

# Tobymac, Poetically Correct

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 shade 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 head 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 verticals  
Huh!  
We still ride  
Well we bring it from nice to gritty  
Read the sign kid, Diverse City.