

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 /
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