

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

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnyrics.com/>