

Can-o-corn

Coolio

Back in the days when I was a young buck
Stuck like a truck gettin' shit outta luck
Times was rough and I didn't have a plan
I was barely on the edge of my life as a man
It's really fucked up when there's dope in the crib
No food in the kitchen for the motherfuckin' kids
That's why a young nigga learned how to steal, see
Shopliftin' laid me a whole lotta meals
But I remember days when the cupboard was bare
And life was unfair but who the fuck cares?
I still hear momma, what she used to tell me
That you don't get shit in this life for free
And even if I never ever make it to the mountain top
Fuck it! I fight for my hip-hop
Not everybody can relate to what I been through
Even though some front and they try to pretend to
Know about the life of a kid and the strife
Where he has to live in the shadow of a base pipe
Good goes to bad, bad goes to worse
And pretty soon he's stealin' from his own momma's purse
So clean out ya ears and open up your eyes
I reach out to touch but somebody moved the sky
My stomach is growlin', word is born
'Cause all I had for dinner was a can-o-corn
A can-o-corn, a can-o-corn
All I had for dinner was a can-o-corn
A can-o-corn, a can-o-corn
Before I went to school, I had a can-o-corn
A can-o-corn, a can-o-corn
I tried to get full off a can-o-corn
A can-o-corn, a can-o-corn
That's all the fuck that we had in the kitchen
A few years later, I pledge a legions to the set
I'm growin' up but I ain't grown yet
It's funny how the strain in a life filled with pain
Can sometimes leave a bitch stained on the brain
I'm sittin' in the restaurant, guardin' my food like a eagle
Pickin' up scraps like a seagull
Waitin' on the people at the next table to leave a tip

So I can put it in my pocket
Phoney easter bunny, Santa Claus and the stork
We was poor as fuck so we ate a lot of pork
And it ain't no motherfuckin' way no how
When it come up, I let you bring me down
So I stick to the boots and I'm down with a mad group
Of gangstas and hoodlums, but you can call 'em 'Scroops'
Give me liberty or give me death
'Cause a man without pride ain't got shit left
And now that I'm older with kids of my own
I put me in the pot where it used to be a bone
Get'cha self together, word is born
'Cause a man can't live on a can-o-corn

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