

Froze

Meek Mill

I'm a rockstar, smash my guitar
Diamonds on my fist and on my arms
Meek and I don't dress the same, relate in Goyard
Frostbite on my pinky ring, watch me flex on y'all

I get it now, these niggas mad that she chose the kid
I'm ball in NY, Derrick Rose this shit
I roll around town in a Rolls and shit
I got that bag and we movin' that snow like it's Christmas and Santa, got ho
es and shit
Hundred K large on my Audemar
When we run down we hit one of y'all
I'm a post up at the corner store
Trappin' all night but I shine like I'm Armor All
I am so hot I might break the thermometer
Coppers they watch us and follow us
Flip through that paper no calendar
All of these jewels like I celebrate Hanukkah
I got a different kind of money
I'm on a different kind of grind
I'm with some different type of niggas
We on a different type of time
Go get the money fuck them bitches
Bitches be gettin' out of line
I turned that one into a two
I turned that point into a nine
Hey, hey, hey, hey, aye

You know how froze that is
Look at my neck, damn
You know how froze that is
Look at my wrist
You know how froze that is
Look at my fist
You know how froze that is

Skrrrr, driving around in a Bentley, ya
Following Meek and lil' Nicki, ya
It is just me and lil' Brittney, ya
Diamonds so wet you could slip
Look at the bitch, take a picture
She is just so photogenic, ya
She ride my dick like a dirt bike
You know she gon' pop a wheelie
Count my money to a milli, ya
Drive a Porsche all up in Philly
Holding that gun with no Uzi
Diamonds in Rollie get cooly

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I get it now dudes is mad at these 80 M's
Twenty twelve I was balling like Tom Brady then
Movie, I'm living through these Scorsese lens

Get at me, and deep-throat a three-eighty gun
Pussy wet, Swiffer jet, come through on that bigger jet
We land in them new ports, no babe not cigarettes
Clear ports, air force, sweats on with a big diamond
Make niggas stare at my hand even though I am not mimin'
Different type of money, you on a different type of broke
Any of you bitches say Nicki, you on a different type of coke
I just be sittin' in the mansion, takin' a dip inside the pool
We don't go out without assassins
We on some different type of rules

I'm a rockstar, scratch my guitar
Diamonds on my ring and on my arms
Meek and I still live together, relate in Goyard
Frostbite on my pussy ring, watch me flex on y'all

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