

Spectrum

GoldLink

Run through your clique
Scratch, you pissed on trip
I'mma have to bust you in your lips
And the whips, better have a whole lotta chips
Cuz I ain't for no *scratch* givin' tips
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
Cuz I ain't for no, I ain't for no, run through your, run through ya clique
Nakakainis talaga siya, pero iniisip ko na mahal na mahal ko siya. Parang palaging kami
magkasama, pero may tiwala na ako sa kanya. Lahat ng ibang tao na dumating bago sa kanya,
wala na sila. Di na bale 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
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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 your clique
Run through your clique
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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