Footprints

Bethlehem Struluckt

[Q-Tip]
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.

[Q-Tip]
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.

[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 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 powered by lyrics.tancode.com
written by Murray, Andrew Ian / Rawlings, Nathan James / Vine, Glenn William / Higgins, Marc / White, Scott
Lyrics Â© Kobalt Music Publishing Ltd., Sony/ATV Music Publishing LLC, EMI Music Publishing

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/