

# Meal Ticket

Master P

My potna gave me \$50, 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 U.G.K.  
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 O-Z'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 ya'll 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 gangbangin  
Used to drink 40s, now it's mowhet  
Used to roll cutlass, now it's benzes and vets  
?Becketts? on my fingaz, Rolex watches,  
Hoes on the block, bounce that azz, 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, ya'll know I'm rowdy,  
Ask Big Mo and John Henry if ya'll doubt it  
Hooked up with 8-ball and MJG  
Cause we tryin to get a meal ticket from these streets

8-ball and MJG, southside representin, a nigga came to mention,  
These hoes can't touch my pimpin  
Mobbin through the swamp, P and me and G and U.G.K.  
?Hustlin? as 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 ??? when ya hungry, I do it only  
Pertainin bustas, fakes, and phonies,  
About that money, where my ticket?

Cocaine lady, white lady sellin good  
I'm leanin' on the leather, and I'm grippin on the wood.  
I'm feelin on the ??? 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 when bitches still givin me head?  
Lickin my ass if ??? be the deala

Suck the nut up out a ??? bucket slow down suave nigga,  
Now bitch I be the prison pushin' everything, 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 case?  
I motivate, fiends, dealas, ballas, hatas, shops and boppas,  
Jekll and Hyde, Bonnie and Clyde, and niggaz that ride with glocks and chopp  
as  
Where we out?

[Chorus and fade]