

Ibn Inglor

"Colors"

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Colors all around us, colors up above
The sky is turning grey, but how long I'm fin to take
the full skies show me love
Love, scary as the size
Cop, cop, laying in the ferris,
Falls in the song till the song like a seris
Blasting niggas up yeah, blasting niggas up

Give it up, give it up
Told my mom I would never get too comfortable
Never tell a lie, but never
Never was a sign, that if you said it
You would do it so,
I guess I fucking lied, how it feels to get by
How it feels to get high, fill it up, fill it up
Put the weed in the blunt, blow it strong, give a fuck
No not one, no not none, no not sum
I'm the motherfucking one bitch
Pulling bitches damn quick, down with the flow
Hella bum with the clothes
Know I'm lieing yo, women hear my line like I'm lieing
Cause I'm lieing though
Never tell the truth, I feel the devil would approve
Heaven sent but never repenting my fellows
With the soul margellas in the booth
Changing weathers in the room
God, my niggas die slow until hell gaze
Grace me with the dream so I never see them hell gaze
nigga

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I pull those guns and those triggers, blowing, blowing,
I'm in I kill em, kill em, all for my niggas
Bless the hearts of the victims

Blood clod caught hard to the feeling
Nah, all for my chillin, bitch I'm carved from the realest
is
Hard as the genesis, the mar but the yar and the car
full of women friend
Off to the Pentagon, gone, gone off tic tac with a bomb
Hit the bomb, getting strong, for every blunt
Billy bong reassurance, renaissance of the art of Da
Vinci
50-50 pride up, far far from Kreashawn
Cause my bitches wear nothing to bind
And we binding, throwing bulls hard in the marsh pit
808 small lit, I'm sick as all eyes in, heartless, this girl
is so carcass
Blazing never racist nigga,
never give a fuck because age will never phaze a nigga
Gone ... before we shame a nigga, bitch!

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Wicked rhymes, many times I supply,
Getting laugh feel the wrath, feel the vibe
On to the throne, feel alone, let it loan
I would rise to my own, fucking hand out in the
sonaries...
Mama paid, I'ma make it it, I'm a slave
I'ma work, I'ma blaze, now that ain't you but a curse
And it says, any fucking thing I kill
Any fucking thing, with a verse, many secrets...give a
fuck about
Anything green, I get splurge
Feel the homies with the dream I deserve
Feel the urge to be many fucking kings
Versace things...on the scene
I'm rocking jeans I deserve, and grinding harder than
her
Many colors, different bitches, detention is bout to
break in
I feel it so I'm away, with a couple of this zan
I feel it so I'ma take charge

Different colors above us that live in great arts, nigga.

