

We come through mopping, like janitors
Smoking kush nuggets the size of fucking tarantulas
Blow got me amped as fuck, hold niggas backing up
And that nigga Short tell that nigga Jasper swag me up
Swag me up, swag is us, who can tell me how to fuck?
Our number one fans are faggots who used to laugh at us
Tell me who's as rad as us and the answer was
"Um, y'all dope, Wolf Gang just the "
Yeah the dabradors take your head chop off
No father, fuck being proper bitch, we're popping off
And to top it off I'm dropping monster monologues
As hot enough to piss your local arson off
That's me spitting this fucking garbage toss
As you niggas, niggas get familiar with the art of loss
Switch swag on you little dick fags
You fucking dead bitch, chips up on my spiff bag with your bitch ass

She call me crazy, they call me crazy
They call me shady but it's a chordaroy life
I'm living baby, I'm living baby
I'm living baby, it's a chordaroy life
And you call me shady, call me crazy
Call me lazy, I ain't your baby
It's a chordaroy life that I'm living hazy
It's a chordaroy life that I'm living phase me

People love Hodgy I hate you though
I don't precipitate bitch, I H2O
And I move across your membrane, you loose against my insane
Thoughts, cause you're an outsider trying to get in brain
I like girls but I don't fuck with tramps
I'm elephant tusking and they suck your lance
I'm shaving off my boot hairs deciduosly
Break jaws Mr. Vigora, rigorously
I'm hot breeze, snot sneeze
I got weed for less than a percentage of a fucking New racist, too vacant, mutations, natural selection
Bitch I got my swag called, natural protection
Pocket with a cash full of bashful weapons
I brandish and I flash tools and I have full stepping
I'm a geophyte, move under the ground til I can see the light
Feed niggas shells like my motherfucking beach is nice

When I say "Wolf Gang", you say "Fuck that"
Room full of wolves, inhalers and used blunt raps
Fingers in the middle of bitches bodacious buttcracks
Enough fucking atheist rappers to get a nun slapped
This is fuck music, let a couple sluts use it
Show their boobs, and I'll hop out the booth when I'm done pooping
Grab a couple gats, stuff them in the backpack
Then take them to school for show and tell day screaming "Fuck students"
Backing up a bunch of fatherless kids and a pack of dust
Could fucking splat and show you the fucking Iraq in us
A bunch of fucking wolves and rats having niggers the size of Shaq
Backing up, like juvenile biggest fan was a moving truck
Killing these niggas off quick
Don't believe me? Then watch me empty out a full clip

Trigger being pulled, niggers in a ditch
That wasn't bullets, that was copies of Bastard, you bitch