

Common Sense F/ Vinia Mojica

"Travellin' Man"

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[Intro]

Yeah yo yo what time the plane leavin?
Ahhh alright, I'll see you at the airport
{*samples of "r-r-r-rock on"*}

[Chorus]

Memories don't live like people do
They always remember you
Whether things are good or bad, its just the memories

Memories don't live like people do-o
Baby don't forget me, I'm a travellin' man
Movin through places, space and time
Gotta lotta things i got to do
God willin' I'm comin back to you
My baby boo

I'm a travellin' man
Movin through places, space and time (space and
tiiime)
Gotta lotta things i got to do
But God willin' I'm comin back to you
Baby boo
I'm leavin

[Verse 1]

Well go 'head and leave
The call heard 'round the world from the wives of MC's
These cats is playin more than half a pound
My garment bag I snatch it down
Ain't got the state but we could prob'ly run a blacker
town
Scenarios like this is tear jerkers
For the modern MC, i.e. the blue collar worker
Cause this thing called rhymin' no different from coal
minin'
We both on assignment to unearth the diamond
When you start climbin'
And then I start shinin'
You be strugglin' and strivin'
And they think you prime-timin'

Maintain and keep silent, make note, an observation
This confrontation
This is the daily operation
My concentration
Stay focused on my recitation
'Bout to reach my destination with no pause or
hesitation
Baby make the preparation cause this ain't no
recreation
This is Pro Ball!
And we lettin you know y'all
At the show y'all
Doin' this for dough y'all
Get the phone call
And I'm ready to blow y'all
'Bout to go y'all
Been a pleasure to know y'all
And I'm lettin' you know that...

[Chorus]

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G-d willin I'm comin back to you
My baby boo

I'm a travellin' man
Movin through places, space and time(space and
tiiime)
Gotta lotta things i got to do
But in time I'm comin back to you
Baby boo
I'm leavin

[Verse 2]

But God willin' I'll be back home
To drop these heavy ass bags up off my backbone
Around the world with a catalog of rap songs
My baby girl is walkin, been away for that long
But no you haven't well least that's how it seem to me
My home town is like a whole different scenery
The old timers on the stoop leaning leisurely
The new jacks up in the bar smokin greenery
Easily taken for granted when you up in it but its sweet
scented
When you been down for a minute

Move around city limits
Break it down with the vintage
The innovative
Classical B-Boy image
Collect the winnings
Cause that's the reason that we came here
This thing is not a game here
The fortune not the fame here
From New York to the Cakalaks
Cali in the Cadillacs
Chicago know we innovate
Infiltrate Virginia State
DC make me stimulate
Philly know we penetrate
Georgia make us generate
Let's set a date to get the papes
They celebrate to my jams in foreign lands
Even your mans in Japan know who I am
Minasan, like everybody out in Nippon
Say ichiban, may God have well where you're getting
from
Phenomenon, 'scuse me that's a phone call
Its the show y'all
Tryin' to get this dough y'all
'Bout to blow y'all
Been a pleasure to know y'all
And I'm lettin' you know that...

[Chorus]

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tiiime)
Gotta lotta things i got to do
But G-d willin I'm comin back to you
Back to you

I'm leeeaaavvvinnn'!
I'll be back to you
I'm leeeaaavvvinnn'!
I'll be back to you

All over the world we go
DC all over the world we go
VA all over the world we go
The ?Cakalaks? all over the world we go
London all over the world we go
Japan we go over the world we go
Paris we go over the world we go

{*beat playing in background and samples of "r-r-r-
rock on"*}
1-2, 1-2...All aboard!

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