

Kolors (feat. Smino)

Monte Booker

Purple tree, plus I got this brown in me
Curly yellow dancing on me
Said she smell the green on me
And she straight from California
Freaky as she wanna be
Told me she like boys and girls
Oh well, that's okay with me And she said
"My old boo left me blue. I really loved her
So cold and so cruel, so many colors."
Play hoes like pro tools, can't never trust 'em
Nah, fuck 'em, fuck 'em fuck 'em,"
When I think about it, I just want a coupe
With a lil boo
With the same coupe as me
Different kolors
I been gettin out here
But really the more known I get
I just been peepin these nigga's colors
Since I left the Lou
Life ain't no black and white
Beautiful peepin the different kolors
I can never choose
I like my booches in bunches
My babies all different kolors
So what do you say? (Ay)
Why don't we dip to the crib or some shit?
My gang got it crackin like lips in the wind
I been burnin' my burdens and sipping on sins
Whole lot on my plate (heh)
Them yams goin down soon as I get a chance
Been busy, this music shit tying up my hands
But it's on when I get home
(When I get home [x6, vocalising])
Purple tree, plus I got this brown in me
Curly, yellow, dancing on me
Said she smell the green on me
And she straight from California
Freaky as she wanna be
Tell me she likes boys and girls
Oh well, that's okay with me And she said
"My old boo left me blue. I really loved her
So cold and so cruel, so many colors."

Play hoes like pro tools, can't never trust 'em
Nah, fuck 'em, fuck 'em fuck 'em,"
[vocalising]

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