

Chief Keef, Colors

Young Chop on a beat

I'm coolin' with my brothers, my brothers
Red and blue our colors, our colors
Catch you at the red light, I'm bussin', mothafucka
Since I was a youngin I ain't care 'bout nothin'
I do not give one fucks, two fucks
Red fucks, blue fucks, yellow fucks
I'm about my green bucks
I'ma make a scene for my green bucks
I'ma get some red on my Nina
Colors

Pulled up in black trucks
Pulled them black MACs up
We don't need no back up
Fuck boy, we strapped up
Pulled up in my silver SRT8
Pulled up with my silver AK
Black hollows same height as Kay Kay
White chalk, we can do this everyday
Big red brick house, six car garage
Young black nigga and I made it far
Yeah it's green now my pocket
Black 50 in my car
White bitches knockin' at my door
Tryna have a ménage

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We some young wild niggas
You can't get your money back nigga
For your green, better be a running back nigga
Them slammers gonna slam your ass nigga