

Children of the Corn

"Hard to Get By"

Visit "[Hard to Get By](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Cam'Ron]

Uh, yeah, yeah

COC the great click that rolls thick

Straight from the motherfucking corners to the studios

We got my man the six figga getter, motherfucking

nigga The Digga

and my motherfucking cousin bloodshed

Aka castro

And I'm Killa Cam, motherfucking Hussien

And we gonna drop it like this, check it

[Chorus]

It's hard to get by, that's why we get high

Around my way, do or die

Oh, my, my, my (5x)

[Cam'Ron]

No excuses, it's useless

I'm ruthless, I stay fucking two chicks

Watch boost flicks, bust shots, mad acustics

The crime boss with toothpicks, cashflow and crucifix

We stick shit, productive, a COC exclusive

Cause I'm the nigga that's passed parole, carry a gat to stroll

Slapping, clapping, and wrapping for rolls

Beef fatter than Jackson Hold

Ask Nicole, slugs I shot, ate her like an entray

Her boyfriend Deandre, has no more fiancee

And y'all be fucking snoring like the Killa's boring

But one slept all this Ralph Lauren, shot him and left his mouth pouring

Then I took his skirt, Killa Cam the crook that merk

So when I'm here look alert, before y'all get shook and hurt

Revenge you on the 8th floor, that's where I used to rape whores

Busting off the cap gun, riding on the skateboard

Now all the states is carved in, all the caps and slugs

And I be rapping bugged, by slapping mugs, clapping thugs

And packing drugs, don't ask for love

I'm fucking raw chief, all you fucking whore cease
Only love you give is love taps to your jaw piece
Cause I done fucked sluts and dancers, give us the
chance ta
I got bucks and answers, and I rob the city bus for
Transfers
Plus I'm touching you reps, buffing your threats
One shot like Russian Roulette, when thrusting the tech
Killa Cam is real you nothing to sweet
MY crew is tight like ice to treys
Hype the blades from nights to days
I slice with blaze, triffling ways
Bombs with all type grenades, cause me and my nigga
love bread
My cousin Bloodshed, the one who party out at Club
Med
The ex-dust head, I'm causing complex confusion
When I'm out West I'm looting, car taking, Lexus
boosting
See me, you know the techs is shooting, execution

[Chorus]

It's hard to get by, that's why we get high
Around my way, do or die
Oh, my, my, my (5x)

[Bloodshed]

In the 600 with mo-mos
Blunted friends with fo-fos
And po-pos pulling niggaz over like they loco
Maybe it's just my time Horse
Or is it because I'm the crime boss
And swines is mad that every dime cost
Blood's the bad influence that you're proud of
Wetting niggaz up like showers, selling crack, smack
and powders
Jewels giganic, ice flooded like the Titanic
Cash expanded, flash for granted, stashing in
seramics
And keep it in my crime family, Glaciers of Ice
Cause life ain't nothing but papers and dice just
fronting
I used to prop the slower leaks, niggaz ain't notice me
All of the older gs, never thought that I would grow to
be
The cash getting, crack flipping, soaking in the bath
with ass stripping, getting blast vic'in up past Vixens
I know it ain't hard to see sonny
Inside the 3-20, Killa, New Jacks for G Money

[Chorus]

It's hard to get by, that's why we get high
Around my way, do or die
Oh, my, my, my (5x)

Visit [Children of the Corn](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.