

# Eyes Closed

Starlito

All these pussy niggas taking shots.  
Must be shootin with they eyes closed.  
I'm a be thuggin til my eyes closed.  
Smoking till my eyes closed, sippin til my eyes closed.  
And I swear all a nigga see is gwap.  
And that's even with my eyes closed, even with my eyes closed.  
I count that money with my eyes closed.  
Smokin til my eyes closed.  
Sippin til my eyes closed.

The harder I grind the more they hate.  
They hate... but I'm gettin... this money hey

Okay I pour a dose or two, sippin on a four-by-four.  
Blowin doe doe but I'm still awake like I'm on no doughs.  
High in the sky but my eye's low.  
Yeah I know, that underground, I get around.  
Rest in peace uncle Chad.  
Rest in peace uncle Pac, still feel that your murder was tragic.  
I'm the nephew you never had.  
I'm you with a syrup habit.  
Still remember where I was in ninety-six when I heard what happened.  
My first cousin Karma born the same night.  
Recurring patterns of thought return when her name get brought up, love her  
just like your music forever.  
Every since you, who would'a knew you'd influence my future endeavors.  
Take them hoes to the telly, they get looser than ever.  
I'm sippin juice, totin metal.  
Might get to shoot one wherever.

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I closed my eyes, tried to pray.  
Good Lord I'm so high today.  
Wait, what I'm trying to say... far as I got.  
Probably a little tired but I'm wide awake.  
FNH by the waist.  
Run up by me by mistake, won't let hatred decide my fate.  
Thankful, I'm grateful, I pray for family and love and better judgement and  
patience but understand I'm a thug.  
Slow my plan up, out here gambling, should have ran this shit up.  
Riding around Atlanta in a Phantom with a Fanta and two cups.  
Wait, close my eyes I'm daydreaming.  
I stay scheming, I work early mornings and late evenings.  
Bought a whole pint for the eight even.  
Bought a quarter pound for the eighty.  
I'm 8UP for no reason.  
Drop a sixteen just to triple that then I'm laid up at the four seasons.  
Just to serve the J's I'm saying I'm leaving just to get J's out Sports Seas  
ons.

Although I'm almost incoherent, the drink and the dro so cohesive.  
My flow complete, I'm just passing game.  
Did you catch that?  
You should coach receivers.  
Get half a bar, just hope that you know that we know that you're broke and we don't believe you.

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