

Tyler The Creator "Sandwiches"

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[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

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