The Game, Colors

[Intro: Sean Kingston] (Rick Ross) (*The Game)
Yah mon!!! JR!!! Sean Kingston yuh know (Ross!) (*And the doctor's advocate)
Beluga Heights! (*Let's go)
[Chorus: Sean Kingston] (The Game)
Miami have colors, colors, colors, colors, colors (Californ-i-a)
Jamaica have colors, colors, colors, colors, colors (All the way to Dade County)
My jewels have colors, colors, colors, colors, colors
My people die over colors, colors, colors, colors, colors
[Verse 1: The Game]
Check it! I'm the Bastard Of The Party, shit start off off coke and bacardi
Bandanas tied around the dubs on the Ferarri
I'm the bloods to what Pac was to thugs
What Snoop is to crips I'm the California king
Let it be known, I reign Supreme like Kenneth McGriff
Reincarnated put me in Queens and give me a strip
A couple red tops while the feds watchin
Infiltrate get a head shot Compton is the city of God
My block originators I said blood one on a Dr. Dre track
Now the world is affiliated
Some authentic some niggas Milli Vanilli bangers
Some get smoked others smoke chronic out of philly papers
Game time is really Jacob watches got them silly faces
Add red rubies to the dial they 'gon really hate us
I inherited gang bangin from my mother
And what I didn't get from her I picked up watchin colors
[Chorus: Sean Kingston]
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
[Verse 2: Sean Kingston]
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 livin 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 blazin than the chrome will kill ya
Certain dudes get one in the head
Certain places you wear certain colors you dead
Fi yuh gang bang yuh diss mi yuh a dead man
Cau gunshot a be like drum pan weh mi come from
And it's the same old story
We don't give a damn about your guts and glory
[Chorus: Sean Kingston]
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My people die over colors, colors, colors, colors, colors
[Verse 3: Rick Ross]
Painted the car blue, that's for the sweat and blood
In my red tennis shoes fool cause the pain is love
I'm bout my green (Green) So my sky's blue (Blue)
Purple and the strawberry philly up in my five coupe
Yeah I'm in the yellow boss, they in the white gold
You might fold I'm platinum go ask them white hoes
I got black hoes slammin cadillac do's
Gettin cheese out a rat trap like I'm that close
Whippin keys in the back that's how I stack dough
Waitin on that jack boys get him in his afro
These assholes must be gone on that crack smoke

Try to cross the boss well let's front 'em what they ask for
Uh! I'm in the thangs, ten tennis chains
That's how I present it to ya you think I got 'em ten a thang
He green as spinach just another lame middle man
Standin in the street wavin my flag in the middle lane
[Chorus: Sean Kingston]
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