

Sean Kingston ft. The Game & Rick Ross, Colors

Colors lyrics by Sean Kingston.

[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, s*** 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 n****s 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

[Colors lyrics found on <http://www.completealbumlyrics.com>]

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

My jewels have colors, colors, colors, colors, colors

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 a**holes 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]
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