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 cashWhat 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 prayingA 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 cashWalk 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-offThey telling me Yela don't swing, look buddy don't worry 'bout me
If you in my lane you in a drainage ditch with the snakes and the leeches
Gotta take a mothafucka out I get wanted cause I never did shit but me
It's about time that I said it, hey would I regret it we'll see (Fuck that)
Yelawolf I'm 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 dirtier then 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, street told and quoted
I leave the potato smoking, look bitch don't think that I'm jokin'
Click, pow

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