

OPYK

Sha EK

Since they tryna talk on my daughter
Watch when I bend through that block
On 51st, I'ma go make it hot
Off of 30, then throw couple shots
Dudeylo, why I keep hearin' you burnin'?
And you keep eating out thots, like
This shit could really get critical, I'm 'bout to really get physical
And ain't nothin' to really get rid of you
I'ma 'ooter, I'ma show you what my G'll do
Why the fuck didn't lil' Roscoe ain't go out like Notti?
I just told bro, "Push up on Shottie"
Sensei, you homeless and you ain't nobody
You gotta catch you a-
Matter of fact, go and put on for 'Dot
When he died, you ain't pick up a G and go flock

Why the fuck Harlem niggas tryna diss?
OPYK, y'all was duckin' the Nick
So we had to pull up and make that shit lit
Free Layo, he was fuckin' on they bitch
Opp bitches gettin' it too
Yo Kaya, you know what I do
How you pregnant, and dissing my guys in the stu'?
That bitch had to be smokin' on Deuce
I got the drop and, word to bro, I flew
We tryna put Ddot on the news
I can't wait 'till I run into JStar, he so fat he can't run when I boom
Like, them niggas pussy, ask what I'm smokin' on-
That nigga used to be Crip but he ain't now
He don't know how to move
We gon' make a move
Free the opps, I can't wait to catch Move
Y'all gotta stop tryna throw up the O, like, 'cause all y'all pussy niggas f oo
We really stamped it, this is for life
We had them bendar' through Drew
We started screamin' out, "Matt Sav"
Free bro, niggas know he-

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