

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
My heart still filled with malice
My heart still filled with malice
My heart still filled with malice