

Whys everybody hate on me
Cause I'm young comin' up my own way
I got a bottle and a bag of seed
You can call me Saturday.

Oh don't mind me
I mean no harm
I'm just tryin' to save the family farm
The bank came out and chained the gate
Cause Papa can't handle them interest rates
Well my Mama cried, my Grandma cried
Grandpa woulda cried but he done died
But he gave me a bag before he saw the light
Said plant these seeds if times get tight, boy

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You say you want it
You say you need it
Just come by on Saturday

Well man I hope they don't legalize it
I make more cake when I gotta hide it
I get loco row by row
Put the Hank on and we do-si-do
Mama said "Boy you goin' straight to hell"
Till I brought the money back
She said "Damn that sells"
Had the farm paid off in 53 days
Now it's time to go raise some kane
Call my cowgirls and get 'em out
That's how we roll in the Dirty South, ya'll

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To all my cowgirls around the world
Put your hands up and start to swirl

Hit them hips when you get 180
Shake them Grits let's make some gravy

I said all my cowgirls around the world
Put your hands up and start to swirl
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That's right girls
Shake it

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