cheney, Fuck you Tipper Gore
Fuck you with the free-est of speech
This Divided States of Embarrassment will allow me to have
Fuck you!
Haha, I'm just playing, America

You know I love you

Lyrics provided by https://www.songarea.com/