

# Aurora Borealis

Esham

Upgrade dope trade, the cops run they raids  
We be skatin' on thin ice, call it icecapades  
If you don't stay on yo toes, you might catch the fade  
See my heart is filled with malice, aurora borealis  
Get paid, get paid, get, get, get, get paid  
If you playin' with the paper, then you can get sprayed  
Got the outside alligator inside swede  
Call me special ed 'cause yo I got it made  
She said, "I feel dead inside"  
I said, "Get inside, let me drive you to suicide"  
These voices in my head, how'd they get inside?  
These feelings I can't hide, let's take a murder ride  
I feel like a lion, talkin' to these sheep  
Yeah I'm wide awake, and you fools sleep  
You wanna be dead, like six feet?  
Forever now hold your peace or be like Lil Peep  
Sleep and get deep cheap for a dope fiend  
If you O.D. in the hood, that's a smoke screen  
Never go against the family get shot in the face like Moe Greene  
I'm an old soul, live by the old code  
Take it Eazy-E, nigga sippin' Old Gold  
I'm an ice tea nigga, got a cocoa  
Only fuckin' with the coke if it's [?]  
Baby, only addicted to the money  
Comin' down choppin' on blades rainy or sunny  
Take the polar plunge, the smoke froze in my lungs  
Inhale, black out, wake up and bust tongues  
Got a lot of guns, but don't make me use 'em  
Reel Life nigga with the fake, don't confuse 'em  
Got a 21-gun salute for a savage  
Got the habit like a rabbit, I put one off in your cabbage  
When your clockin' cold cash be the reason that they hate ya  
My words like icebergs, I spit glaciers  
Sip sip sippin' on some sizzurp  
When I spit this wicket shit, I could cause a blizzard  
Get murked if I whip out my Lil Uzi Vert  
I'm not Lucifer, nobody move, nobody get hurt  
I'm a Detroit player, we be puttin' in work  
They ask me where I got it from, I got it out the dirt  
Skeet skrrt, in the V12 bustin' off shells  
You can go to Hell if you be fuckin' with twelve  
Thirteen fourteen fifteen sixteen  
Seventeen shots loaded up in the magazine  
First name Esham, last name Smith  
Skiing down an avalanche of cash, call me snowdrift  
Frostbite, northern lights, my aurora borealis  
From the streets of Detroit, my heart still filled with malice  
My heart still filled with malice