

## Little Man Tate

### "Grits Ain't Groceries"

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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!

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

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