

# The Cook Out

Killarmy

Intro: dom pachino, (killa sin)

The cook out, yo, everybody's invited  
Only the righteous shit  
(only the righteousness, open the bowl kid)  
The God degree (nothing but righteousness)  
The seeds (and uplefted)  
Yo, check it (word up, kid, for real)  
(it's a family thing, celebrate this shit)

[dom pachino]

It's the big day, rally with gods  
Cars parked up in the driveway  
In the trenches with the suspenses  
Got to make a few stops get some shit from the pit stop  
Build with the God ree he's on the block  
We did our bid together on the sixth building  
Smoked shit at rec time to keep our mind's filled in  
Spoke to killa sin on the bowl phone  
Wanted me to scoop him right quick, before we zoned  
Hit downtown medina, my spot's blown  
Killarmy in your galaxy, the gods is known  
From war poems to shattering bones and star domes  
Zone off, blow your clone off, and take the crowd home  
To the cook out, digital phonebook out  
On the look out for the girl scout  
With a cookie out, snatch killa up  
I-95, he knew the route  
Unified a buck, in a war truck  
The God rolling up as usual  
New l.p. shaking the rear view  
Slowly approaching the gate  
Smelling the God degree  
To see my fam together as one, it makes me happy

Chorus: beretta 9 (2x)

Events like this keep my family tight  
Despite the mics, great minds think alike  
We ayalite, be a life, so, we could see the lights  
Recite from the book of life, the book of life

[islord]

Aiyyo, to be exact, it's the God dead, a monk  
Nice and hot, fastest ass on the block  
That's what we peeped out  
Coming through with some phat shit to smoke out  
On our way to the big day, where our whole family's at  
From the grandmas down to the stars  
Parlaying and having a fantastic time  
Hanging out, cooking out, smoking out of my dome  
Peace with the gods niece that I knew  
Back from knowledge culture knowledge  
Apartment 3-g, sitting back with me  
Gradually, analyzing the sunshine over the family  
And the seeds growing up tremendously  
Fast right before your eyes

Next thing you know they on size

[killa sin]

All my life a waited for this, a day of pure bliss  
Celebrate it with a kiss, twist a daq' a reminise  
Way back, to the broke days, rocking prokays  
That was okay, but not good enough for mrs. fokay  
Damn, I used to love her like common  
Not enough to understand the bond between woman and a man  
When I hunger, I guess because I was younger back then  
Plus the fact I wasn't packing no meat  
A litte fat kid, hungry for some action daily  
So I played laser tag with real gats  
Suicide perhaps a skully by the black fence  
Intense, my mind flashed a dipped in '96  
Yo, I'm on now, soldiers of the dark', underground hit  
Plus some shit, regardless, I made it that way  
Growing from the earth like a garden  
Sarving no more this kid is famished  
Awaiting for the day that me established  
The festival of the gods and the planets, we planning understanding  
God damn, it feels good to have a natural meal that's untampered with  
Landing in the wheelchair, laming poppa tracks about chef  
Pants sagging off his ass, little children running wild in the grass  
Singer foul, form a line for this fool,  
Settle down for there's a jewel in the stash

(chorus: 2x)

Outro: beretta 9

Kid, word up