

Grease

Lainey Wilson

It's been a long, hot summer
For a hard-working John Deere man
You're real tired, well, no wonder
'Cause you earned that farmer's tan
While I been working in the garden
You been melting all the ice in my sweet tea
Well, look at what ya started
All because you got a little thirsty

Good God Almighty
Boy, you got me begging like a ol' hound dog
Buttered up and rolling, like a skillet smoking up a kitchen down in Arkansas
Yeah, we on to something, won't ya keep it coming
Baby, I can handle the heat
Yeah, boy, you make me wanna rear back and slap my mama
Hot damn, four hundred degrees
Now we cooking with grease
Now we cooking with grease

Let's slow it down, let me help ya
Button down that blue collar
Boy, your touch is burning up
You make the kettle on the stove wanna holler
Got me saying hallelujah
Like a good ol' girl is supposed to do
But that hat turned back and them kisses like that
Make it real hard to keep it cool

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Come on
Woo
It's getting hot in here
You know who's bringing home the bacon

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