

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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