

Colors

Trippie Redd

(Yo, Pi'erre, you wanna come out here?)

Colors, colors, colors, colors
Colors, Rollie different colors
Diamonds different colors, yeah, they came in clusters
I can't fuck with busters, my Glock shoot and bust ya
Fuck your white tee, give that shit some color

Yeah, that pussy butter, she get it from her mother
She suck my knife, I cut her, she love it when I touch her
She my baby, LOL, okay
She like to go both ways, get high, geek up all day
We fried, stay up all late, they mad 'cause they not paid
Stack the chips up, Frito Lay, bad bitch, same color money
And I count different color money, man, I got me a bunch of money
You know I finger fuck the hundreds, you know I got them bitches comin'
Know that one-point-five is nothin', bought a castle, it came with a dungeon
We got bad hoes, different colors, we got foreign cars, different colors

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Say, fleek pussy on that red bitch look like my Cutlass
I just made a move at Saks Fifth, I told 'em, "Run it"
Yellow bitch so nice, gettin' to that bread, call her mustard
Can't even swipe, I keep that Drac', baby, I doubt you wanna be my runner
I had jumped on a jet with the whole block to get to Houston
With an old Glock 9 from a 2019 shoot
Might fuck around, doze off, so I need a driver when I move
I poured a whole Wock', I'm sippin' Tris and whoopty-woo
Whippin' that coleslaw that don't look purple, it's really blue
Knockin' these hoes off, you fallin' in love with tricks, so silly you

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