

# Aerosmith, Sing For The Moment

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 fuckin' dad walkin' out  
Cuz he just hates him so bad that he blocks him out  
But if he ever saw him again, he'd probably knock him out  
His thoughts are wacked, he's mad so he's talkin' back  
Talkin' black, brainwashed from rock and rap  
He sags his pants, do-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  
Come on...

Chorus:

Sing with me, sing for the year  
Sing for the laughter, sing for the tear  
Sing with me now, just for today  
Maybe tomorrow, the good Lord will take you away

Verse #2

Entertainment is changing, intertwinin' with gangsters  
In the land of the killers, a sinner's mind is a sanctum  
Only an unholy, only have one homie,  
Only this gun, lonely cuz don't anyone know me  
Yet everybody just feels like they can relate  
I guess words are a motherfucka, they can be great  
Or they can degrate, or even worse, they can teach hate  
It's like 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 standin' on corners and porches just rappin'  
To havin' a fortune, no more kissin' ass  
But then these critics crucify you, journalists try to burn you  
Fans turn on you, attorney's 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 offa these streets quickly  
But all their kids be listen'n to me religiously  
So i'm signing cds while police fingerprint me  
They're for the judge's daughter, but his grudge is against me  
If i'm such a fuckin' menace, this shit doesn't make sense, B  
It's all political, if my music is literal and 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, Guerrero, that was a fist that hit you!

Chorus

Verse #3

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, then 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 about us totin' pistols  
And they want to get one, cos they think this shit's cool  
Not knowin' we're really just protectin' ourselves  
We're entertainers; of course this 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 nothin'  
To bein' able to have any fuckin' thing that we wanted  
It's why we sing for these kids that don't have a thing  
Except for a dream and a fucking rap magazine  
Who post pinup pictures on their walls all day long  
Idolize their favorite rappers and know all they songs  
Or for anyone who's ever been through shit in they lives  
Till they sit and they cry at night, wishin they'd die  
Till they throw on a rap record, and they sit and they vibe  
We're nothing to you, but we're the fuckin' shit in their eyes  
That's why we seize the moment, and try to freeze it and own it  
Squeeze it and hold it, 'cos 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