Footsteps (Produced By DJ Khalil)

Clipse

Follow the leader exhaust pipes and breathers,
The flash from the barrel turns bullies to believers,
The time of the life make the bitches wanna keep ya,
This is my reality want it well let me teach yaFollow my footsteps who tragically en-triumph
Through flows I give you mind comft
Kilos consign dem, do as I say like Simon
And you too will diamond blind hunI'm on my Dylan Dillinger, flow just killin' ya
Ya wonder why the real ain't feelin ya, ya fraudin'
I masoned y'all martin margedem?
O's together since H-O-V was named rotten Charles Jordan
Yeah I kept em noddin', snorting, slobbin', barfin', then bought cars off em
The realest rapper that unwrapped and docked em,
If you can fit these shoes then walk em, I parked em[Chorus]
It could've been a corner, but I had to save my soul (save my soul)
I'm out there chasing my dreams lookin' for a place to go (place to go)
Tryin' to get up out the ghetto come follow with my footsteps
Damn it maybe middle? then follow with my footsteps
Cause if ya don't it might be dangerIt's not for you to do as I do rather do as I say
These footsteps could lead you astray,
Lead you to the cell or lead you to a grave
Either way you may never see the light of day
Don't let my wrongs do you the right away
To immolate my past escapin' the lords grasp
Told you the truth yet who was I to brag
Especially seeing how? Armani fines ain't hard to last
I miss my homie but she's missing her dad
It weighs on my conscious and I hate conscious rap
Apart from that I wish to see you succeed
So I speak to my people on the spirit of Chuck D
You behind the glass trust me and cut deep
Then the words to every verse on it me in my sleep
So now what you see is malice and contradiction
People have hears hope you listenin' come on[Chorus]Follow me like twitter nigga you can check my time line
I'm the quiet one but my intellect is Einstein
I'm so ennerd by the shit that I've observed
Just lookin' at you coons got a nigga lost for words
Verge of insanity I'm at my crossroads
Shame on the birds that led em like lost souls
We got it wholesale we move it like Cosco's

Mercy on the court left us standin' here heart brokeI thought you how to cut it, cook it on hot stoves
I thought you how to share em, when fucking with hot hos
Thought you how to rock right shit up on your toes
I thought you how to smile for the camera when heart broke
I been the inspiration for all you industry dick tasters
To you local dream chasers I am king bush
I set the stage for all these people being hooked
I weigh mountains while all them niggas just sayin' hooksOoh Ooh Ooh your momma's there
Ooh Ooh Ooh your grand momma's there
Ooh Ooh Ooh your baby sister's there[Chorus]

Songwriters
Thornton Jr, Gene Elliott / Thornton, Terrence Le Varr / Honeycutt, Brian / Unknown, WritersPublished by
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