

# Gun Plus A Mask

Juicy J

A gun plus a mask, you do the math  
All my goons know, that equals cash, that equals cash, that equals cash  
A gun plus a mask, that equals cash  
So if you fucked up down to your last  
A gun and a mask gon' get ya 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 off that bag, or them pistols blast  
With the choppa at yo house lyin' in the grass  
They'll rob a nigga blind if they doin' bad  
Duct tape around the handle they don't use a mag  
So tell em where it's 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' and stuntin', niggas gon' come 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, more 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, that equals cash, that equals cash  
A gun plus a mask, that equals cash  
So if you fucked up down to your last  
A gun and a mask gon' get ya 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

Songwriters

JORDAN HOUSTON, MICHAEL ATHA, MIKE FOSTER Published by

Lyrics © BMG RIGHTS MANAGEMENT US, LLC Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941.

Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnlyrics.com/>