Meal Ticket

The Hummers

My potna gave me fifty dollar, put me in the game
I been slangin' weed then I moved up to cane
Pushin' dem bouldas, slangin' dem quarters
I got 'em 2 for 3, God dammit, I'm a balla
Pushin' in weight from state to state
Niggaz ridin' dirty on my mobile phone, it's UGK
Pimp C said, "P, what's really goin' on?"
I said, "What's really happenin?" He said, "I gotta pocket full of stones"
Now P, be dat new kid on the block
36 OZ's choppin' up rocks in my rock shop
And label me a drug deala, just anotha hard nigga
Rest in peace to 2Pac and the rest of y'all thug niggas
Playaz hookin' up, tryin' to make work
Sendin' work from FedEx to UPS trucks
Now P livin' lavish, caviar and cabbage
Peppers and beans and grits and cabbage
Down south hustlin', ballin', slangin'
Niggaz teamin' up, some niggaz gang bangin'
Used to drink 40s, now it's mo whet
Used to roll cutlass, now it's Benz's and vets
Beckett on my fingaz, Rolex watches
Hoes on the block, bounce that ass, I mean pussy poppin'
Label me an alien, just like Outkast
'Cause I made my money from the ghetto and I did it fast
'Cause I'm 'bout it, y'all know I'm rowdy
Ask Big Mo and John Henry if y'all doubt it
Hooked up with 8-ball and MJG
'Cause we tryin' to get a meal ticket from these streets
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8-ball and MJG, south side representin'
A nigga came to mention these hoes can't touch my pimpin'
Mobbin' through the swamp, P and me and G and UGK

Somethin' that a muthafucka fuck, what these hoes say?
'Cause we each be lookin for meal tickets, witches drivin' me crazy
Lady, can I claim yo' baby? Honey, call me the Shady, maybe
Construct the thinkin', we're turnin' to duckies bankin'
No laws somebody save me a slice of meat up in my grave
Captain save 'em, pay 'em, before you get to lay 'em
Got a real nigga's job, so damn hard tryin to play 'em
Weigh em, no weigh me, cause that's what they gon' pay me
Pimpin' ain't dead baby, just ask MJG
Who be I? MJG, he be me but if I was he
And you was I, who would you see? One of us is just
That when ya hungry, I do it only, pertainin' bustas
Fakes, and phonies, about that money, where my ticket?
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Cocaine lady, white lady, sellin' good
I'm leanin' on the leather and I'm grippin' on the wood
I'm feelin' on the great ballin' in the slant back
I'm Pimp C, bitch and Tree, us niggaz roll Cadillac
Bad ass bitches can't leave my dick alone
I done 'bout me a key and changed my name to James Jones
Pimpin' ain't dead, ya heard what I said? How the fuck is pimpin' dead?
Qhen bitches still givin' me head? Lickin' my ass if he'd be the deala
Suck the nut up out a [Incomprehensible] bucket slow down suave nigga
Now bitch I be the prison pushin' everythin'
A 4 for 4 doors, king of the quarters
Fuckin' with nothin' but queens and they daughters
Get cleansed, weeded, and watered, I flow like a Asian, Malaysian
Saudi Arabian, African I be blazin' in the Golden Gate, swish it out
Holdin' weight, I hits the block, I'm rollin' bait, them fiends come out
They know they got to stole the cake, I motivate
Fiends dealas, ballas, hatas, shops and boppas
Jekyll and Hyde, Bonnie and Clyde, and niggaz
That ride with glocks and choppas where we out
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