

Sold Out Dates-Gunna Lyrics

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"Sold Out Dates"

[Intro: Gunna]

Yeah, yeah
Young, young, young Gunna, yeah
Run that back, Turbo
Baby

[Chorus: Gunna]

Sold-out dates, cash every day
I got you Hermés, I light up Blu-rays
This cheetah my pet, the condo a cage
Addicted to sex, I gotta get laid
My jacket Off-White, don't mean that it's beige
I clean up real nice, I don't got a maid
An ape in the 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' is rare, more this Vloné
Hoes by the pair, I'm never alone
Sleep on the Lear, Comme des Garçons
Drop eight in a two and let it dissolve
Balmain my denim, young GunWunna ball
Rock the whole concert and hopped in a frog

My foreign's a toy, I'm still a kid
10K this year for Coachella, it's lit
Rolls got umbrellas to cover her wig
Open Ceremony, left them in a trench
Lightning bolt diamonds 'cause I want revenge
We straight like a line, man, 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 a don
Niggas tryna soak up the drip like a sponge
Hatred's contagious, I keep me a gun
I'm focused on makin' a 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
Consistently droppin', I need me a dub

[Chorus: Gunna]

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[Verse 2: Lil Baby]

Me and young Gunna back at it again
We just left 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 tryna 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 clones
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
The last eight months 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 poured me an eight

[Chorus: Gunna]

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