

Dilba

"Hard Wit No Hoe"

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Intro

[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!)]

Verse 1

Poor X, not only do I headsweat 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

Verse 2

[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...

Verse 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

Verse 4

Page 4: Little Bo weeped
Cleared tears from eyes then Little Bo peeped
through a hole in Sam's six foot fence
where Sam was seen plantin' tall and short pea plants
Hence the moral of the fable:
Always keep a boring book on your night table
A Tom is not able
But when you grow up to be a farmer keep an eye on
your yard
Cuz with no hoe it's hard

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