

# The Traveler

Guru

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  
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Yes, the traveler always on the move  
Makin' power moves devourin' the grooves  
Goin' city to city with the illest force  
Spannin' the glove like Wild World of Sports

I go to Japan with plans to slam  
I go to Spain and England with knowledge to bring them  
I go to Holland and then to Germany  
You better learn to see I'll be here for eternity

I go to Switzerland and travel to Sweden  
And give the real heads jewels that they needin'  
I go to Italy and also to France  
With the chance to enhance the dance

I tore up mad spots doin' shows all over  
I wreck the stage with East coast flavor  
But I go out West too and build with my peoples  
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  
From blocks to continents, with mad impact  
I got it like that ringin' bells in the street  
Midwest to Down South, I turn it out, kapeesh?

Wherever I go, they give it up  
They wanna see me on the stage when I rip it up  
Uptown, downtown, Crooklyn, Queens, Strong Island  
Bronx, Shaolin, New Jersey, the brothers know I'm worthy

Got to get the dough, got to run the show  
My mental pops the topics when it's time to flow  
With expertise, I release more techniques than 1200  
Style's more than a 100, yes, I run it

More game than a little, MC's dribble from the mouth when I hit  
The fuse is lit, makin' your whole crew split

No myth, yeah, I'm whippin' evil everywhere  
Ratification severely severe so clearly you hear

Original aspects unlimited, significant thoughts  
That make me different than most men  
Who play the edge too close  
And while they fall, I fill halls coast to coast

The dressing rooms, I roam in is the scent of blessings  
Soon as we rockets to the next spot to wreck 'em  
I put the pure in the store, I got the cure

Like a doctor, switchin' from planes to helicopters  
MC's with your fake scowls, you smell foul so I drop ya  
And then I walked away with your props of course I had stop ya  
See now you lost your spot to the traveler

Makin' it right