

## Wolf-ee & the Tastykake Fetish Incident

She has three children.  
He has a Tastykake fetish.

(Rant)

He threw the fuckin cakes in the air and ripped the shelf off the wall!  
Just came in here and fucking went off!

Left screaming motherfucker, motherfucker and left this store trashed!

He took for a second or two my life in his hands.

Yea, he didn't know it, but I'd a killed him dead. Poured hot lard on his ass! Yup! He'd think twice about fucking with me again!

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Threw these Tastykakes all around this place and I have to fucking clean it up! Like I don't have enough to do already!

Yea, for a minute he took my life in his hands... no fucking right to do that and for what?

The dudes got a Tastykake fetish or something? Huh?  
I don't know.  
I don't fucking know.

He ain't got no right to take my life in-to his hands.  
Ain't nobody got the right n-less I give it to him.  
And I'd have to be outta my mind to give it to him.  
I don't give anything to anybody.

She has three children.  
He has a Tastykake fetish.

Tastykakes all over the fucking floor and I gotta clean em up.

I mean what's the point; it ain't like he took the money or anything. He just got off on the Tastykakes. Now tell me that ain't weird.

“What do I owe you?”  
“A dollar twenty five.”  
“Okay, see you later Wolf-ee.”  
“Okay, you have a good one now.”