

## Froze Up

Berner

He a nerd, typa nigga never keep his word  
Told my brother I'ma strip him if I see him first  
Bought a 'partment for the posse, where we keep the word  
I was playing step daddy while the bitch at work  
Twerk, VVS has got the hoes alert  
My organisation, no one control the turf  
My star shooting guard, known to go berzerk  
It wasn't that many years ago I was on the turf  
Preach, I'm tryna keep my face off a shirt  
I'm old school, I'm still running through bitches purse  
The feelings hurt, I'm stealing work and they still at work  
My metro went crazy when they needed purp  
We shut Craggslist down  
But bust down loud, don't make no sound  
I'm in a lil town, tryna make my rounds  
I got shooters in the lobby if shit go down

I got money that get made, plug on my phone  
And them niggas been hiding 'cause they knowing that it's on  
Another plate God made, in the foreigners we gon' race  
Still going through pain, you can see it in my face  
I just roll up, got it sold up  
that they know of  
I just roll up, never float up  
Got some shooters with and they never froze up

How Cooking, smoking every wood, ain't no purp in that  
Fucking the next nigga bitch, I got a urge for that  
Coulda been switched up, instead I can't be silent  
Tryna put them drugs down but it's too hard to stop it  
Ever since I made a name hard to shop it  
You niggas really bitches, what a fucking plot twist

Spent twenty thousand on a chain, what you know about it?  
Know some niggas want me dead so I can't go without it  
How that your nigga if he got caught and he told about it?  
These days these niggas ain't living like that  
Rented house, spend it all and I made it all back  
Free my niggas out that system, they just tryna hold us back  
And I don't wanna be a victim so I had to told her straight  
And if I could do it again then I wouldn't say no

I got money that get made, plug on my phone  
And them niggas been hiding 'cause they knowing that it's on  
Another plate God made, in the foreigners we gon' race  
Still going through pain, you can see it in my face  
I just roll up, got it sold up  
that they know of  
I just roll up, never float up  
Got some shooters with and they never froze up

I'm still living in a rat race  
Yeah, RIP to She work casino lobbies  
And turn tricks while I I don't need nobody  
I'm in this bitch solo  
Valentinos with the fresh polo  
Fed pulled me off the plane, had my bitch photo

We don't talk here, we pay to walk  
Fuck a snitch, knock 'em off, let 'em lay in chalk

Playing raw serial number, we scratch it off  
I'm tryna ball  
That bag is soft  
Got her feeling like she on a hype  
Can't go no lower on the pack  
Niggas know the price  
My state of mind greasy when I'm on the hype  
He say the world forgot about him so I rode a kite  
Going hard on these bitches, nigga, I'm cold as ice  
Dollar might finna paint the miles white

I got money that get made, plug on my phone  
And them niggas been hiding 'cause they knowing that it's on  
Another plate God made, in the foreigners we gon' race  
Still going through pain, you can see it in my face  
I just roll up, got it sold up  
that they know of  
I just roll up, never float up  
Got some shooters with and they never froze up