

Looking for something to prove  
Looking for something to say  
We eat our grits and  
We don't mind sweet in our tea

All they've ever known their TV taught them  
Mercy for the wise, all they've ever known  
Call me dirtfloorcracka  
But them words just feel me with pride

You seem so pleasant  
You've got something to say  
But them words you speak deep down  
Loving to irritate, we're not that fooled by ya

This hard head ya see  
You keep your money coming  
We'll feed ya cheap cornbread and  
Them grits keep flowing baby  
Psy-collard greens and my mama said  
"Hey boy listen to what they mean"

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We got the soul but you  
Don't want the feeling, ain't right  
We go them moves but you  
Decide to pull it tight, you think you got but it  
It's like the road you say you about to move it 40  
We got the record playing

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