

MET GALA - Gunna Lyrics

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"MET GALA"

It's easy to slip, don't want you to fall
Might drip on this b- like Met Gala, ballin'
Answer her texts, don't answer her calls

Yeah, she sent me a text, I don't answer her call

She love when I flex and shop in the mall
Relieving her stress, I beat down her walls
Skeet-skeet on her chest, she kissin' my balls
We speed in that 'Vette, don't stop for the laws

VVs on my neck, I shine in the dark

It's easy to slip, don't want you to fall

Walk in with the drip at Met Gala Ball

Shoot your sh- up, I got accurate aim

Fucked up a few mil', now I'm back like I came

That boy say my name, I went and got me some strain

You know I don't crash, I just stay in my lane
Please don't compare, because we not the same
GunWun ain't no gimmick, ain't clownin' for fame
I trapped for a living and been had a name
Work hard for these clothes, cars, and watches and chains

Oh, man, Rolls-Royce got umbrellas, this whip for the rain
These folks done fucked up, let me slip in the game
This bitch let me fuck, this shit went to her brain
She know I'm a beast, it ain't easy to tame
She squirt on my sheets while I beat out her frame
Dozed off, woke back up, she still sayin' my name
In love with my life, and you wish we could trade

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Came in and she strip, her panties and all
Lip gloss on her lip, suck me like a hoe
A boss and a pimp, I bought me a ship
I walk with a limp, FN in my drawers
When she talk that shit, I put dick in her jaws
I hit and don't miss, ain't no win, lose, or draw
Hit and don't miss, ain't no win, lose, or draw
Came from Flat Shoals and Old Nat
On the South, in that back, you get whacked, then get shot in your car
Why hell you think that I'm maxin'?
Relaxin' in mansions, no cappin', 'cause we had it hard
I ain't get this shit just from askin'
I made this shit happen and passion, it played a big part
I ain't get this bitch off of mackin'
It came off of actions and fashion and stay in accord
Yeah, she sent me a text, I don't answer her call
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