

# The Griot

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## Eyes to the Street

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I can fly  
Yeah, I can fly!  
You may try to pin me down,  
But I know I can fly.

You may ask why I search for food in the trash  
And look for clothes others consider not fit for use.  
I posses wealth.  
Don't be fooled by the holes in my shoes,  
I traveled many lands,  
Eyes wandered between many books,  
And read many lines  
I'm a self taught scholar that lives below the poverty line.

And I own my own destiny.  
Ain't no employer sayin' shit to me,  
I own my own business, and that shit is me!!!  
It's all within me.  
The street historian. The street nobody.  
Spell k-n-o-w 'cause I know I'm somebody.  
I thrive!

And men try to do what I do,  
But they just waste their fuel on petty feuds,  
Mind and soul today are abused.  
I live for millions of years,  
And it's a shame,  
Year in and year out it's the same ol' thang.

People try to search me out!  
They're amazed what I about.  
I am the truth.  
Don't judge the truth by its appearance.  
The truth shines like a lie.