

Kolors

Goodie Mob

Photographs are like mirrors
They can hold a body for a moment
I grew up on four corners
But jumped-in in a circle
\$100 grand on a fuck nigga head
Cut his body into pizza, watched the cheese spread
Had to move out of touch from niggas fingers
You know how your friends are
They'll eat your whole box of Pringles
Leave crumbs in the backseat of the car
Walk past you in a crowded room
You conceded bastard, you
I don't talk when I ride, that's what the feet for
Ain't no pressure when you see me, that's what the heat for
Lucille Ball on the seashore, expecting more out of niggas
Tell me the truth
Tell me how it really go
You don't have to say it no mo'
You on that different type of shit
That extra-ordinary shit
That shit that I don't understand
But I ain't gone say it no mo'
Kolors You see black and white is the color of business
And now my dress shoes are dirty and discolored from going the distance
But for the right dollar sign
I'll do a white-collar crime
Cause I don't need cash, I need credit
Now.. there, I've said it, yeah
And I spell Kolors with a "K."

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