

# Hard Wit No Hoe

KMD

I wish I could go along with you but I do have a problem. I've got  
My (Soul!) but I can't find my (Damn Hoe!) Poor X not only do I headswear from headsets  
Full time Era come at X from knockin' Z's correct  
Next step's to count sheep  
But too many sheep ain't jumpin' hurdles they sleep  
Yeah they sleep I think I'll check a shorter story  
Title Bo's Hoe sound's boring perfect for these  
Sleepless nights, though I feel quite over-aged  
Yeah, I know turn the page Ha-ha huh let's begin  
Book-marks the first page  
And reads once upon an age in a far far land  
Lived three farmers, Tom, Sam and Bo of course  
From behind Tom's black fence Tom peeps across  
Just to witness Sam's crop business  
Boomin' like the big guy's, but get this  
Sam sold to uncles and cousins, poor Tom crams  
He sold his to get a fence like Sam (yeah)  
Page 2 Sam view's the sight -  
What goes at Bo's over his picket white  
Slowly he peeks only to see Bo plantin'  
Sweet potatoes with his brand new hoe  
Bo sees Sam but's not frettin', more sweatin'  
Thinkin' about steppin' to the crib, forgettin'  
'Bout his brand new hoe, Old Mickey D would say Sam's tricky  
The plot thickens, onto page 3 Top of the mornin', sun's up, skies are blue  
Once nothin then cock-a-doodle-doo  
All three knew this tool more than well  
Sure beats alarm bells, they induce head swells  
Well, clock says Sam's off to tend to his crop  
Time says Farmer Tom's off to mop  
Bo's up and at 'em, then twitches one eye  
For something here is not quite cipher  
"E-I-E-I-O!" screamed Bo  
"Left on my lawn, now it's gone, where's my hoe?  
O woe is me, how will I ever plant seeds  
Lay the fertilizer, dig up the weeds?  
Plus make true my foremost desire  
To get a picket fence and trash the chicken wire?"  
By, uh, 100% life gets hard

When one hoe goes from one's garden  
Cleared tears from eyes then Little Bo peeped  
Through a hole in Sam's six foot fence  
Where Sam was seen plantin' tall and short pea plants  
Hence the moral of the fable  
Always keep a boring book on your night table  
A Tom is not able  
But when you grow up to be a farmer keep an eye on your yard  
'Cause with no hoe it's hard

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