

Cookout

Chevy Woods

And thats 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 bitch.

I'm just chilling, loc'ing, sipping, smoking
Like a G Should
On my fly old school shit: Clint Eastwood
Tell a friend, bring a friend, its a Cookout
We gon' drink, we gon' smoke
We gon' turn this bitch out

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 thats gin nigga, 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 its en
ough
I get it 100 after 100 so everything you did with that money I
done done it
Gone!

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Drop top, leather seats
Tape deck playing, she a freak
It aint about money, it aint my language
Don't know my name in memory of Rick James Bitch!
You know that I'm a Taylor tho?
So to the cops Cartoon George "which way'd he go?"
Shit, n-gga I did blew 80 O's, the 80