Noir

Black Thought

A young inmate
Who knew his fate
Was truly great
Had to escape from the chains
That brought him to the States
To save face
He made more than a few mistakes
While back-tracing his roots
Like Henry Louis Gates
Respectfully, the trajectory
He remained in it
He tried to walk on water
Instead of wade in it
He went from cradle to grave
He's been a king of the slaves
The menagerie of America
He was made in it
Instead of waiting for Superman
His people had a plan
They were sticking it to the man
Whose energy was spent like solid gold
Uberman
'cause everything he did came back
Like a boomerang
A ruler without a throne
The ruins are not of Rome
Intruder without a home
A heart made out of stone
A blade made out of bone
The skin made out of copper tone
A loner that's not alone
The child that's got his own
N-O-I-R

N-O...
N-O-I-R...

The wave took some time to catch on
The spade was [?]
He wasn't afraid to press on
Neither was his child
Because he embraced the weapon
That aimed at the same prize
His eyes were kept on
Surviving on soup kitchens, bread lines
And newspaper clippings
When he was in the headlines
For being degradated
Segregated
And red-lined
For blue-collar crimes
That could've got him fed time
Where funds is critical
And sons is killable
That unfulfillable
40 acres, untillable
To make it [?]

Would've taken a miracle
I pray for the earth
The day the meat will inherit you
I'm singing as [?]
But couldn't lift every voice
Society in life and death
Is making a heavy choice
Lifting a heavy weight
With so much hella hate
That every day I wait
Is a reason to celebrate
N-O-I-R

N-O...
N-O-I-R...

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