

Artist: guru

Title: The traveler

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Somethin to motivate to
Somethin to motivate you
The more travellin I do
The more wise I become

I'm the traveler, I go place to place
They see my face, then I'm gone
I'm the traveler, I go place to place
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Yes the traveler, always on the move (keep it movin baby)
Makin power moves, devourin the grooves
Goin, city to city with the illest force (aiyyo)
Spannin the glove like Wild World of Sports
I go to Japan, with plans to slam (aight)
I go to Spain and England, with knowledge to bring them
(crazy knowledge) I go to Holland, and then to Germany
You better learn to see I'll be here for eternity (a long time)
I go to Switzerland and travel to Sweden
and give the real heads jewels that they needin (droppin jewels)
I go to Italy and also to France
with the chance to enhance the dance (c'mon)
I tore up mad spots doin shows all over
I wreck the stage, with East coast flavor (East coast)
but I go out West too, and build with my peoples (true)
Some can't conceive how I do what I do

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Around the world and back yo, the steelo is fat yo (huge)
From blocks to continents, with mad impact (SMASH)
I got it like that, ringin bells in the street
Midwest to Down South, I turn it out, kapeesh? (you understand?)
Wherever I go, they give it up (uh-huh)
They wanna see me on the stage when I rip it up (rip it up)
Uptown, downtown, Crooklyn, Queens, Strong Island
Bronx, Shaolin, New Jersey, the brothers know I'm worthy (right)
Got to get the dough, got to run the show
My mental pops the topics when it's time to flow (word)
With expertise, I release more techniques than 1200
Style's more than a 100 (mad styles) yes I run it
More game than a little, MC's dribble from the mouth when I hit
(uh-huh) The fuse is lit, makin your whole crew split
No myth (word), yeah
I'm whippin evil everywhere, ratification severely severe
(aight) So clearly you hear
Original aspects unlimited, significant thoughts
that make me different than (different than)
most men who play the edge too close
And while they fall, I fill halls coast to coast (everywhere)
The dressing rooms I roam in is the scent of blessings (boom)
soon as we rockets to the next spot to wreck em
I put the pure in the store, I got the cure (c'mon)
Like a doc-tor, switchin from planes, to helicopters
MC's with your fake scowls, you smell foul, so I drop ya
(you stink) And then I walked away with your propers (allathat)
Of course I had stop ya
See now you lost your spot ta.. the traveler

Makin it right