

## 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 though 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  
 (Humm) 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 Harv  
 ard, uhh, gave a scholarship to twenty-five students, I'm not even asking yo  
 u 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 fro  
 m the DMV in it, that should be your response