

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