

Yume

"Grits Ain't Groceries"

Visit "[Grits Ain't Groceries](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

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 light on my baby and 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 fighting lions with a
switch
Because you know I love you baby
Oh 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 be convinced
If you don't run it to 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 you

Grits ain't grocery,
Eggs ain't poultry,
And Mona Lisa was a man

(C'mon y'all. Hit me. Oh 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 will 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 you

Grits ain't grocery,
Eggs ain't poultry,
And Mona Lisa was a man

Visit [Yume](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.