Travelin' Girl

The Bitters

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...ooooooh
(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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