

Chevy Woods

"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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