

## Mekons

### "The Cookout"

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[Intro: Wiz Khalifa]

And that's a round of applause  
Ladies and gentleman  
I'd like to shout out Taylor Gang  
And shout out my car keys  
It's big business b-tch.

[Chorus: Chevy Woods]

I'm just chilling, loc'ing, sipping, smoking  
Like a G Should  
On my fly old school sh-t: Clint Eastwood  
Tell a friend, bring a friend, it's a Cookout  
We gon' drink, we gon' smoke  
We gon' turn this b-tch out

[Verse 1: Chevy Woods]

Roll another doobie  
Only papers, baby fill it with that ooh-wee  
Let a G roll the OG, than roll one for OG  
Yeah that's the homie  
Zig zags baby no leaf  
Acting like you know the Wizzle man, that's my homie  
If that's gin n-gga, pour me  
Sippin' slow, she go down slow like a slow leaf  
Cop the car from the dealer  
Pulled off thumbs up to the homie Mac Miller  
King kong young gorillia, my cup overflow with? spilla  
All day Mr. Count It Up, I lost count I don't ever think it's  
enough  
I get it 100 after 100 so everything you did with that  
money I done done it  
Gone!

[Chorus: Chevy Woods]

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[Verse 2: Chevy Woods]

Drop top, leather seats  
Tape deck playing, she a freak  
It ain't about money, it ain't my language  
Don't know my name in memory of Rick James b-tch!  
You know that I'm a Taylor tho?  
So to the cops Cartoon George "which way'd he go? "  
Sh-t, n-gga I did blew 80 O's, the 80's O's the 80 mo'  
In my lifetime, No Jay Z  
Just Oz's, roll something, smoke weed.  
Drink liquor, double cups  
No lean in it, f-ck is up.  
I tell her "b-tch, I be airborne"  
Then in a minute in my lap where her hair gone  
She Keep it G, she love a n-gga  
I tell her chill, I'm f-cking witcha

[Chorus: Chevy Woods]

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I'm a roll one up, and you should  
We gon' smoke old school joints: Clint Eastwood  
I'm gon roll one up, and you should  
We gon' smoke old school joints: Clint Eastwood

[Verse 3: Wiz Khalifa]

Uh, best board the time machine b-tch  
You can write a movie off the sh-t I done seen  
Rolling them Khalifa papers up with all kinds of green  
Smoking while I'm rapping n-gga, 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 your money up and get high as  
me  
Talk to my Dad the other day said he proud of me  
My girl says she found 30 racks when she found my  
jeans  
I told her blow it, like her nose was running  
What you hatin' me for fam, get some hoes or  
something  
N-ggas know me for twisting a whole key  
F-ck around I might charge you a O or something  
I'm a let you hold it and you owe us nothing  
It's the sh-t I be smoking so be carefull how you roll it  
when you cuffin'  
Got a projector in the crib like nino

N-ggas ain't gotta talk about it, we know.

[Chorus: Chevy Woods]

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