

# The Cookout

Chevy Woods

[Wiz Khalifa]

And thats a round of applause  
Ladies and Gentleman  
I'd like to shout out Taylor Gang  
And shout out my car keys [Wiz Khalifa laughs]  
It's big business bitch

[Chorus - Chevy Woods (Wiz Khalifa)]

I'm just chillin, loccin, sippin, smokin like a g should (oh yah) yessir  
On my fly old school shit (its my nigga chev-ass) whats that  
Clint Eastwood (once again id like to thank the Taylor Gang)  
Tell a friend bring a friend (and if you hatin)  
Its a cookout  
We gon drink we gon smoke (well)  
We gon turn this bitch out [Khalifa laugh]

[Verse 1 - Chevy]

Uh, roll another doobie  
Only papers, they be filled up with that ooh wee  
Let a g roll the OG, then roll one for OG, yeah thats the homie  
Ha, zig zags baby no leaf  
Actin like you know the wizzle man, thats my homie  
Ha, if thats gin nigga pour me  
Sippin slow, she go down slow like a slow leak  
Ha, cop the car from the dealer  
Pulled off thumbs up to the homie mac miller  
Yah, king kong young gorilla  
My cup over flow with I'm a Rhyme spilla  
Haha, all day mr. count it up  
I lost count I don't ever think its enough  
I get it hundred after hundred  
So everything you did with the money I done done it, gone

[Chorus]

[Verse 2 - Chevy]

Uh, drop top, leather seats  
Tape deck playin, she a freak  
It ain't about money, it ain't my language  
Don't know my name in memory of rick james bitch  
You know that I'm a taylor though  
So to the cops cartoon george which way'd he go?  
Shit, nigga I done blown 80 O's, then 80 O's, then 80 mo  
In my lifetime no jay-z  
Just oz roll somethin smoke weed  
Drink liquor, double cups  
No lean in it, fuck is up?  
I tell her "bitch I be airborne"  
Then in a minute in my lap where her hair goin  
She keep it g  
She love a nigga  
I tell "her chill, I'm fuckin witcha"

[Chorus]

I'm a roll one up, as you should  
We gone smoke old school joints, clint eastwood

I'm a roll one up, as you should  
We gone smoke old school joints, clint eastwood

[Verse 3 - Wiz Khalifa]

Uh, just parked the time machine bitch  
You can write a movie off the shit I done seen  
Rollin them khalifa papers up with all kinds of green  
Smokin while I'm rappin nigga don't get no time between  
Yeah I came up in the game it took time you see  
I'll show you how to get you money up and get high as me  
Spoke to my dad the other day, said he proud of me  
My girl said she found 30 racks when she found my jeans  
I told her blow it, like her nose was runnin  
What you hatin me for fam? get some hoes or somethin  
Niggas know me for twistin a whole key  
Fuck around and I might toss you a O or somethin  
I'm a let you hold it and you owe us nothin  
Its the shit that I be smokin  
So be carful how you rollin when you puffin  
Got a projector in the crib like nino  
Niggas ain't gotta talk bout it, we know  
(taylor gang, we all heroes)

[Chorus]

[Chorus]