

## **Go-Betweens**

### **"Dusty In Here"**

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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  
'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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