It's Hard To Be A Nigger - song lyrics

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IT'S HARD TO BE A NIGGER
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Words and Music by Harry Earle.

You may pick de cotton and hoe de corn,
And house it up in de white man's barn;
You may work from morn till late at night.
You may preach and pray with all yo' might-

Chorus.
But it's hard, it's hard, it's hard to be a nigger, nigger, nigger;
But it's hard, it's hard, for you can't get your money when it's due.

I met a chicked on de road,
I asked Miss Hen whar she was going;
Her legs was long, her feathers blue,
Tuck, tuck, tuck, my nigger, but I'm on to you.-Chorus.

I was born down in de low-land low,
Where dey raised de cotton, but dey don't raise snow;
How niggers live-oh, my, you know;
Sweet potatoes, possum, and a cake called hoe.- Chorus.

I walk my way like an honest man,
Go to meet in' on a Sabbath, do all the good I can;
I own a yaller dog, a mule and a cow,
And I earn my living by de sweat ob my brow.-Chorus.