

# Frozen

## Guns Up!

How can I forget you?  
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Rick the ruler, Raekwon, hehe  
The chef, check one two  
Touch more, taste a glass of oil, flash yours Rae  
Money we saw, left 'em dead on the door, dick  
Rots look chunky on the index  
Straight up, Lee vets and like old Adidas sweats  
We the the illest vets  
Apologies, even a non-dog holler he's honor  
Please, appreciate shit I clog Wallabee's  
Brothas wit they fists like oaks wood  
Provokes doom and you're also about to go broke soon  
Mad current merchants, we nursed it  
Bad guerillas, feed us like guaranteed they gon' kill us  
Fleeing, ninety in a night suit, G-ing white dudes  
Hit the locks first, we made a right troop  
I'm lushin' Russian women, via satelite I'm watchin'  
I dare a nigga say he wanna battle me, I'll crush ya  
Even blind girls rush next to Hammera and scream out  
"Oh my gosh, get the camera"  
Yo, we frozen, lay on the bount now, we a day on  
Ill niggas yellin', "Throw Rick and Rae on"  
Hydro, how did I blow? How did I flow?  
Did I glow? Let them niggas know  
(Yo)  
Rap wars commence and they kids cause offense  
I don't have to say a word and your bitch-drawers are drenched  
Didn't say I was gonna murder the fella  
But the ruler got some shit the could stop a herd of gorillas  
Stressed wit Hollywood hoes, actin' up  
Backin' up, what? This yours, what?  
Crawlin' in the cut, we lee major  
Gems on wit Timbs, brims on drawn to lay you up  
Layin' in the day wit what?  
Next pull up CEO wit bank books full up  
Even though he's overwhelmed, this nigga Rolls Royce pull up

One of the baddest come, noddin' to a Spanish song  
Slung, orange woolridge park and a Savannah pump  
Severe teaspoons, scary money on the moon  
Lampin' wit a big goon, keep shit tight like a kid's room  
Big Bird in the driveway, bullet out Friday  
I'm liver that way, I ride only the fly way  
Olive-green thinkin', ship sinkin'  
Deep-dish thinkin', big fish tank, wrist full of Franklins  
This mock-neck, shark-skin money  
Eighty-eight, summer reader dun dummeries  
Rock dungarees  
Punctures his lung, son says, "I don't want this"  
Even this so-so beat I make monstrous  
Lady cops stake to watch pair hoods  
"Freeze, you're under arrest, you look mad good"  
Hot and don't fret retard who won't let the new sherifs in town  
What part you don't get?  
Rick and Rae and now we storin' the passion  
The fashion, the dress, I went to work on your ass  
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