

# E-40, \$999,999 \$1 = A Mealticket

(E-40)

Huh? Want me to speak the real?

(Kaveo)

Speak the real man

(E-40)

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 f\*\*k with us

I'm pimped out flossin in Reno in the casino

Big bid, f\*\*kin 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

F\*\*k 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!!!!

(Hook)

(Kaveo)

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

(E-40)

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  
F\*\*k 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

(Hook)

(Kaveo)

Uhhh!!! Hold the f\*\*k on!!  
Did you or did you not tell these niggaz to stay within they envelope?  
Sheeit, these timers 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

(E-40)

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 bigger 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 f\*\*k

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!