Source Awards

Billy Woods

Heart is cold like Russia
Heart, heart is, heart, heart is cold
Heart is cold, cold like Russia

Survived Red Scares, White Terrors
Suspicious, you snitched like Kundera
Feng Shui where she put the black mirror
Shot in the arm was Depo Provera
True romance
2Live is slow Jams
Dealing lightning out both hands
Gave the middleman a couple grand
Guy Fieri hamburglars
Worst bums be the best earners
Handfuls of Tums like I did a murder
Passed a L, some shit you
Never heard of, now you feeling self conscious
And nervous
Shit, might have to up the price
Dour schemes, Pyramids is Herbalife
Sour Dream
Yeah, you heard him right
The future's bright and it's coming

Heart is cold like Russia
Got, got, got, got jerked at The Source Awards
Heart is cold like Russia
Got, got, got jerked at The Source Awards
Heart is cold like Russia
Got, got, got jerked at The Source Awards
Next year, two hundred niggas coming with swords

Eye contact you know I'm hating
Gutter album better you got a good agent
Black gloves, Black tie occasion
Slid through on the low low
Plus one had me in the third row
Looking like Dr. No meets Camilo Cienfuegos
Your mans turned white as a ghost
Shook like Freddie Roach
2Pac Jacket couldn't check the coat
A whole heap of rappers I don't even know
Still clapped like, way to go
Opera glasses to my face, not trying to hear
No second place, shrimp was okay, crab cake
Was great, they should've checked his waist

Get your hand outta my pocket! You get your hand outta my pocket nigg
a!

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