

# 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 Saturday Oh, 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 rates Well, 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 Saturday 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 Saturday You say you want it  
You say you need it  
You come by on Saturday Well, 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'all Why 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 Why 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 Saturday To 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 gravy To 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

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>