

Sold Out Dates (feat. Lil Baby)

Gunna

[Intro: Gunna]

Yeah, yeah

Young, young, young Gunna, yeah

Run that back Turbo[Chorus: Gunna]

Baby, sold out dates, cash every day

I got you Hermes, I love that blue race

It's cheetah my pack, the condo a cage

Addicted to sex, I gotta get laid

My jacket Off-White, I don't mean that it's Bape

I clean up real nice, I don't got a maid

Her apron at night, I'm still rockin' Bape

Live on paradise, I don't see the shade

[Verse 1: Gunna]

'Nother backend, I'm back on the road

Flooded Patek, paid off a show

Drippin' this rare, more this Vlone

Hoes by the pair, I'm never alone

Sleep on the Lear, Comme des Garçons

Eight in a two, and let it dissolve

Balmain my dinner, young Gun wanna ball

Rock the whole concert and hopped in a frog

My foreign's a toy, I'm still a kid

Ten K this year for Coachella, it's lit

Bro got umbrellas to cover her wig

Open sale money, left them in a trench

Lightning bolt diamonds 'cause I move with Vince

We strapped like a lineman, I really got rich

Some more fancy yellow diamonds in my piss

Don't get it confused, I'm still bangin' the six

New Cartier, Gunna outdone

Niggas tryna soak up the drip like a sponge

Hatred's contagious, I keep me a gun

I'm focused on makin' an M in a month

Baby order twenty thousand in ones

Walk in and buy, I'm not asking how much

Red on the bottom, you need to catch up

Can't stick to these droppin', I need me a dub

[Chorus: Gunna]

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Live on paradise, I don't see the shade[Verse 2: Lil Baby]
Me and young Gunna back at it again
We just in New York, double datin' with twins
I just bought a Wraith, I retired the Benz
I fired my bitch and I hired her friend
I see all the hate through these Cartier lens
Every two months I done put up an M
My dog caught a body, they got it on film
He still rockin' Gucci watches in the pen
Take a trip 'round the globe then we do it again
Got 'em watchin' my drip, guess I'm settin' the trend
Louis backpack, hit the jet and I'm gone
I don't post what I do 'cause these niggas be clone
See these diamonds they hittin', these VVS stones
Got a championship ring, I just brought it home
FN is plastic, them bullets like pellets
This Givenchy jacket, this ain't Pelle Pelle
Sold out dates, you know I don't play
That last aim wasn't straight, got no time for breaks
On they neck 'til it breaks, ain't pushin' no brakes
I got on two watches, I still come in late
It feel like my birthday, I'm gettin' this cake
I pop like I got it, I'm holdin' my weight
I control the projects, I'm pushin' this weight
I'm sippin' this sizzurp, I pour me an eight[Chorus: Gunna]
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