

# Gun Plus a Mask

Juicy J

You niggas gon have to start  
Watchin your mothafuckin back  
Real shit

A gun plus a mask, you do the math  
All my goons know, that equals cash (3x)  
A gun plus a mask, that equals cash  
So if your fucked up down to your last  
A gun and a mask gon getchu cash  
A gun plus a mask, you do the math  
All my goons know, that equals cash

What you know about it nigga this that goon shit  
AK sweep a nigga house without a broomstick  
So nigga come up of that bad, all them pistols blast  
With the choppa at yo house lyin in the grass  
They a rob a nigga blind if they doin bad  
Duct tape around the handle they don't use a mag  
So tell em where its at, don't tell em no more lies  
Line yo family up against the wall, and open fire  
All you trap niggas are victims, jackers gon catch you slippin  
Feeling yourself, flashin this stuntin, niggas are come end up missin  
You trappers gon drop off that cash, you see em out here they hurtin  
They got you back its a robbery, nigga now don't make it a murder  
Too late to talk when the shit hit the fan  
Got choppas on deck, war drums than a band  
Gun a nigga down, leave em where he stands  
Highway to hell, nigga better start praying

A gun plus a mask, you do the math  
All my goons know, that equals cash (3x)  
A gun plus a mask, that equals cash  
So if your fucked up down to your last  
A gun and a mask gon getchu cash  
A gun plus a mask, you do the math  
All my goons know, that equals cash

Walk up to your house, knock on your door, and blow your ass off  
Drop it off, drop it off, bitch I got a sawed-off  
Bitch I got a sawed-off  
Walk up to your house, knock on your door, and blow your ass off  
Drop it off, drop it off, bitch I got a sawed-off  
Bitch I got a sawed-off

They telling me Yela don't swing  
Look buddy don't worry bout me  
If you in my lane, you would end up in a train that's ditch with the snakes  
in a leeches  
Gotta take a mothafucka out I get wanted cuz I never did shit but me,  
Its about time that I said it, hey would I regret it we'll see (fuck that)  
Yelawolf I am a loose cannon, ask David Banner how deep  
I was born and raised in this shit, momma I got manners bout me  
But I'll get dirty if I gotta get dirty and dead a mothafuckin piranha up in  
a Alabama creek  
I'm hotter than you in the middle of the summer  
Sitting in a sauna under the sun in a Alabama street, shit  
Rockin rollin' I got noted, I'm going up yeah I'm going

But with my dreams and my people I got that poetry loaded  
My soul is sold, and they sold it, sweet .. they grow it  
I leave that potato smoking, look bitch don't think that I'm jokin  
Click, POW!