

Horrorshow f/ Spit Syndicate

"Neighbourhood Hit"

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[Solo] Yes, yes, Solo MC Nick Lupi, Just Enuf Haha
"there goes the neighbourhood" One two, one two
Oneday Crew coming through to a neighbourhood near
you [Just Enuf] Well I'ma take 'em home past memory
lane Going eighty miles while I blow dust off it, let me
explain I'ma tell it how it was said to me same Saturday
in September, forget the weather but remember the
train A dead grey ghost embedded with flames, I
didn't get it Hype mag in my man's room, I went and
read it He said "You wanna bomb the lines?", replied
as if my shit ain't stank "Bank on it, I'ma get my credit"
Every tag on the wall's like a line from the credits Just
because you seen it ain't mean that you read it Mics,
markers, douse the flame, embrace darkness Grant
your wish, life after Self doubt, guess I got that from
my father But my drive outweighed it by far To the real
fans, get 'em up, KBM the stadium we getting up
Whoever get there first, hit us up [Chorus: Solo] + (Spit
Syndicate) One day is what we chase But now we out
for much more than fame I guess some things change
(We used to try to keep the neighbourhood hit Now the
same dudes is tryna write the neighbourhood hit) Went
from back lanes to backstage and now we spray words
without paint Time waits for no man and so we got no
time to waste (It's just me and my brothers, you chilling
with none other) [Solo] Step up in the place with the
swagger of a genuine pride It's the return of the kids
bombing mainline Spitting rhymes written by the same
drive that had us out till daybreak hitting the train line
Laces strapped, tins tucked in your backpack Chasing
dreams that we traced out of graff mags We studied
lessons from a culture of kings Who could have what
tomorrow would bring? See there are walls in the
streets round my neighbourhood that read like photo
albums Moments in time, frozen for those who know
about 'em Snapshots of kids growing up staking their
claim And now the very same kids is tryna blow it up
And there's been some stormy weather but whatever
Believe that me and my brothers, we weather it
together till I'm old and grey and my words fade away
like plum purple in the sun's rays, I'ma rep the Oneday

[Chorus] [Nick Lupi] Two hands are what we made it
with A labour of love and long days with it Writing the
score and setting the stage Product of the very same
pavement that plotted the gradient If I could get a taste
of it, I could run away with it I recall vividly the infamy
attained The names that rang out through the halls that
lifted me Same imagery of fame, long reins had little
me Trying to write my timpanis into the same
symphony Footsteps of kings in my neighbourhood
streets The legendary crews and the fabled old beefs
We were coming up quick trying to figure our piece My
best friends and I, no limit to the reach You can see it in
my eyes, I can't hide the pride and privilege I feel
standing right beside 'em Theme music to the dream,
the Oneday team and it won't stop till that one day's
seen, y'knahmean? [Chorus] "I be in class dreaming
bout Fifty-thousand fans up in the stands screaming
out" - Black Thought

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