

Photographs are like mirrors
They can hold a body for a moment
I grew up on four corners
But jumped-in in a circle
\$100 grand on a fuck nigga head
Cut his body into pizza, watched the cheese spread
Had to move out of touch from niggas fingers
You know how your friends are
They'll eat your whole box of Pringles
Leave crumbs in the backseat of the car
Walk past you in a crowded room
You conceded bastard, you
I don't talk when I ride, that's what the feet for
Ain't no pressure when you see me, that's what the heat for
Lucille Ball on the seashore expecting more out of niggas
Tell me the truth
Tell me how it really go
You don't have to say it no mo'
You on that different type of shit
That extra-ordinary shit
That shit that I don't understand
But I ain't gone say it no mo'
Kolors

You see black and white is the color of business
And now my dress shoes are dirty and discolored from going the distance
But for the right dollar sign, I do a white color crime
Cause I don't need cash, I don't need credit
Now there I've said it, yay
And I spell kolors with a K
But although my outfit is a flamer
I'm not a banger, I'm simply dressed in disclaimer
To save the life of a stranger
Uh, poor thing, you didn't know that you were in danger
So now that you understand why I can't be understated
Why this collaboration has to be completely kolor coordinated
Cause when you see a fin flag fall
That's all it took!
Didn't see the face of who did it, but the kolor was so vivid
Then you feel it, you owe it, then get quoted
Go out and catch it and kill it and vow to never forgive it
It's a prison, not a paradise to pass through and visit
Capitol Road and Carson and Compton are completely committed
And if you live it, you better love it
Because they will push the line in public
Can't be, bangin on a budget
You sweet banging on the subject
Where I'm from the red lights mean go
Two more teenagers in white tee's mean blow
And wherever you go, no means no
And I gotta speed up, for you to be like oh he ain't slow!
And now somebody else dead because yo he ain't know
Well so he ain't low

I was born in the real states
Where pale face contemplate
Every single day, oh, how to keep color folk in their place?

Suspended animation, like a black bear hibernatin'
Vital functions near to death
While the world of waste I'm awakening
That was me in'
Solitary bandana
Eating, fishing bricks
Representing that South West Atlanta
I stay ' my whole team bleeds
My heart hawks, falcons' what more prove do you need?
Soundtrack number one
America's dying slowly
Sacrifice blood, that's been different hemoglobin
The quest for green got you outbreak
Yellow stripes down your back
The quest for green got you outbreak
Yellow stripes down your back
But once you travel that road
It ain't no turning back!
Kolors!

Music is kolor, a range of fuse
PB King, sang the blues
Shades and tones' the sounds infused
A lot of commoners to a gangsta tool
The base goes boom, can feel the boom
Everything is black in the Cadillac
Symbolize the power when the roof will say
Hit the real dime, it's an earthquake
Do quiet times with the ones that '
Who can open your mind and lay a dime
At the same time, go from behind!
On your TV screen right before your eyes
You're hypnotized in a beautiful way
Watch the flowers bloom, is it love today
Is a mix show, you can have it your way
The trumpets play and the DJs play
Is a quiet storm right in front of your face
Hit the ' my saving ways
And the music beat standing in my place
I don't rap' I'm a bastard case
With no tools in the air, no time for waste
No time for waste!
Kolors, huh!