

# Spectrum (Redlight Remix)

## GoldLink

Run through your clique  
You pissed on trip  
I'mma have to bust you in your lips  
And the whips, better have a whole lotta chips  
'Cause I ain't for no givin' tips  
Run through your clique  
You pissed on trip  
I'mma have to bust you in your lips  
And the whips, better have a whole lotta chips  
'Cause I ain't for no, I ain't for no, run through your, run through ya clique I learned a lot in such a short amount  
of time  
Everything that's fuckin' fine that go to [?] mind  
Met you when I was like maybe fifteen years on you  
You just act a little older plus I heard you came from Arizona  
And that was new so I was poppin' up at house parties  
Ridin', fuckin' dirty with the older niggas ridin' for me  
And they just told me how that game work  
I said fuck it, I'mma put the rockin' by your [?] dumb shit  
But fuck it, that's my initial thought when I had met you  
I was sittin' in the bleachers when your girls approached me  
And they threw away your number like it wan't taken or something  
I told 'em "Baby, I'm nothing", say "Why you wanna choose me?"  
They giggle, and walked away, I pray to God  
It felt so right, I never [?], I never fucked them bitches [?]  
So if you ever try to blame it on me  
Know I blame it on my dick, know I'm sick, ya I run through ya Run through your clique  
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I'mma have to bust you in your lips  
And the whips, better have a whole lotta chips  
'Cause I ain't for no givin' tips  
Run through your clique  
You pissed on trip  
I'mma have to bust you in your lips  
And the whips, better have a whole lotta chips  
'Cause I ain't for no, I ain't for no, run through your, run through ya clique Nineteen, I got a newer meaning  
Rocked Monk beats, got sane, searchin' for a deeper meaning  
Still burnin' women, what a deadly contradiction  
Nigga [?] ya with the physical and spiritual  
Lookin' back at what my life and what a fuckin' trip

I coulda loved this bitch and lost myself so I could please the bitch  
And never please the bitch is what I learned and then I went away from everything  
I started searchin' for one, well, uh  
Mo' bitches, mo' money, mo' drugs  
How my niggas started robbin', went west, start thuggin'  
Picked rappin', they chose, I blew, my crew  
Got big, split wigs, still rob mo' [?]  
We battle, we fight, we one big one  
No Pun, all scale, no bitch on my dick  
Young nigga, no whip, my niggas legit  
And I pray for my clan and my squad while I run through your (clique)Run through your clique  
Run through, run through your clique  
Run through your cliqueRun through your clique  
You pissed on trip  
I'mma have to bust you in your lips  
And the whips, better have a whole lotta chips  
'Cause I ain't for no givin' tips  
Run through your clique  
You pissed on trip  
I'mma have to bust you in your lips  
And the whips, better have a whole lotta chips  
'Cause I ain't for no, I ain't for no, run through your, run through ya clique

Songwriters

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