

Spider Hole

Billy Woods

Holdin' my breath in the crawl space, weight taped to my body
Barbarians at the gate, Benghazi
Wait, tape ain't even out yet, how the hell they get a copy?
Survived by the grace of Grace Mugabe
Averted eyes advised passin' through the building lobby
You don't want smoke?
National Geographic, negroes cookin' coke
Anthropologists watch the negro sell dope
On huddled corners, corner stores jot notes
Hand-to-hand, much as they forefathers before
It's a good trope, trope (It's a good trope)
Fascinating stuff
Thumb and forefinger where the cobra clutched
Four million USD hoverin' over some mud huts, it's nuts
It's not the heat, it's the dust
Sour when the wind gust, crushed

Wry smile, coppin' legal weed from fake hole in the wall
I don't wanna go see Nas with an orchestra at Carnegie Hall
No man of the people, I wouldn't be caught dead with most of y'all
"Don't call me again" what I shoulda said when he called
Wry smile, coppin' legal weed from fake hole in the wall
I don't want to go see Nas with an orchestra at Carnegie Hall
No man of the people, I wouldn't be caught dead with none of y'all
"Don't call me again" what I'll say when you call

It's just me in the spider hole, that's the best part
From here, the war seem really far, the mirror was a shard
No beef, I cooked the chicken in lard
Crept in your house like a thief, perhaps a window ajar
First time I saw them put a trap in the car, eyes wide
Felt like the internet, snipers in the minaret
Little tiny spoon for the mignonette
The job was to sit there all day and press refresh
Declined politely, proceeded to spread the blame widely
Rubber gloves, crisp lapels
Bloodshot in high society, he know his turds don't smell
To the desperate, sold spells
Confident I'd never see 'em again
And if so, what? You get what you pay for in the end

Yeah, she's got her own game goin' on
What does that mean?
You know what it means
You've got your own game goin' on
I've got my game
What- what's, uh, what's your game?
Everybody's got a game