

# Gun Plus a Mask (feat. Yelawolf)

## 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 They 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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