

Sandwiches

Tyler, The Creator And Hodgy Beats

[Intro: Tyler]Nigga had the fuckin' nerve to call me immature

Fuck you think I made Odd Future for?

To wearin' fuckin' suits and make good decisions?

Fuck that nigga, Wolf Gang

[Verse 1: Tyler]Who the fuck invited Mr. I Don't Give a Fuck
Who cries about his daddy in a blog because his music sucks? (I did!)

Well, you fuckin' up, and truthfully I had enough

And fuck Rolling Papers, I'm a rebel, bitch, I'm ashin' blunts (Sorry)

Full of shit, like I ate that John

Come on kids, fuck that class and hit that bong

Let's buy guns and kill those kids with dads and mom

With nice homes, 401k's, and nice ass lawns

Those privileged fucks gotta learn that we ain't takin' no shit

Like Ellen Degeneres clitoris is playin' with dick

I'm jealous as shit, cause I ain't got no home meal to come to

So, if you do I'm throwin' fingers out screamin' "fuck you"

I got ten of these Kennedy's

Not Dom, but if I was a Dahm, I would be Jeffery

'Preme hat the color of a leprechaun with leprosy

I'm fuckin' 'bout it, 'bout it, like I'm Master P in '96

It's fuckin' immaculate, they way your daughter smackin' dicks

Surprised she hasn't taked the nasty dick inside her alley you

The Golf Wang hooligans, is fuckin' up the school again

And showin' you and yours that breakin' rules is fuckin' cool again

I'm goin' harder than a midget jumpin' over me

Chronic youth, I'm shovin' blunt wraps in bitches ovaries

Punches to the stomach where that bastard kid supposed to be

Fuck a mask, I want that ho to know it's me, ugh

[Hook:]Wolf Gang, Wolf Gang

It's the Wolf Gang, Wolf Gang

It's the Wolf Gang, it's the Wolf Gang

It's the Wolf Gang, Golf Wang

It's the Wolf Gang, Wolf Gang

Wolf Gang, triple six crew

It's the Wolf Gang, Golf Wang

Wolf Gang kill them

[Verse 2: Hodgy]My love is gone for you mommy, you could ride in hearses

I'm sick in the brain dumb bitch, can you nurse this?

You told me life would never, ever, ever get this perfect
Then you smoke a J of weed, and take his kids to the churches
Uh, fuck church, they singin' and the shit ain't even worth it
In the choir, whores and liars, scumbags and the dirt, bitch
You told me God was the answer
When I ask him for shit, I get no answer, so God is the cancer
I'm stuck in triangles, lookin' for my angel
Kill me with a chainsaw, and let my balls dangle
Triple six is my number, you can get it off my Tumblr
[Hook][Verse 3: Hodgy]It was hilarious, well it ain't fuckin' funny now
I'll push this fuckin' pregnant clown into a hydrant stuck in the ground
I step through the stomach, replace the baby with some fuckin' pounds
"My baby daddy shoot bricks, the nigga also shoot rounds"
Cause if I shoot blanks, oops, thanks
I'm right back in it dead yummy and her mildew stank, uhh
[Tyler:]Free Earl, that's the fuckin' shit
And if you disagree, suck a couple pimple-covered dicks
Um, Wolf Gang, that's the fuckin' clique
Golf Wang kill them all nigga, triple six
Fuck 2DopeBoyz, all them niggas bitches
We don't need y'all, The Fader's who we really fuckin' with, bitch
[Outro: Tyler]And we don't fuckin' make horrorcore, you fuckin' idiots
Listen deeper than the music before you put it in a box

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