

Gucci Mane - Both Eyes Closed Lyrics

We got London on da Track

Drop top, wop

If Young Metro don't trust you, I'm gon' shoot you

Cartier 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

An eight figure nigga just walked into Wal-Mart

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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I just drove the Tesla with both eyes closed
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 Range, the 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 Ye on the bracelet, got the Ye on the frame
Got the Ye on the watch, Ye to the game

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Don'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"

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