Blind

Gucci Mane

Guwopo
You gotta be rich to hang with me
All these. keep blinding me
All these diamonds keep blinding me
No snitches, no suckers, nah (Mwah)
I ain't with it
Zaytoven
(Go)

She said she don't got no type, she like the boss type (Boss)
A rich nigga that be down to fuck her all night (Lock)
Big Guwop in your house, cuff your ho type (Cuff hrt)
Old insecure nigga, you a ho type (Go)
I told Zay I need the East Atlanta Bay shit (Bay shit)
I vote Gucci Mane and Zay as the greatest (Greatest)
Niggas mad 'cause they broke and they ain't relevant (No)
I touched a quarter brick and never been broke ever since (Skrrt)
I got money, I got power, I'm not 50 Cent (Nah)
But I can teach you how to rob, I been doin' it (Yup)
Bitch, it's President's Day, I'm the president (Gucci)
She tryna suck my dick and use that shit for evidence (Huh?)
If you come too close, you in rare air
Every time I hit the club, I rock a rare pair (Ooh)
Twin stones on my finger, and the cut pair (Burr)
And they big as real pears, I'm a real player (Wow)
I need a towel 'cause I'm drippin' colder, Klondike Bear (Well damn)
Need to call a timeout 'cause this shit ain't fair (Huh?)
Bitch got runway shit that she ain't even wear (Yeah)
On a tear right now, man, this shit unreal (Yeah)
No cap, no cut, it's a done deal
Playin' blackjack, I took 'em down a fuckin' half a mil'
Delusions of Grandeur so call Dr. Phil (Call him)
Drop top, red vert, God, take the wheel (Wop)

Hah, she know my pockets is swollen
She worried 'bout the wrong things, yeah
Ninety-nine pair of Balmains, yeah
And she be actin' like she know me
I can buy you bags, buy you Rollies
But I can tell you really need controllin'
Before you was my girl, you was my homie
Anytime you want, you can hold it

I'm an artist, I'm not a sketcher, yeah, yeah
I'm a certified flexer, yeah, yeah
You buggin' if you think I trust ya
That .38 stay in my dresser
But they ain't know that I was messed up, yeah, yeah
They must've thought I wouldn't catch up, yeah
Now open up and let me stretch ya
Do that thing that you be doin' with your leg up
I'm a king and I don't feel no fuckin' pressure
I be singin' while I rap, I feel like Usher
I'm that nigga, Amiri, got every sweater
If you that nigga, nigga, say it with your chest, oh
She love my swag, oh yeah
I bought her a new bag, I paid a bag for it

I'm gon' give it to her if she ask for it
And she know I started in the back, oh yeah
Girl, I love it when you throw it back on me
I'm gon' fuck you good and make you mad horny
Swear that I was cheatin', you were black on me
Yeah, this is my mood, I'm wearing black all week
I used to have that motherfuckin' MAC on me
But now I got somebody else to blast for me
But fuck it, if I gotta do it, mask on me
Yeah, this is my mood, yeah
I'm wearing black all week, hah

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