$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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