

G.R.I.T.S.

Brantley Gilbert

I had a buddy come down 'round last July
Called me when he crossed the Mason-Dixon Line
Said he was headed down south and looking for a real good time I said, "man come on I got a
place in mind."
We pulled up at bar right off the Georgia line.
Walked in man his eyes got wide
And when his jaw hit the floor, all I could do was smile. He said, "man, we got some pretty
women up north
But I ain't never seen nothing like this."
I said, "man, these here ain't ordinary women.
We call these grits."
Shes a product of being raised in the country.
She knows her roots and works hard for her money.
A southern draw with dark tan legs.
Aint nothin' like a woman southern born and bred.
Now she loves her mama, daddy, and the Lord to death.
Acting innocent and playing hard to get
With her girls tonight, man, they're out on the town.
G.R.I.T.S. man, a girl raised in the south. Sat down at the bar had a couple drinks.
Breakin' his neck just scoping the scene.
Wasn't long before he had my attention pointed towards the door. He was starin' at long legs
that ran into boots.
Her short skirt and her t-shirt didn't have much use.
But she walked right to the jukebox and fired it up.
She had every head turning, boys eyes was burning
As she made her way out to the floor.
Had all the jealous girls lookin' all sayin'
"She ain't nothin' but a.."
Oh my God, she just broke it down low. A product of being raised in the country.
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