

Zion I & The Grouch

"Trains & Planes"

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[Verse 1-Zion]

Listen, hey yo, I'm lost on the road, then nowhere to go
Two thousand miles from home, my life is a show
On a plane, in a van, my click got contraband
Water or the land, Japan or Amsterdam
Hold tight, sonny, we gotta get that money
And bring it home soon, and cruise to Cancun
I miss my bed, marijuana and mushrooms
They treat me hella bad when I'm sittin' in customs

[Verse 2-The Grouch]

I woke up in a foreign land
You see, I had to leave this town in search of sound
and explore the man
No court orders, just the ball in my court
Life's callin', I'm all in, fall in left at the fort
My breath's for breathin', like eyes are for seein'
I'm sort of more bein' alive, and if you're dreamin'
That's fine, I'm movin' on city to city and back
And that's home, none is as pretty as that

[Hook-Zion]

We take Planes, Trains, automobiles
Ride around the world and collect more skril
But when we get gone, I miss my home
Once we get gone...
We take Planes, Trains, automobiles
Ride around the world and collect more skril
But when we get gone, I miss my home
Once we get gone...

[Verse 3-The Grouch]

Gazin' out the window of the 747
Tryin' to keep grounded, braise, level-headed
Get phrase, because I know my people miss me
And I wanna return with that bacon crispy
I navigate the expedition because I'm a trooper
Come home with discoveries, exploring new truths
So lovely, we movin' free throughout time
Experience what is, and then appreciate mines

[Verse 4-Zion]

I'm on a jetliner flyin', race through the sky and
Give me some space, some water, please, when I'm
rhymin'
Keep the rum and henny 'cause it doesn't do me any
"I want some hardcore", I'm 'bout to give you plenty
Like the blunts and the brizzles, the flirtation sizzles
You know you shouldn't touch her down deep in the
middle
But you still wanna fiddle, though it's way past fo'
You and her already know that she fittin' to go, for sho'

[Verse 5-The Grouch (The Zion)]

I grew up on fresh air with hippies
Now I suck smog around wanna be 50's
So far from the start, I just need a round trip
Me, I'm Heaven bound to this
(To the next city, a pity, twenty more shows
Twenty more days in stank and dirty clothes
A young brother get along when he out on the road
On this flow, I feel like headin' for home)

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[Verse 6-Zion (The Grouch)]

Get back, kick raps, forgettin' where we at
On the atlas, do a mapquest, roger that
Travel on one, even though I'm long, gone up, gone
Everything up under the sun, all on a drum, one
(Sunsets forever, that's just my pleasure
Return to center, begin a new era
Must make the journey to bring it all with me
A daily commute as the world keeps turning)

[Hook-Zion]

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