

415

"415"

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[VERSE 1: Richie Rich]

Richie Rich is a factor, a mack, not an actor
Who lounges in the cut and waits just to jack the
Punks who superficially write
Procrastinate, perpetrate, they just bite
I don't really give it much thought, just wax em
Page the posse, grease the Uzis, tax em
And lift up out of there, casualties to rest
Get in the Cutlass, drop the gat and the vest
Have you ever seen a Vogue tire smoke?
Straight on a mission, man, I ain't no joke
See, this is a hype tip, cause in the O that's how we do
this
Handlin boys and punks, I thought you knew this
Gangster's bread on a day-to-day basis
And then the punk police, they try to face this
Form of high rollers just walkin the street
Ain't pumped in a year and just because of the heat
The money still long, just livin lavish
Cause see, the boys in the Oak, they gotta have this
Cause it takes money to survive
And the hustlers are a product of the 415

[CHORUS]

The 4, the 1, the 5
(So much mellow mellow at the)--> Bootsy Collins
The 4, the 1, the 5

[VERSE 2: Richie Rich]

Now see, the 415 is a district
Should I break it down? Man, I'll get specific
First of all we'll hit turfs
I'll explain, then you can take for what it's worth
Down in the Nineties, 96 to be exact
Lips, Disco, Big Ren and the pack
Big Tim, Ice Tee and Chuck D and the crew
They're all from the school, yes the old and new
But 99th yeah, the big rock
Plymouth, boy, the old narc spot
A lot of brothers now high rollers with fame
The Dirt Road is the block they taught on the game
Now this shot's for the Village and Big Fee

Rest in peace and be strong, Young D
They can take you from the game but not the game
from you
And peace to my homies from the 69 Crew
On 85th we got Genie and Big E
Big Nate and F.r.o.g.
Straight old schoolers, pioneers to the game
And in the day 85 Vets was the name
Now 77, Big B and the click
The storefront, beatin brothers with sticks
Ty-Ty, E, the Twins and Long Tone
Damn, it feels good to talk about home
Now Rosedale, this is a street to me
Unknown in the Town, come through, you gettin beat
Cause Shan ain't trippin and neither is Prince
You don't believe me, come through - you'll be
convinced
Now let's take a stroll through the park
Sobrante, man yeah, just before dark
Hustlers hustle and everybody O.G.
You ain't family, it ain't the place to be
I got my top down ridin through

I see my partners, Frog, Ron and Boo
We're in a Cougar tryin to get with the hoes
Twice blue, white insides, gold Zeniths and Vogues
And the girls we were jockin were live
But man, that's how we do it in the 415

[CHORUS]

[VERSE 3: Richie Rich]

To me gettin with a girl means givin up the digits
And maybe tomorrow I come over for a visit
And if you ain't with it, then I'll just forget it
I threw you the line and baby girl, I thought you bit it
So if you weren't choosin, they why were you jockin?
Kenwood system and the Zeus keeps knockin
Yeah, the paint's candy, yeah, Mico sprayed it
Gold ones and Vogues, admit it, you been persuaded
Just another hot one to add to the chart
To the spot to get some Endo, hit the room before dark
Man, she threw it on me, I started to like her
And never thought that down the line that I'd have to
strike her
See, the 415 hoes will make you get ruthless
Bumpin their gums and now the hoes come up
toothless
Cause in the O only the strong survive
And Richie Riche is a factor in the 415

[VERSE 4: Richie Rich]

You see, Rich is a mack man, I'm flowin off the top now
It's like this, I'm gonna bust a freestyle
The J, the e, the d, the man that's producin me
It's like this, I'm in the place to be
I got Daryl in the back, spinnin tables, not wack
And then my partner Darren hookin it up cause it's like
that
You see, the Oakland Town brothers keep poppin
And MC Richie Rich is rappin, cold hip-hoppin
I'm not sweatin it, man, I'm just flowin
Just to let the people know that I'll keep goin
Oakland, California, that's where I'm based
And the brothers out here say this is the place
You see, the crew gets the 'Stangs, the Zeniths, the
Daytons
A brother like me, man, I'm just debatin
On why they're shootin questions at a player
Why do people say that Rich ain't a rhyme sayer
Any sucker muthafucka willin to jock
Then Richie Rich'll run his ass straight up off the block
Back in the days, man, I used to spit lyrics
And people used to come close, cause they liked to
hear it
Anbd now I spend em in cold '89
Because a brother like me, I'm tryin to leave the grind
So on this note I'm out, only this will decide
Peace to the world from the 415

[CHORUS]

Believe that shit

(*DJ Daryl cuts up*)

(So much mellow mellow at the Hollywood get-down)
(There's so much mellow drama at the Hollywood get-
down)

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