

Throw Me Corn

Maxi Priest

Throw me corn me never call no fowl
Suppose you wanna pick it up it's your business
Oh well boy

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Just like my father used to have a form over yard yeah
I as a youth used to buy the bags of seeds
To throw amongst the fields well boy

By the end of the season
Every one is looking for feed oh yeah
What you sow you reap
What you reap you eat you know oh yeah
What you sow you reap
What you reap you eat you know oh yeah

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Oh well boy

Just like the old days

We used to work so hard over yard yeah
We used to dig so deep
To plant [?]
Inna the field oh yeah

Yes upon our heads
We carry the load to town oh yeah, oh yeah

Dollar fifty a pound
What you don't sell you take home

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