

## **Sammy Kershaw F/ Lorrie Morgan**

### **"Travel"**

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[Chorus]

Yo we travel like the wind across the rotten fruited plain  
We travel like the blood that surrounds your brain  
Atmosphere has landed, demandin that we raise the  
curve  
Expand the kingdom, all heads of the earth

[Slug]

Once in a great while one has the heart to approach us  
but usually comes up close, he didn't know who it was  
the name travels further than the face  
he did not recognize the profile  
only saw an mc for him to waste but no child, that ain't  
the case  
go find yourself a cause  
I take advantage of your flaws and climb into yo  
drawers  
now did it damage your jaws  
when it dropped and hit the pavement  
it shot, that's why they keep me locked  
underneath the basement a lot  
letting me out jus to eat and shit  
and ever so often jus to keep me fit  
they gimme a new mc to rip to pieces  
grip their neck, release is out of the question  
maybe they'll let me out if I make a good impression  
so please don't make it personal when I flush me  
through your veins  
consider yourself a big part of that great mc food chain  
and take your spot in the circle with pride  
reps die, with dignity if you let em  
and when they do, i respect them, welcome  
the cure for your suffering, tell them it's pure  
no subtle hints of weak substances cuttin it  
I chuckle when evil and pride collide with judgement  
add that to your buzz and the results is malfunction  
no longer should I listen to your babble  
too many coming off the deep end  
where it's steady, stream, and shallow  
I have no remorse for those that drop some, they all  
drop

until then imma stay on top of heads like a bald spot

[Chorus]

We travel like the wind across the rotten fruited plain  
We travel like the blood that surrounds your brain  
Atmosphere has landed, demandin that we raise the  
curve  
so unravel your thoughts and come across in a verse

[Slug]

Yo I sold my car to the junk yard, couldnt fuck with the  
insurance  
gave me forty bucks, bought a bus card and lunch at  
bergins  
for fun I drain the essence from life forms of messes  
deal with daily stresses, and keep my mic warm with  
message  
ive learned how to hack my keys in the matter of  
arrogance and confidence  
contributing to my ego trips and accomplishments  
hes on some shit, no not yet, I'm jus follow my path  
I don't eat my words as often as I swallow my laugh  
apollo is back, landed on the 4-shay, and everythings  
okay  
according to commercials for the lowback yoplay  
and I know that theres no way to say what you need to  
hear  
so I take the long way to your brain and put some flavor  
in your ear  
like using a clever on cantalope, leave your plans at  
hope  
on the shoudler with the road-kill carcasses for those  
skilled smart-asses  
atmosphere coming clear to the ?runway to entertain?  
?blast the bag? and scoop up all the brains

[Chorus] - repeat 2X

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