

Oy (Freestyle)

IDK

I'm not, I'm not responding 'cause I got to I'm
I'm responding 'cause I'm bored
Ay, shout out to Oy
Barrie Farms
One way up
Oy

He say I'm over thirty ain't actin' my age
Well at least a nigga actin his wage
They offer me 30, just to rap, now I got to react
To the boy that pays to rap on the stage
I won't say your name and you still won't get fame
Your anger come from knowing you a God damn shame
'Cause you been rapping longer than me but you ain't farther than me
Your father probably wish he could have been a father to me
You say I'm trying to be street, I stay away from the streets
God blessed me with a crib a few miles from the beach
So why the fuck would I take my Maryland ass to Southeast
'Cause you ain't got shit to give 'em so it got to be me
You mad 'cause you can't do what I do
I came around your fatherhood and did what I did
Not trying to be gangster, I'm just trying to go and inspire the kids
So they don't have to go and live where you live
On your grandma's porch, ain't your father a trapper?
Where the fuck is your Porsche
At least a motherfucking Ford
At least a Honda Accord
You ain't even got a car
That's why your ass will never have the drive to see what I'm on
Your papa see you and mourn
Your rap career is a corpse
You'll never make it even if you had the label support
Matter of fact, ain't you used to have some label support?
Yeah the deal that you got, that your pops paid for?
A fucking embarrassment
Used to have respect for you, you should have cherished it
Now you pushing a narrative that you know ain't real
For clickbait, but it ain't work, nobody click play still
I always thought that you was jealous now I know that it's real
And when they talking about the top you do not apply
You not even top one million-five-
hundred and fifty when they try to look your name up on Spotify
I know you drafting your response but I will not reply
(Huh) Who gas you to play with me
This will not get you your chance to spend a day with me
This will not get you a chance to get a label meet
The only thing it got you was your mouth on my meat
Fuck, you need to take a seat with your whole team
Every time you take a seat it's in the nosebleed
(Yeah) We come from DMV where we the most fleek
So why the fuck you dressing like you ain't got no streams
When I come back we going to the store nigga
You trying to be the one we know nigga
But you should just quit, no hope nigga
'Cause the youth will never listen to a broke nigga
I did this on the fly, I'm the fliest call me "I Don't Know" I'mma show them
why

I just came from out in Paris this my first time back in the 'Yo
And now I got to make some rap careers die
I can't believe that I'm responding to niggas with yellow teeth
The name [?] but I really just call them cheeks
I'm seen them in my mentions I've seen them under my tweets
Like when the hell did Wyclef Jean get in this beef?
Someone please call 9-1-1
You ain't got no money, you ain't got no funds
You ain't got no sticks, you ain't got no guns
Like how you not from the trenches but your [?] still slum
Your whole life Nooch you had trouble trying to excel
You only rap cause you tried to go to college and failed
It's sad 'cause I know your father still sitting in jail
'Cause even if he had a bell you ain't got shit for the bail
You took a pic with Cool J but you really the L
You mad 'cause your ass stuck and I'm the one to prevail
The only time that I associate with L's
Is when my bitch is on Elle
Or when I'm sitting from row at the L
Or when I'm in the studio with Pharell, that's two L's
A diss from you make me money and boost sales
A diss from me gets you attention just for a second
But that will not replace your cheap Oy Boys necklace
You try to make it seem like I was dissing the dead
Tried to Trayvon me and put the hood on my head
But really it just gave me more awareness instead
Now I know me and you ain't gon' ever be friends
(Yeah) Dissing me built your biggest buzz yeah you know what's up
(Yeah) You can leave your wallet in the street
And nobody take it not out of respect but 'cause you broke as fuck
(Yeah) You ain't got shit in it
Must not know who you dealing with, me and my clique we move militant
I body everybody ain't going to stop me from killing it, bitch you innocent
(Hmm) PG stand up, DC they're my bros, VA in the cut
(Huh) You don't like it come and sue me nigga
Getting bodied by a Bowie nigga
Just got off of the phone with [?] gave him commissary
You should go and help Boobe nigga
(Huh) Instead of worrying about the one that's chosen
(Huh) You're moving like your bank account's frozen
(Huh) Try to play me I am not going
You focused on the wrong one that's why your pockets broken

(Huh) Let's turn this into something positive, so I teach this class at Harvard, uhh, gave a scholarship to twenty-five students, I'm not even asking you to do, do, three, four, five, just give me, it costs twenty-five bands for each student, donate twenty-five bands so we could get one more student from the DMV in it, that should be your response