

## Master Ace

### "Meal Ticket"

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[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

[Chorus:] Tryin to get a meal ticket [8X]

[8-ball]

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!

[MJG]

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

[8-ball]

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

[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?

[Chorus (8X)]

[Pimp C]

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

[??? (other dude from U.G.K.)]

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 choppas

Where we out?

[Chorus and fade]

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