

Duppy Freestyle

Drake

I'm in shock
The nerve, the audacity
Okay

So if you rebuke me for working with someone else on a couple of Vs
What do you really think of the nigga that's making your beats?
I've done things for him I thought that he never would need
Father had to stretch his hands out and get it from me
I pop style for 30 hours, then let him repeat
Now, you popping up with the jokes, I'm dead, I'm asleep
I just left from over by y'all putting pen to the sheets
Tired of sitting quiet, and helping my enemies eat
Keep getting temperature checks
They know that my head overheats
Don't know why the fuck you niggas listen to Denim or Steve
Must've had your Infrared wrong, now your head in the beam
Y'all are the spitting image of whatever jealousy breeds
Don't push me when I'm in album mode
You not even top 5 as far as your label talent goes
You send shots, well, I got to challenge those
But I bring Calicos to the Alamo
I could never have a Virgil in my circle and hold him back 'cause he makes me nervous
I wanna see my brothers flourish to their higher purpose
You niggas leeches and serpents
I think it's good that now the teachers are learning, yeah
Your brother said, it was your cousin then him, then you
So, you don't rap what you did, you just rap what you knew
Don't be ashamed, it's plenty niggas that do what you do
There's no malice in your heart, you're an approachable dude
Man, you might've sold to college kids for Nike Mercedes
But you act like you sold drugs for Escobar in the '80s
I had a microphone of yours, but then the signature faded
I think that pretty much resembles what's been happening lately
Please believe your demise will be televised, yeah
And as for Q, man, I changed his life a couple times
Nigga was at Kroger working double time
Ya'll acting like he made the boy when I was trying to help the guy
Yeah, who gassed you to play with me?
Man, you made this shit as easy as ABCs
Whoever supposedly making me hits, but then got no hits sound like they need me
My hooks did it, my lyrics did it, my spirit did it
I'm fearless with it, yeah
I really shouldn't have given you none of my time
'Cause you older than the nigga you running behind
Look, holla at me when you multi-million
I told you keep playing with my name and I'ma let it ring on you
Like Virginia Williams
I'm too resilient, get out your feelings
It's gonna be a cruel summer for you
I told Weezy and Baby "I'ma done him for you"
Tell 'Ye we got a invoice coming to you
Considering that we just sold another 20 for you