

## Dwele "Travelin' Girl"

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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 (\*something 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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