

## A Tribe Called Quest "Footprint"

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[Q-TIP]

As we start trudgin'  
Me and my brothas we be lookin' and be buggin'  
Vehicles of life they be rollin' and be mergin'  
Searchin' for the virgins of life  
They'll be shovin' out the door of that's crack  
The valley's of time, are always on my feet  
As least the beat will combine  
The calluses and corns with the funky bassline  
You don't need underdog for a nickel shoeshine or the  
shoes that's phat  
Well can I get a level on the bass and on the treble  
Footin' up and down like a UNLV Rebel  
The answer be amongst us, well we rarely dig  
acoustics  
Can't be too much flackin', not too much packin'  
You must contain in that at least to dip your hip in rap  
Your feet will be infectious so at least realise the fact  
The rhythms are insertive and the nurse can be  
converted  
This ain't rock 'n' roll cos the rap is in control  
If your a megastar would you buy you a car?  
I'd rather go barefootin', for prints I will be puttin'  
All over the earth if we can get there first  
Now that we are in it, Footprints will be imprinted  
So if you recognise em', you can try to size em'  
They'll probably be the one's with the size now flyin'  
All over the field, you won't have to yield  
If you want protection you can hide behind the shield

[Q-TIP]

You can gain on the gallons if you really need to rock  
Look we walk while we talk as we stompin' through the  
block  
Hand in hand cross the land as Muhammad cross the  
fade  
It's a Tribe who meanders, precious like a jade  
It's a art, Theo arch rhymes the ground their placed  
upon  
The mind will unwind, it will soft to beyond  
Catch the track, track by track, get a map to track a trail

You will find yourself behind for a map does not prevail  
See the levels peakin' as the rhythms keep a screechin'  
A Quest, oh yes a Quest, inside the jam I will keep  
preachin'  
The point, oh yes the point, because it's close but yet  
so far  
The loudness is ringin' as we scoot across the star  
We are bulgin' I'm indulgin' in a rat-a-tat-tat  
Explanation for the liners that the rhythm is phat  
Keep it wild, wide and deep, you can dig it in a jeep  
But dig it in the ground because your foot print now

[Q-TIP]

If there's a storm that's brewin', it won't keep us from  
doin'  
our thing as we start swingin', travellin' is bringin'  
joy inside the domes as we hit the road to roam  
A chair is not a chair, a house is not a home  
Because my skin is brown, yo' I'm gonna' do the town  
Rub it in the face and rub my feet all through the place  
When you get your finger on the music it'll linga'  
Sing a song o' sixpence, sing it like a singa'  
A Nubian, a Nubian, a proud one at that  
Remember me the brotha' who said "Black is Black"  
You can come while we quest, I don't play, I don't just  
Get emotions off your chest, we are black, we the best  
Makin' moves, makin' motions, flowin' like an ocean  
The walkin' will continue, we know that we will bring you  
The times that you have waited, long anticipated  
Be gone but not for long because the feet will stay  
strong

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