

# 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]

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>