

## Mask On

## Gunplay

Mask on, mask off

When I loop that corner boy, ain't gon' be no talk  
Just a whole lotta (flocka!) and a whole lotta chump  
Mask on (how you want it?) mask off (how you want it?)  
You don't want it homie, what the fuck you niggas mean?  
Sheriff catch us with the infrared beams

Ok, these niggas think they steppin' on my turf and I'm a let 'em

Get your armor off first, 'fore you step out in this weather  
Rainin' bucket on my fuckas, cocaine in my dutches  
Ain't gon' be no mercy when your fate is in my clutches  
M dre with the top rip, rag on the chopstick  
Lookin' like I'm bout to hold the whole world hostage  
They say I'm satan's sidekick but ya'll'd never know  
I got killers lurkin' round but ya'll'd never know  
Rollin' in my benz like it's boderline bentley  
My 44 never close, so don't boderline tempt me  
I'm in total control mode, move you like a checker  
Two barrels on my weapon, now that's a double decker

No pity in my city, no love in my titty  
Who the fuck ain't gunplay money? all they'd admit it  
Cigarfare and hardware, no way I'm gon' starve here  
Hard weed, and soft hair, and sticks for that warfare  
So serious I can't smile, stress keep my face frown  
It don't matter how many times I pull the ace out  
Real nigga all day, bully the hard way  
From the bout to Broadway, we gon' handle it our way  
Lookin' like money, but I'm feelin' like murder  
If ya took somethin' from me, best believe I'll reverse it  
Yeah, clearly disturbed, probably piss on a sheriff  
Fuck the crackas and the jackas, pass the mass and a wacka