

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

## E-40

Huh? Want me to speak the real?  
Speak the real man  
Nigga, 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 SecretNow 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 hogI 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 nameI'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 envelopeI'm block to block, swingin' on vines

Community service, put up stop signsUhh, 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 grindAin'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 warrantThat 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 toWake 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 lickI 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 madeMy 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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