Travellin' Man '09

Mac Miller

(Chorus)
Memories don't live like people do, they always remember you,
Whether things are good or bad, it's just the memories.
Memories don't live like people do baby don't forget me
I'm a traveling man, moving through places space and time,
Got a lot of things I got to do,
But lord willing I'm coming back to you, baby boo,
I'm a traveling man, moving through places space and time,
Got a lot of things I got to do
But god willing I'm coming back to you, baby boo.(Verse 1)
Ye I keep my bags packed, always back on the road,
Headed back to baby girl right after the show,
But now I got clothes, hoes, piff, and kicks,
Always twist a couple spiffs while I'm in the whip,
First thing I need the gas, hit the pump fill the tank up,
Tell my homie at the register to stay up,
I'm on the parkway feeling like the straight month,
Going through the tunnel bout to break up,
Phone gets hanged up, tunes turned way up the max,
Hit the L twice then pass it to the back breath,
My mediation coming in from recreation,
Ain't no pause or hesitation, trying to catch my respiration,
I ain't never had no patience, so I'm hardly ever waiting,
Just creating money making, with creative preparation,
Sink all these cats with false representation,
Two bigger words maybe need some translation,
Intellectual boy figurative language,
And that there, that ain't shit
(uh) You feel me? The high life and I'm gone.(Chorus)
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But god willing I'm coming back to you, baby boo.(Verse 2)
My plane coming down and I'm happy to land,

Every time I got to go my girl grabbing my hand,
Trying to pull me back to her, and as mad as I am,
I gotta make this money I'm a traveling man,
So through airplane, boat, or packed in a van,
Baby I'ma hurry back to you as fast as I can,
It don't matter what I gotta do,
Dreams I gotta follow you,
Love is what I'm falling to,
And ever do I follow through,
So ima put it all on you,
Just know that I ain't got a clue,
But baby i be watching you copping you some Prada shoes,
Hurt me when I watch the news,
The doctor is in the hospitals trying to heal the sick,
But all their chances is impossible,
Giving the word like literature spitting the verse,
For all of those who live in the Berg,
I travel the word the land and the sea,
Here to open up your mind,
Just hand me the key.(Chorus)
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