

# Travelin' Girl

## Dwele

Dude from the South)  
Yo, whassup dawg?  
Yo, ain't you Dwele, man?  
Man, you got a nice lil' girl right there witcha, too.  
She hot, man. Where y'all from, you from Detroit?  
Heard that man, yo, welcome to the South dawg.  
Them, yo, man them fronts, ain't hittin' on nothin tho dawg  
You gotta get some diamonds in ya mouth man  
I'ma take you over here to mah mans an'nem.  
Yeah, he'll hook you up, dawg...real good nah'mean?

(Verse 1)

Detroit...Lady  
I know you goin' crazy  
Everyday to the movies  
Friday's to Ruby Tuesday's  
When was the last time  
You left the city and moved around  
Cleveland and Chi-town, they don't count  
I'm talkin' 'bout flyin'  
More than a hour flight  
Shoney's, Waffle House delight  
You need some highway in ya life  
But don't bring no (purse?)  
Cop that when you get there...oooooooooh

(Chorus)

We can go...dirt down South  
We can get Bro's gold fronts for our mouth  
Temporaries...just for the week  
Let's see the world  
Hop in my...Chrysler 300  
Throw some longhorns...on the front bumper  
Just for the week...let's see the world  
My travelin' girl

(Verse 2)

So, you think you will travel (ooh)  
You seen the states, and, see the places  
You ate the food, seen many faces  
But you ain't seen it all  
You ain't never walked into

A store to find yo' dollar ain't shit

Find depression thru pounds and pence

And baby, that's my word

And...you ain't never stepped into

The street to look for traffic to find...

...it's not in front of you, it's behind

You move just in time to catch the bird...flip

You'll find out when you get there...ohhhh

(Chorus 2)

We can go...to London

Bring your umbrella, it's probably rainin'

No sunshine, but no complainin'

'cause we seein' the world (fly with me)

Picadilly Square...to Camden

Jazz cafe...walk right in

Catch a free show, 'fore we see the world

My travelin' girl

(Bridge)

First first stop Paris, France like a supastar

Hop hop on the stage make 'em chanter avec moi (\*sing with me\* in French)

Next next stop, Primo Concierto Italia

Bella bella, hold me down, I call 'em my frittalia

Third third stop Germany, come backstage

Bored in this hotel, might not (???)

All all these places my lady I been before

But I ain't never been to Monaco, so...

(Chorus 3)

We can go...to Monaco

No yacht, but, we can rent a boat

With the paddles, but we could roll slow

And see the world

Make love ripples...by the boat drift

Drink champipple...the semi-cheap shit

Just for the week, let's see the world

My travelin' girl

And, we can go...straight to the moon

Close your eyes and...let's make it true

Don't need no...astrosuit

To leave this world...and

We won't need...no spaceship

Just some oils...and a tight grip

For lift off...and we heaven sent

My travelin' girl

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