

# Tramp

## Otis Redding & Carla Thomas

Tramp  
What you call me?  
Tramp  
You didn't  
You don't wear continental clothes  
Or Stetson hats Well I tell you one doggone thing  
It makes me feel good to know one thing  
I know I'm a lover  
Matter of opinion  
That's all right, mama was, papa too  
And I'm the only child, lovin' is all I know to do  
You know what, Otis?  
What?  
You're country  
That's all right  
You straight from the Georgia Woods  
That's good You know what?  
You wear overalls  
And big old Brogan shoes  
And you need a haircut, Tramp  
Haircut? Woman, you foolin' Ooh, I'm a lover, mama was, Grandmama, papa too  
Boogaloo, all that stuff  
And I'm the only son of a gun this side of the sun  
Tramp  
You know what, Otis?  
I don't care what you say, you're still a tramp  
What?  
That's right  
You haven't even got a fat bankroll in your pocket  
You probably haven't even got twenty-five cents  
I got six Cadillacs, five Lincolns, four Fords  
Six Mercuries, three T-Birds, Mustang Ooh, I'm a lover  
Well tell me  
Mama was, papa too, I tell you one thing  
I'm the only son of a gun this side of the sun  
You're a tramp, Otis  
No I'm not I don't care what you say, you're still a tramp  
What's wrong with that?  
Look here, you ain't got no money  
I got everything  
You can't buy me all those minks  
And sables and all that stuff I want I can buy you minks, rats, frogs, squirrels

Rabbits, anything you want woman  
Look, you can go out in the Georgia Woods  
And catch them baby  
Oh, you foolin'  
You're still a tramp That's all right  
You a tramp, Otis  
You just a tramp  
That's all right  
You wear overalls  
You need a haircut baby Cut off son of a Hell  
You think you're a lover huh

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>