Gun Plus a Mask (feat. Yelawolf)

Juicy J

You niggas gon have to start
Watchin your mothafuckin back
Real shitA gun plus a mask, you do the math
All my goons know, that equals cash
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 cashWhat 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 and 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 murderToo 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 standsHighway to hell, nigga better start praying
A gun plus a mask, you do the math
All my goons know, that equals cash
A gun plus a mask, that equals cash
So if your fucked up down to your last
A gun and a mask gon getchu cashA 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 offDrop it off, drop it off, bitch I got a sawed-off
Bitch I got a sawed-offWalk 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
(2 Yelawolf)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 drainage 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
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 that potato smoking, look bitch don't think that I'm jokin
Click, POW!
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