

# \$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 dish washing 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?  
Which one, which one cap'n?  
You got 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 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 eighty-six she use to look just like a sketch  
But now that bitch got a ass, tits, body and boy, that bitch 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' it  
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 of town on the tuck in the cut  
In some empty 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  
Uhh, hold the fuck on  
Did you or did you not tell these niggaz to stay within they envelope?  
Shit, these toddlers is 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 7-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 partna 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 morphine  
What about my niggas in the 415?  
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  
999,999 plus a dollar, plus a dollar man  
Plus a dollar, plus a dollar, man, equals a mealticket bitch  
Biotch, sheit, sheit, fuck it

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