

\$999,999 + \$1 = A Mealticket

E-40

Huh? Want me to speak the real?

Speak the real man

Nigga speak the real

Speak the real

Speak the real

Speak the real

Speak the real

It's a quarter after nine on my AM FM
Radio Shack digital motel six o' clock alarm reads
"40, get your ass up, time to hit the grind
You can't afford to pass no money I know you heard about that"
What, what? "Task raided Millersville Ms. Miller had a heart attack"
Dude, that's some cold shit, ain't it huh?
I know, she was a good person for certain I know
V-Town, California where I was born, raised and grown
And since 1979 I been a hustler on the go
You know the drill, my mission for real, a mealticket
You feel, we slowly but surely approachin seven digits
Figurines, sticky doo-hicky and angel dust
Mescaline, niggas know better than fuck with us
I'm pimped out flossin in Reno in the casino
Big bid, fuckin off feddie I could've put down on a crib
I does that, I do, rejuvenate, redeem
Take a lose, take a lose
Don't make a scene
Nigga charge it to the triple beam
Fuck the stress
I let that orange box of baking soda do the rest
Holler at my neighborhood chef, Raul
Known for cloning chickens and turning one into two
That's what he do for a living
That's all he's used to
Playtex rubber dishwashing gloves and residue, Biotch!!!!

Bullshit ain't nothin

You see we gone keep this thuggin

and mean muggin jump until it's a done deal

You see E-40 and Sick Wid It bring the real nothin but

What if I bring this back down?

You gots to be about it or be without it

Be about it or without it

Ay, you know what? I smell you on that playboy, look

We fin to run down a a whole tac on these bitch ass niggaz

Niggas ain't smellin this shit

We do this shit

Last night I slapped a bitch upside her dome

With my faulty phone

That heifer's tired

She tried to slash my tire
Caught me in the bed with her cousin Tanji
From the track
She use to hold my sack
I use to dick her down way back in 86
She use to look just like a skank
But now that bitch got a ass, tits, body and boy that bich is bad
For what it's worth, the pussy smelled like Certs
Victoria's Secret
Now folks just remember I never said I thought about lickin pussy
I said I never thought about eatin
Keepin it and treatin it nice
Fuck that I'm a hog
I put it down, I'm from the hood
Where I live, on the outskirts
And down on the tuck in the cut
In Clemente Apartments man
I'm a baller so you know I ain't got shit in my name
I'm strictly ghetto celebrity, niggaz get buried
Ready for combat if you plottin and plannin
Oh if you come for me and confiscate my dough
Let the buzzer be the bail
But my suggestion is to stay within your envelope
I'm block to block, swingin on vines
Community service, put up stop signs

Uhhh!!! Hold the fuck on!!
Did you or did you not tell these niggaz to stay within they envelope?
Sheeit, these toddlers are green to the game
They ain't know nothin about these tramps
six bedroom flats and gettin dealt and held a hand across the mat
You see we from the Yay where we control they minds
and put these hoes on the grind

Ain't got to but I still touch it
Went to the Seven Eleven picked up a traders book and bought a bucket
Use to have a perm taller than the Charlotte Hornets
But I had to cut that bitch off cause see your patna had warrant
That I ain't even handled yet although I'm havin cake
The little homie from the hood want me to put out his tape
He kinda tight too, remind me of The Click crew
Cause they was spittin that old high powered
Godzilla ballin guru ass type shit you
can relate to, wake to, 'scape to when it's sunny
Ride by, slide by, get at a honey
I know these streets like I know my dick
I can tell you who the nigga is that's about to get jacked
And the nigga that pulled the lick
I got this bitch on lock
999,999 plus a dollar in a safe deposit box
Marijuana crops still in this roster
Kilogram, coca leaf and morphien
What about my niggas in the 4-1-5
Look what they made
My niggaz in the city
They call it made
Top grade regeneration, uncut
Designer weed, straight hempilation, what the fuck

Sheit, sheit, sheit, sheit, sheit, sheit sheit, sheit...
Hell yeah, sheit!!

999,999 plus a dollar, plus a dollar man
plus a dollar, plus a dollar man equals a mealticket bitch
Biotch!!!
Sheit! Sheit!