

# Gunna, Met Gala

It's easy to slip, don't want you to fall  
Might drip on this bitch 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 shit up, I got accurate aim  
Poured 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

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

Walk in with the drip like Met Gala Ball  
Came in and she strip, her panties and all  
Lip gloss on her lip, suck me like a ho  
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  
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