Eyes to the Street

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Available at: https://crossworks.holycross.edu/griot/vol2/iss1/13

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Eyes to the Street

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.