

# Footprints (feat. CeeLo Green)

## A Tribe Called Quest

As we start trudgin', me and my brothers, we be lookin' and be buggin'  
Vehicles of life, they be rollin' and be mergin'  
Searchin' for the virgins of life  
That be shovin' out the door, that's crack  
The valleys of time are always on my feet  
As least the beat will combine  
The calluses and corns, with the funky bass-line  
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 U-N-L-V rebel  
The answer be amongst us 'cause we rarely dig acoustics  
Can't be too much flackin', not too much packin'  
You must container that, at least to dip your hand in rap  
Your feet will be infectious, so at least realize the fact  
The rhythms are inserted, and the nurse can be converted  
This ain't rock 'n' roll 'cause the rap is in control  
If you're a megastar, worth will 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 are bein' printed,  
So if you recognize 'em you can try to size 'em.  
They'll probably be the ones with the size not fryin'  
All over reveal, you won't have to yield  
If you want protection you can hide behind the shield  
You can game on the gallons if you really need to rock  
But 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 placed upon  
The mind will unwind, it will soft to beyond  
Catch the track, track by trac, 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 could dig it in a jeep  
But dig it in the ground because the foot print now  
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 linger  
Sing a song o' sixpence, sing it like a singer  
A Nubian, a Nubian, a proud one at that  
Remember me? The brother who said, 'black is black'  
You can come by request, I don't play, I don't dress  
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, more anticipated  
Be gone, but not for long, because the feet will stay strong

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damlyrics.com/>