Gravy

The Lost Trailers

Why does everybody hate on me
'Cause I'm young, comin' up my own way
Got a bottle and a bag of seed
You can come on SaturdayOh, don't mind me, I mean no harm
Just trying to save the family farm
The bank came out and chained the gates

Papa can't handle them interest ratesWell, my mama cried, my grandma cried
Grandpa would've cried, but he done died

But he gave me a bag before he saw the light

He said, "Plant these seeds if times get tight, boy"Why does everybody hate on me

'Cause I'm young, comin' up my own way

Got a bottle and a bag of seed

You can come on SaturdayWhy does everybody hate on me

'Cause I'm young, comin' up my own way

Got a bottle and a bag of seed

You can come on SaturdayYou say you want it

You say you need it

You come by on SaturdayWell, man, I hope they don't legalize it

I make more cake when I got to hide it

I get loco row by row, put the Hank on, and we do-si-do

My mama said, "Boy, you're goin' straight to hell"

Till I brought the money back, said, "Damn, that sells"

Had the farm paid off in fifty three days

Now, it's time to go raise some caine

Call my cowgirls, get 'em out

That's how we roll in the dirty South, y'allWhy does everybody hate on me

'Cause I'm young, comin' up my own way

I got a bottle and a bag of seed

You can come on SaturdayWhy does everybody hate on me

'Cause I'm young, comin' up my own way

I got a bottle and a bag of seed

You can come on Saturday You say you want it

You say you need it

You come by on SaturdayTo all my cowgirls around the world

Put your hands up and start to swirl

Hit them hips when you get one-eighty

Shake them grits, let's make some gravyTo all my cowgirls around the world

Put your hands up and start to swirl

Hit them hips when you get one-eighty

Shake them grits, let's make some gravyI said, all my cowgirls around the world
Put your hands up and start to swirl
Hit them hips when you get one-eighty
Shake them grits, let's make some gravyI said, all my cowgirls around the world
Put your hands up and start to swirl
Hit them hips when you get one-eighty
Shake them hips, let's make some gravyThat's right, girls
Shake itWhy does everybody hate on me
'Cause I'm young, comin' up my own way
Got a bottle and a bag of seed
You can come on Saturday

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