

# Steak Um

Black Thought

Don't forget who I am, don't forget what I am  
I am a black dude  
And don't ever forget how I got here  
My ancestors were kidnapped  
I don't even know where the f\*ck I'm from  
They were put on the bottom of boats  
They sailed them across the Atlantic  
Many of them died, only the strongest survived  
And once they got here, they beat the humanity out of my people  
They turned us into beasts of burdens  
They made us do their work, and the irony is  
Hundreds of years later they're calling us lazy  
We fought in the Civil War, we damn near freed ourselves  
Now here we all are, 400-year nightmare  
Took us 400 years to figure out as a people  
That white people's weakness the whole time  
Was kneeling during the national anthem.

Hahahaha, heh, heh, heh, aw shit  
Yo, give my regards to Paris  
I make 'em go bananas for the noble savage  
Steak 'em, let 'em have it, allow me to establish  
The tone from a holdin' pattern above Saturn  
Listen, they told me I was bound to lose  
I had the crown to prove and f\*cked around and found the tools  
Coulda failed, but I'm more compelled, I torched the trails  
Of an Orson Welles, rock jewels big as oyster shells  
To go from showman to shaman is not common  
What's a goon to a goblin? What's a goblin to Amen Ra

When the God's been a problem? Now get your f\*ckin' shine box  
Before I put your party in a pine box  
Remember we was broke as a promise  
Let's be honest, them hard times scattered behind us  
Yachting through the Bahamas, 'bout to play St. Thomas  
Cabernet Sauvignon with Fabergé egg omelets

Uh, slide down  
Nigga gon' slide down Fig' like  
I parked the crooked 'cause the Sig pokin', ayy  
Eye for an eye, gon' keep the tears rollin', yeah  
I'm Beethoven to the bass swollen, yeah  
Starin' in the mirror, I was God's bonus  
Yeah, I ain't ask for shit, I was chose for this  
Plot twist, one day if my gifts got the homies chillin'  
Grooviest, hood politics, the Crips scholarships  
Gang foul, equal noose now, it ain't the same 'round  
Aw yeah, this lifestyle we livin', ayy  
Niggas turn to base heads from picture, ayy  
And leaned into the crack, got out of business, huh  
Now blacks doin' coke, what's the difference now?  
Pigs turn my loc' to a witness now (Shit, f\*ck, f\*ck)  
The stakes raised, well done, salute, uh  
This young loc done popped out the blue, uh  
Die young, I keep peace to shoot  
We all knew this sixteen's the truth, yeah  
Blacked out and I find out the scoop, brtt, ayy, woo