

Footprints (Doc Martin's mix)

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 loudiness 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

Songwriters

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