

# Pigs

## Journalist

(Verse)

Geek, fag, stupid, loser, find a rope to hang  
I'm not bipolar, see I'm just known by those couple names  
I wanna tell my pops but shit, he'll probably say the same  
(Police sirens) Fuck

Hated by everyone, that's the way it seems  
I don't know what's shorter, his damn tempter or my self-esteem  
I sit in my room and I listen to tunes, I'm amused alone  
Because none of the cool kids would let me join a team  
Depression on the stalk again  
My best friend is an inhaler because it will not let me cough  
whenever I am losing oxygen, bully hand around my neck  
Because he felt disrespected when I decided to talk again  
I brought that on myself, see I should know my place  
But not at lunchtime, see I know better than to show my face  
around them, but the day I do it will be everywhere  
When I share these feelings, finally they gon' fucking care  
(Chorus)

Grab a couple friends, start a couple riots, crash a couple-  
Gather all the bullies, crush them motherfuckers  
Odd Future hooligans causing up a ruckus  
It's us, nigga  
I said it's us, nigga

(Verse)

Murder, murder, m-murder  
The last they heard of you was when I... with all them burners  
You think that I'm some punk bully bitch that ain't gon' trouble you  
Well I'm gonna burst your bubble twice if you don't mind  
"Who are you again?" I'm Sammy and that's Tyler  
And we came to wild and style in these trench coats  
Don't start asking what's packin in these trench coats  
But just know if you start acting I'm grabbing for these trench coats  
My step-father called me a fag  
I'll show him a fag, I'll light up a fire in his ass

And recently them assholes that be fuckin with me in class  
So imma keep them motherfuckers there and make sure they pass  
My prom date, she distance my offer  
So imma- and toss her in the principal's office

Oh, now you wanna conversate and try to be my friend?  
(Yeah but my parents-) Oh don't worry, you'll probably never see them again

(Chorus)

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It's us, nigga

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(Interlude)

We are the Sams and we're dead, it's just four of us  
We come in peace, we mean to harm and we're inglorious  
We took their heads but we just took back what they took from us

I guess we lost ours

(Verse)

Music had nothing to do with my final decision  
I just really wanted someone to come pay me attention  
But nobody would listen, but stuffed animals that I had  
Since I was a kid, but I'm growing up so they missin  
I didn't mean to hurt anybody, I'm sorry  
I wouldn't hurt a fly or consider joining the army  
I'm hardly ever angry, Roger Rabbit framed me  
Momma I'm the same fucking kid that you made, see?  
I don't wanna go to jail, I just wanna go home  
And I want those fucking kids at school to just leave me alone  
And I... I hear helicopters, make them dip  
I'm fucking reloaded I told you all that I ain't takin shit  
You better back up before this mac starts to lift up  
I'll pump it like my inhaler when asthma begin to act up  
The difference between us and our class in tan khakis  
I got 99 problems and all of them is being happy

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