

# Sandwiches

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, forty one K'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 ninety six  
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 horror-core, you fucking idiots  
Listen deeper than the music before you put it in a box