

Grits Ain't Groceries

Little Milton

If I don't love you, baby
Grits ain't grocery
Eggs ain't poultry
And Mona Lisa was a man

Oh yeah, let's get into it, listen

All around the world I'd rather be a fly
I'd lite on my baby 'n stay with my woman 'till I die
With a toothpick in my hand I'd dig a ten foot ditch
And run all through the jungle fightin' lions with a switch

Because you know I love you, baby
Ooh you know I love you baby, yeah
Now if I don't love you baby, I tell you
Grits ain't grocery, eggs ain't poultry
And Mona Lisa was a man

Oh baby, Uh! Listen

All around the world
I've got blisters on my feet
I'm trying to find my baby
And bring her home with me
You better run into me baby and-a be convinced
If you don't run into me right now, woman
You ain't got no sense

Because you know I love you, baby
Oh, you know I love you baby, yeah!
Well, if I don't love you baby I tell ya
Grits ain't grocery, eggs ain't poultry
And Mona Lisa was a man

C'mon y'all
Hit me!
Ooh baby, listen

All around the world I never will forget
I lost all my money, my woman and my pet
But I've got to have you baby
And I'll settle for nothing less
Give up all my good time, baby
And stay for happiness

Because you know I love you baby, yeah
Oh, you know I love you baby, yeah

Well, if I don't love you baby, I tell ya
Grits ain't grocery
Eggs ain't poultry
And Mona Lisa was a man

Oh!
Come on
Baby!
Hit me, band!

Yeah!

A-don't you know I love you, baby
Ev'ryday and.