

# 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]

Miami have colors, colors, colors, colors, colors  
Jamaica have colors, colors, colors, colors, colors  
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[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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Jamaica have colors, colors, colors, colors, colors  
My jewels have colors, colors, colors, colors, colors  
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