

# Zion I & The Grouch, Trains And Planes

(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 skill  
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 skill  
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)

(Hook: Zion)

We take Planes, Trains, automobiles  
Ride around the world and collect more skill  
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 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)  
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  
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