

# 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 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 Cartier frames, call me four eyes  
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And I'ma count it by hand all hundreds with both eyes closed 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 Cartier frames, call me four eyes  
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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" Cartier frames, call me four eyes  
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Songwriters

Radric Davis, Tauheed Epps, Adolph Thornton Jr., London Holmes  
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