

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]