

Paris, Tokyo

Lupe Fiasco

I know, I know
but I gotta get up outta here.
You know?
I gotta pay these bills.
I got a show to do.
You know?
One time, for your mind. Let's go to sleep in Paris,
and wake up in Tokyo,
have dream in New Orleans,
fall in love in Chicago.
Man.
I love her
and I hate to leave her lonely.
Ring, ring went the iPhone.
It was my homie.
He said, "Let's hit Japan.
If we can make 'em jam,
we can make a hundred grand,
spend in the south of France."
Nothing further.
I jump, grab my Go Yard trunk.
I'm ready to walk it out like Unk
in my John Lennon Chucks.
That's when I heard Murda.
You're killing me, you're filling me
with sorrow.
Sunrise goodbyes,
and missing you tomorrows
I turn to see my dream
love supreme queen
meanest thing on the scene, cry.
I drop my bags in a flash.
That's faster than 180
on that dasher
to dry your tears.
And wipe the rain from my dear,
like dad's shirt.
You're the dame
who's the username to all my passwords.
The reason I get fly is Ivan Jasper.
I even keep your picture in my passport.
(love, love)

Let's go to sleep in Paris,
and wake up in Tokyo,
have dream in New Orleans,
fall in love in Chicago.

Man.

And we can land in the Motherland,
camelback 'cross the desert sands,
and take a train
to Rome,
or home,
Brazil,
for real.

Wherever I go, she go.
Wherever I go, she go. So let's keep it
real.

All in together,
Free Chill!

Tell a stewardess to throw a movie
on the real,
heat up my Kosher meal,
exchange my dollar bills,
lean back in my first class seat,
and sleep.

Don't wake me 'til I land
where they barely understand
what I speak,
but they nod to my
beats.

I tell my fans who I am
and they stand
and they clap, they applaud.
They love me, my God.

Otsukare sama deshita
or maybe au revoir
esprit on St. Henry
and back to Charles de Gaul.
So I can get home and tell her
everywhere that I've been and
everything that I've done and

tell her that she's the one and um Let's go to sleep in Paris,
and wake up in Tokyo,
have dream in New Orleans,
fall in love in Chicago.

Man.

And we can land in the Motherland,
camelback 'cross the desert sands,
and take a train
to Rome,
or home,

Brazil,
for real.
Wherever I go, she go.
Wherever I go, she go. Uh, guess who's back in the
house
with a bunch of souvenirs
and a smile for your mouth.
I really missed you. Each and
Every night I kissed you
in my dreams 'fore I went to sleep
to La-la land to count them sheep.
I swear you're looking prettier than ever.
It's got to be a prophecy for us to stay together
evermore.
For better or less or poor
or worth our weight in buried treasure
X's on the shore.
I know my world tour is like war to you.
But Ian said, "Aloha."
and Harley said, "Cheers."
Julian said, "Bonjour."
Vigo was like "Yeah!"
Amanda and le Messi
wondering when we're going there
Edison sends his love,
so does the rest of the club
of the international playboys and playgirls.
But I revoked my membership,
all for my tenderness.
She said, "Pursue your interests,
'cause even if I'm ticketless,
I'll be there
by your side,
in your heart,
on your mind."
So as I taxi down another runway,
I gotcha. Who loves you, babe?
Now bring it back, now Let's go to sleep in Paris,
and wake up in Tokyo,
have dream in New Orleans,
fall in love in Chicago.
Man.
And we can land in the Motherland,
camelback 'cross the desert sands,
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Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>