

# Colors (ft. The Game, Rick Ross)

Sean Kingston

[Chorus]

Miami have colors, colors, colors, colors, colors  
Jamaica have colors, colors, colors, colors, colors  
My jewels have colors, colors, colors, colors, colors  
My people die over colors, colors, colors, colors, colors  
Real gangster nah sell out never  
Red (RED) Bloods they ya Blue (blue) Crips they ya  
Yuh a never get gal make money by the hour  
Red (RED) Power they ya Green (green) Shower they ya  
Them green with envy when mi roll mi purple skunk  
In the black beamer white leather gold in the trunk  
Little punk when you see me and the crew a roll through  
Man will lift you upon the ground and leave your girl feeling blue  
From them breed the grave reach you, ham like yellow fever  
Tell your friends hasta la vista pebbles big like eggs  
from easter  
Shirt red with bloodstain when it falls the slug rain  
We feature gully creature and the war teacher Adijah  
Badder than the signs of leisure yeah step in through your town  
In the clarks, dark brown some boy a part clown  
Vybz Kartel from Portmore Sean Kingston  
When mi step boy get down, like rays from di spectrum  
[Chorus] I'm from a world of different colors different  
faces  
Different slang different races different gangs different places  
Air Ones different laces  
Different culture different living different thugs different ages  
The sky's blue the money's green the weed is  
purple  
The ice is white you try me I'm a have to hurt you  
Kingston boy I rep like no other  
Black, yellow and green I bleed the Jamaican colors  
The grill is cold the wheels is gold the chrome is silver  
Nickel plated if it's blazing than the chrome will kill ya  
Certain dudes get one in the head  
Certain places you wear certain colors you dead  
For you gang bang you diss mi you a dead man  
Cause gunshot a be like drum pan where me come from  
And it's the same old story  
We don't give a damn about your guts and glory  
[Chorus] Kardinal  
Rudebwoy let mi show you what going me now bang that red or blue that gone  
Me buss fi the red and the yellow and the green  
Nuh the red and the white you see what I mean  
Man a T dot repper hot stepper go getter gal wetter  
Mi no hear nobody better now  
Dun know from the T dot O, ten grand and we on to di show  
Yayo what more to the cold  
What we deal with pure as snow

And it will freeze your face pussyhole you better know  
My city don't take the grind lightly  
We the screw face capital of the world nines tuck inna she nighty (Pom pom!)But I ain't on that rah rah man a  
boss  
I'm from T dot you might get dub up if you floss  
In the wrong part of town, in the wrong time of day  
I got love in me heart but my niggas don't playI don't waste time with soldiers I convo with presidents  
Look at my circle niggas success is evident  
Rappers run and hide when they hear me drop  
But they ain't rainin nigga that's me spitting on the top over colors[Chorus]

Songwriters

JONES, RICHARD / ROTEM, JONATHAN / ANDERSON, KISEAN / GLENN CHARLES, ANDRE /  
MARROW, TRACY / PALMER, ADIDJA / POMPEY, SEAN / HARROW, JASONPublished by  
Lyrics Â© Warner/Chappell Music, Inc., Kobalt Music Publishing Ltd., BMG RIGHTS MANAGEMENT US,  
LLC Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnyrics.com/>