Both Eyes Closed (feat. 2 Chainz & Young Dolph)

Gucci Mane

We got London on da Track Drop top, wop

If Young Metro don't trust you, I'm gon' shoot youCartier frames, call me four eyes Still can cook a deuce up with both eyes closed

A lot of people still got a lot of shit to say about the clothes and the pics I post

But it's a beautiful day outside today

Don't know which car I'ma drive today

Promoter just brought me 200 grand and I'ma count it by hand all hundreds with both eyes closed

I've got a chick so fine, make a blind man see her

She runnin' through my mind, that's a fine idea

And I ain't Blake Griffin, I don't drive no Kia

If it ain't 10 mil, I can't sign no deal

I'm all about a check, fresh Nikes, let's do it

And I spy a bitch that wanna scrape, get to it

Trap tutorial, ridin' down Memorial

From the bando to the Waldorf Astoria

If you don't like to see niggas shine, then close your eyes then

I'll be on a private island, vibin' to violins

Autobiography, Gucci Mane the author

And I'm the trap sponsor, Gucci Mane's the father

Eight figure nigga just walked into Walter's

If you ain't gettin' money then move out of Georgia

100 tapes and goin', go check my discography

The freshest nigga livin', go check your photography

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Made a 100 thousand on the one-eyed stove

Two-tone Wraith and a two-tone PP

Walked out of Gucci with the two-tone GG

Bulletproof Rhino, coke color albino

Yeah, my sauce A1, no Fogo de Chão

Makin' money in piles sellin' people the Pyro

Click the link in the bio, I'm the illest that I know

I'm the illest to rivals, all my cars got a title

Had to Roc just like Tidal, sell a preacher the Bible
I'm a hustler for real, sell a hospital vital
Sell my cousin some Adderall 'cause he takin' his finals
Tity Boi your highness, make it through any crisis
All I do is look straight, all the bullshit behind us
Got the 'ier on the bracelet, got the 'ier on the frame

Got the 'ier on the watch, 'ier to the gameCartier frames, call me four eyes Still can cook a deuce up with both eyes closed

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Promoter just brought me 200 grand and I'ma count it by hand all hundreds with both eyes closedDon't mean to brag and boast, but I be fresher than most

Ran through my first million playin' on the West Coast Keep some pretty girls 'round me everywhere that I go We made it out the streets, pop a bottle, let's make a toast I run circles 'round scrap niggas with a blindfold

And she said "Let's make love", want me to fuck with my eyes closed

But lil' mama so fine when she took her clothes off I went straight in it both eyes closed (You're crazy bruh)

Ha, wait a minute, I'm fresh as fuck, let me strike a pose
Hands down, iced up, white and rose gold
She walkin' 'round my penthouse in my Versace robe
Since a juvenile I stuck to the G code
Servin' out the kitchen but I never touched the stove
I told my bitch "You mine's now, you ain't gotta work

Just keep it real and let's go spend the mils"Cartier frames, call me four eyes
Still can cook a deuce up with both eyes closed

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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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