

Mask On

Gunplay

Mask on, mask off

When I loop that corner boy, ain't gon' be no talk
Just a whole lotta (flocka!) and a whole lotta chump
Mask on (how you want it?) mask off (how you want it?)
You don't want it homie, what the fuck you niggas mean?
Sheriff catch us with the infrared beams

Ok, these niggas think they steppin' on my turf and I'm a let 'em

Get your armor off first, 'fore you step out in this weather
Rainin' bucket on my fuckas, cocaine in my dutches
Ain't gon be no mercy when your fate is in my clutches
M dre with the top rip, rag on the chopstick
Lookin' like I'm bout to hold the whole world hostage
They say I'm satan's sidekick but ya'll'd never know
I got killers lurkin' round but ya'll'd never know
Rollin' in my benz like it's boderline bentley
My 44 never close, so don't boderline tempt me
I'm in total control mode, move you like a checker
Two barrels on my weapon, now that's a double decker

No pity in my city, no love in my titty
Who the fuck ain't gunplay money? all they'd admit it
Cigarfare and hardware, no way I'm gon' starve here
Hard weed, and soft hair, and sticks for that warfare
So serious I can't smile, stress keep my face frown
It don't matter how many times I pull the ace out
Real nigga all day, bully the hard way
From the bout to broadway, we gon' handle it our way
Lookin' like money, but I'm feelin' like murder
If ya took somethin' from me, best believe I'll reverse it
Yeah, clearly disturbed, probably piss on a sheriff
Fuck the crackas and the jackas, pass the mass and a wacka