

## Coolio "Can-O-Corn"

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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  
Cos all I had for dinner was a can-o-corn  
BRIDGE  
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 MAAD group  
Of gangstas and hoodlums, but you can call em  
'scoops'  
Give me liberty or give me death  
Cos a man without pride ain't got shit left, huh  
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  
Cos a man can't live on a can-o-corn  
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