

Politic Live f/ Alexandra Lane

"Spider Hill"

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[Dirt Gritie]

Spider Hill, did dirt, played around got hurt
Back, back, back in the days when hand me down
shirts
Was what I used to rock
Cousins, aunties, grandma all under one rooftop
Now let's continue to talk
If my bike broke down I continue to walk
Steal a bike from the park use it for parts
Mr. Get-It-Together I'd eat soup with a fork, shit
And that's the way it would be
If you couldn't get it legit then get it for free
Still I never had much too many mouths to feed
But I stayed content cause they fed my needs
And that's for sheezy my neezy
We go hard because nothing comes easy
In this world of shit you gotta go for self
Been, poor before now I'm going for wealth

[Chorus - Alexandra Lane - 1X]

If you could know how I feel
If you could know how I feel
Something like this is so real
Something like this
A wound that time will heal
A wound that time will heal
All this time and we're still
Chillin' on Spider Hill

[Bigga Nolte]

No one said, growing up would be easy
Just had enough food to feed me, believe me
Shared a bunk bed with my brothers beneath me
You may not believe me, it's not like TV
I wasn't living in no Cosby Show
Had 12 mouths to feed and only one stove
Jamaicans on that long quest for more
I'm a living testament that the world is yours
Had to move on, I had to grow up
Had to get it on my own, and show'em what's up
Tryn'a drive big trucks, escapades of escalades

I grab the mic, and rush the stage
Had to wait for the days like this
Seems like yesterday, I had ackee and salt fish
For breakfast, yo I miss those days
Those rainy days, I'm glad that they passed away

[Chorus - Alexandra Lane - 1X]

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[Young Mav]

Poverty's Paradise, is that it's found in despair
No heat, no food, no pain, no care
Come if you will to my adolescence
Where, Spider Hill, was where we represented
It's kind of crazy what we take for granted
Never asking our women how they manage
Many nights Momma cried herself to sleep
Torn between fees and the mouths of her seeds
Divide the pay, but whatever you do
Make sure Shamarie got some lunch for school
Single parent syndrome, when the man ain't home
They do the best they can to raise us men
I used to stare out my window and drift away
Wondering why you stayed in JA
Time will tell and what time has told
Playa bundle up cause the world is cold

[Chorus - Alexandra Lane - 1X]

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[Outro - Alexandra Lane - 1X]

There was a time we used to play
Hopscotch with girls from round the way
Spider Hill a place from where we came
Right around the block from Auntie J
Ackee and salt fish everyday
And bumping tracks by Kid & Play

Come take a trip through memory lane
And come ride bikes with me again

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