

Iwa K "Meal Ticket"

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(Don't wanna be stumblin baby)

Intro/Chorus:

This is for them hustlers scufflin for them ends
tryin ta get a mill, (fancy cars) and a house on the hill
repeat

Verse 1:

I dwells in the city, a bank is where ya bound to suffer
Lifestyle filled with hoodsters, players and hustlers
Busters wanna shut me down, I suppose
cos I'm makin cash flow as my ghetto life dispose
I gets my hustle on from dust to dawn, Perignon
(Damn, how my life transformed like Voltron!)
Chargin like Natron by any means
These collard greens is goin quicker than the forests
are evergreen
Now one-time tryin ta shut me down cos I'm on a
mission makin ends in my Benz bendin corners

Fools be Coupe deVille yet still I stay real wit mine
If the 10 reaches dome, so long! So catch me next time
So, wordly rhymes they been kind to me
Hoes lie to me, make me try to be what they not, see
I'm gonna call you Wimpy (Can I please bawl, word?)
A dollar a day and ya gladly pay me back tomorrow
Hell no! I feel no sorrow, I scuffle to get this mill
I've excelled, grab a grip, need no chip for this packed
10

Chorus

Verse 2:

Triple beam, 30 schemes and crack fiends
got me to the point where I can make my 6-4 lean
Hard times got me bussin cheques that ain't mine
I got good credit but like I said it ain't mine
I'm stressed out and I need paper therapy

I'm sick and tired of family and friends takin care of
me
I'm on a one-way ticket to lavish homes and cars
Do anything to make a mill and be a ghetto star

Well what'd make you laugh or make you cry?
Where things that come faster
live it last and the weak'll surely die
Multiply life times death, what's left?
A big house on the hill and I can feel this best quest
As Uncle Sam ain't the man he supposed to be
we out here gettin lynched while most niggas baggin
groceries
Most of these wannabe's get they meal ticket
Claimin they from hoods
it's still too good but they don't still kick it

Chorus

Verse 3:

Livin the lifestyles of the po' and lonely
only takes my mind to mould to make a grip of money
Funny how time flies when you ain't broke
Gotta gets me a mill cos I feel I can't cope, though
I'm down and out in the S-C, less C
Gimme a biz and then get rid of Betsy
I know the whole world on first name basis
But still I get ignored by friends in high places
The chase is on, I gots ta get paid
I'm special like ed. so you can say I got it made

My flows got it buggin, don't mess with my Clicc man
Snap lyrics like a picture, make em say Dougie's a sick
man
Hustle every day that's the way that I was brought up
Gotta make more chips than Ruffles, scuffle, sneaky
plan thought up
Caught up wit Tone Def, not Fargo, or will I wells
Landcruiser, swimmin pools and watchin my pockets
swell
Dosha all the time, all about that money money
moneyyyyyy!!!
Wit a top-notch crew now all my jokes is funny

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