

White America - 1/3

Interprété par Eminem.

Prelude :

America!

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.

(Yo I want everybody to listen to the words of this song) or so we're told...

Verse 1

I never would've 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 fuckin' army marchin' in back of me

So many lives I touch,

so much anger aimed in no particular direction,

just sprays and sprays and straight through your radio waves it plays and plays,

till it stays stuck in your head for days and days

who woulda thought, standing in this mirror bleachin' my hair,

with some peroxide,

reachin 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 must've struck a chord,

with somebody up in the office,

cuz Congress keeps telling me I ain't causin' nuthin' 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 on...

Chorus X2

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

Verse 2

Look at these eyes,

baby blue, baby just like yourself,

if they were brown Shady lose,

Shady sits on the shelf

but Shady's cute,

White America - 2/3

Shady knew Shady's dimples would help,
make ladies swoon baby, ooh baby!
Look at my sales
Lets do the math,
If I was black I would've 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 ass
helped 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.
Sittin' back lookin' at shit, wow,
I'm like my skin is it starting to work to my benefit now?

Chorus X2

Verse 3

See the problem is I speak to suburban kids who otherwise would of never knew these words exist
whose moms probably woulda never gave two squirts of piss,
till I created so much motherfuckin' turbulence
straight out the tube, right into your living room I came,
and kids flipped when they knew I was produced by Dre
That'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,
searchin' with a fine tooth comb, its like this rope
waitin' to choke, tightening around my throat,
watching 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
hit, just look at me like I'm your closest pal,
the posterchild, the mother fuckin' spokesman now for...

Chorus X2

Verse 4

So to the parents of America
I am the derringer aimed at little Erica,

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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 and replace it with a Parental

Advisory sticker

To spit liquor in the faces of in this democracy of hypocrisy

Fuck you Ms.

Cheney! Fuck you Tipper Gore!

Fuck you with the freest of speech this divided states of embarassment will allow me to have,

Fuck you! I'm just kiddin' America, you know I love you...