

Sing For The Moment

Eminem

EMINEM: Sing For The Moment

Capo 1.

[Intro]

Em - D - C - D

[Verse]

Em D
These ideas are, nightmares to white parents
C D
whose worst fear is a child with dyed hair and who likes earrings
Em F#
Like whatever they say has no bearing
G A
It s so scary in a house that allows, no swearing
Em D
to see him walkin around with his headphones blaring
C D
Alone in his own zone, cold and he don t care
Em F#
He s a problem child, and what bothers him all comes out
G A
when he talks about, his fuckin dad walkin out
Em D
Cause he just hates him so bad that he, blocks him out
C D
If he ever saw him again he d probably knock him out
Em F#
His thoughts are whacked, he s mad so he s talkin back
G A
Talkin black, brainwashed from rock and rap
Em D
He sags his pants; doo rags and a stockin cap
C D
His step-father hit him so he, socked him back
Em F#
and broke his nose, his house is a broken home
G A
There s no control, he just let s his emotions go

[Chorus: Eminem]

Em
C mon! Sing with me (Sing!)

D
Sing for the year (Sing it)
C D
Sing for the laughter, sing for the tear (C mon!)
Em F#
Sing it with me, Just for today
C D B
Maybe tomorrow, the good Lord will take you away...

[Eminem]

Em D
Entertainment is changin, intertwinin with gangsters
C D
In the land of the killers a sinner s mind is a sanctum
Em F#
Holy or unnholy, only have one homie
G A
Only this gun - lonely cause don t anyone know me
Em D
Yet everybody just feels like they can relate
C D
I guess words are a motherfucker, they can be great
Em F#
or they can degrate; or even worse, they can teach hate
G A
It s like these kids hang on every single statement we make
Em D
like they worship us, plus all the stores ship us platinum
C D
Now how the fuck did this metamorphosis happen?
Em F#
From standin on corners and porches just rappin
G A
to havin a fortune, no more kissin ass
Em D
But then these critics crucify you, journalists try to burn you
C D
Fans turn on you, attorneys all want a turn at you
Em F#
to get they hands on every dime you have
G A
They want you to lose your mind every time you mad
Em D
So they can try to make you out to look like a loose cannon
C D
Any dispute won t hesitate to produce handguns
Em F#
That s why these prosecutors wanna convict me
G A
Strictly just to get me off of these streets quickly
Em D

But all they kids be listenin to me religiously

C

D

So I m signin CD s while police fingerprint me

Em

F#

They re for the judge s daughter but his grudge is against me

G

A

If I m such a fuckin menace this shit doesn t make sense B!

Em

D

It s all political, if my music is literal

C

D

and I m a criminal how the FUCK can I raise a little girl?

Em

F#

I couldn t; I wouldn t be fit to

G

A

You re full of shit too Guerrera - that was a FIST that hit you!

[Chorus: Eminem]

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D

Sing for the laughter, sing for the tear (C mon!)

Em

F#

Sing it with me, Just for today

C

D

B

Maybe tomorrow, the good Lord will take you away...

[Eminem]

Em

D

They say music can alter moods and talk to you

C

D

Well can it load a gun up for you and cock it too?

Em

F#

Well if it can, and the next time you assault a dude

G

A

Just tell the judge it was my fault, and I ll get sued

Em

D

See what these kids do is hear about us totin pistols

C

D

and they want to get one cause, they think the shit s cool

Em

F#

Not knowin we really just protectin ourselves

G

A

We entertainers, of course the shit s affectin our sales

Em

D

You ignoramus, but music is reflection of self

C

D

We just explain it, and then we get our checks in the mail

Em **F#**
 It s fucked up ain t it? How we can come from practically nothin
G **A**
 to bein able to have any fuckin thing that we wanted
Em **D**
 That s why we, sing for these kids who don t have a thing
C **D**
 except for a dream and a fuckin rap magazine
Em **F#**
 Who post pin-up pictures on they walls all day long
G **A**
 Idolize they favorite rappers and know all they songs
Em **D**
 Or for anyone who s ever been through shit in they lives
C **D**
 Til they sit and they cry at night wishin they d die
Em **F#**
 Til they throw on a rap record and they sit and they vibe
G **A**
 We re nothin to you - but we re the fuckin shit in they eyes
Em **D**
 That s why we, seize the moment try to freeze it and own it
C **D**
 Squeeze it and hold it, cause we consider these minutes golden
Em **F#**
 And maybe they ll admit it when we re gone, just let our spirits
G **A**
 live on through our lyrics that you hear in our songs and we can...

[Chorus: Eminem]

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C **D**
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Em **F#**
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C **D** **B**
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C **D** **B**

Maybe tomorrow, the good Lord will take you away...

[Solo/ outro]

Em - D - C - D

Em - F# - G - A

Em - D - C - D

Em - F# - G - A - B....

I d say its about 95% right enjoy