

## Jaya

### "Keep Your Eyez on the Mealticket"

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Money B speaking:

It's time i'm lettin all you busters know you better ride  
to this here

ya, this is one of them ones that had to get done  
if anybody get offended by what I'm sayin,  
I'm probably talkin bout you anyways  
but it ain't about that. it's about my dawg  
They can't kill you dawg, I won't let you die  
and I remember what you told me. you said:

Chorus:

The aim is to be major paid  
with game sharper than a mutherfuckin razorblade  
So keep your eyes on the mealticket (mealticket)  
so get your money nigga, let's get richer real quicker  
The aim is to be major paid  
with game sharper than a mutherfuckin razorblade  
So keep your eyes on the mealticket  
get your money hustler, let's get richer real quicker

1st verse:

Got fools askin when I'm gonna do a song for my  
homey  
like my feelings ain't strong for my homey  
It didn't take long for my homie to start sewin it up  
throwing up the westside here, blowin it up  
A real rider, thugged out to the corner  
A lot of fools hated him cuz he was doin it hot  
You think I'm talkin bout you?  
you better check that tattoo  
On your chick thigh, fool  
Ride or die, fool  
Now all these fools  
wanna make a career of the next man's hits  
Ridin his tip, makin songs bout pac  
Sayin it's outta respect  
but if it's outta respect,  
Then give his momma the check  
cuz she made him  
and he sure made you  
you like humble (??), im watchin everything you do

Come on dog, face it you know you cheatin  
If he was still here, you know you wouldnt be eatin  
but everybody thugged out, thug this, thug that  
Superthugs to the fullest, imagine that  
You one dimensional,  
claimin you the 2nd comin and its unintentional  
My homey, i wish you was here so you could see these  
lamers  
How these fake djs tryin to be in this game  
You know, your real loved ones miss you dawg  
When you fell, you took the west with you dawg  
for real

#### Chorus

You ain't knowin whats wrong  
now put your shirt back on  
Before Tha Outlawz see ya  
and you get your back blown  
Ridin to makaveli 3, 4, 5 and 6  
with tattoos on they belly  
Ridin like they getting shot  
All these bad asses suckas he was talkin wit  
now that he passed, they kissin his ass  
Now, if this shit was the other way around  
You think my man Pac wouldn't still be tryin to clown  
Now tell me are you sincere for real  
Or maybe tryin to pick up West Coast record sales?  
Cuz uh, touchin them millions, my dawg was nice  
Even B.I. got turned out by thug life (babee)  
Now where the hell u think that stuff came from?  
Ya, act up if you want  
Makaveli tha Don, he was the greatest  
i know u hate it, but someone had to say it

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