

Toby Mac

"Poetically Correct"

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Fresh air, (sigh),
Is what I needed
I ventured through my door
Proceeded
Into the streets of this place
I had to lower my shades to shield my face
Still squinting from the glare
What I saw was unfortunately rare
I rolled upon a variety
The sight that moved my heart
Deep inside of me
I heard some cats rockin mics
Saw mad stunts on BMX bikes
Sons and daughters
Standing for their rights
A city scene lit
Well through the night
Tilted trucker hats with tats
Hittin high hats
Pinstripe sellard suits
Invested mad beats
Truth
Distinct how we live it
Many members but only one spirit.

Individualized
You're on the same side
Separated vehicals
Huh!
We still ride
Well we bring it from nice to gritty
Read the sign kid, Diverse City.

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