

Sandwiches (Featuring Hodgy B

Tyler, the Creator

Nigga had the fucking nerve to call me immature
Fuck you think I made Odd Future for?
To wear fucking suits and make good decisions?
Fuck that nigga, Wolf Gang Who the fuck invited Mr. I Don't Give a Fuck
Who cries about his daddy and a blog because his music sucks? (I did!)
Well, you fucking up, and truthfully I had enough
And fuck rolling papers, I'm a rebel, bitch, I'm ashing 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, 41k's, and nice ass lawns
Those privileged fucks got to learn that we ain't taking no shit
Like Ellen Degeneres clitoris is playing with dick
I'm jealous as shit, cause I ain't got no home meal to come to
So, if you do, I'm throwing fingers out screaming "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 fucking 'bout it, 'bout it, like I'm Master P in '96
It's fucking immaculate, the way your daughter smacking dicks
Surprised she hasn't taked the nasty dick inside her alley you
The Golf Wang hooligans, is fucking up the school again
And showing you and yours that breaking rules is fucking cool again
I'm going harder than a midget jumping over me
Chronic youth, I'm shoving 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
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 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 singing 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, looking 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
It was hilarious, well it ain't fucking funny now
I'll push this fucking pregnant clown into a hydrant stuck in the ground
I step through the stomach, replace the baby with some fucking 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
Free Earl, that's the fucking shit
And if you disagree, suck a couple pimple-covered dicks
Um, Wolf Gang, that's the fucking 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 fucking with, bitch
And we don't fucking make horrorcore, you
fucking idiots
Listen deeper than the music before you put it in a box
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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