

Colours

Ghetts

Colours
So much colour
Yeah

Sitting in my hotel room and this shrooms got me seeing so many colours
I'm cool like the other side of the pillow
But the flow's cold like when you first get under the covers
I love when she offers to pay
Even though she knows I'm gonna say, "Nah, I got that covered"
Sometimes have a drink with a man
Watch him get frass and show true colours
Meet your fate in no time
I give praise to the most high
I came through with my own vibe
I been here from the get-go
I stayed real for the whole time
Lead role in my movie
Just know I ain't acting
So don't act like you don't know
Frisco, I'm a black king
Fist in the air, came through trampling
Wakanda forever
Smoke my ganja whenever
Greatness, that's my endeavour
Not for the clout, tryna get my peoples out
So how could I fold under pressure?
I am the truth
Them man think that they're hard
Couldn't walk a yard
Much less a mile in my shoe
I'd rather stay in my yard
If I can't shine with my crew, true

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Life used to be grey, now I live life in colour
I'm a Air Max man, yeah, I got all of the colours
Bad B's, all kinda shapes and sizes
Fam, we don't care about colour

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How can they call man coloured, when I'm so transparent?
What's wrong with some of you bruddas? I'm so embarrassed
How could you come from where I come from knowing I'm from there and not fee
l empowered?
Some man wake up and talk shit and ain't brushed their teeth, bath or shower
ed
Lemme show them how to harness powers
Look what I've done in the last 6 hours
Man bury the past and casket cowards
Man's got niggas man can't bring shows

Man ah got gyal, man can't bring flowers
Mans got niggas still doing up road
Them type ah man you can't tell them 'Allow it'
Man ah got gyal man can't bring home
Black boy, white back bone
Lactose intolerant, hat low
Nothing but pinky's in my bankroll
Rambo, bando and trap phone
Know mine came from a next angle
Spin an emcee BMX handles
Told that gyal I don't like her toes
Why would she come here in them?

Colours, guess what, we don't care 'bout colour
'Cause whatever the colour, you're still my sister
Whatever the colour you're still my brudda
Love yourself and love one another
Biddibop, it's like they don't like their colour
Man are bleaching skin to get that colour
Gyal are tanning their skin to get that colour
In the bando, them man a got them colours
White, green, them man a got brown
All of the youngers are shottin' it down
Dressed in black when the beef goes down
Buss the red light, lick man down
Like a black taxi, beef's always around
Strictly gold not silver
I come up in a rash if I wear that
I let them man wear that

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