

# 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