

# 415

## "41 Fivin"

Visit "[41Fivin](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

(They don't get any bigger than this)  
(Ain't no half-steppin)  
(They don't get any bigger than this)  
(Ain't no half-steppin)  
(They don't get any bigger than this)  
(Ain't no half-steppin)  
(Till you get to Colombia)  
(Ain't no half-steppin)

[ VERSE 1: Richie Rich ]

This one is dedicated to the posse  
The founder, the author of 'Niggas Just Jock Me'  
The DJ Daryl who cuts so sweet  
Fuck the bullshit, the man makes beats  
The Jigga, the gee, the J, the E, the D  
My road dog, the man Slick Money  
415 complete, that's it  
A new year's resolution to make hits  
'89 my pen and paper were taxed  
But see in '90, my shit is comin on wax  
Money put together right, so we could use it  
Talent so damn tight, we make music  
Loc, a mic artist, straight sinister  
DJ Daryl on the cut, the Prime Minister  
The J the E the D, straight lethal  
But in the '90s he's goin legal  
Those who don't know will soon be realizin  
That the crew is just 41Fivin

[ \*DJ Daryl cuts up\* ]  
(Ain't)

[ VERSE 2: Richie Rich ]

415 is the code to the Eastside  
So if you're not strong, fold to the weak side  
Loc's got the ammo, I ride the tank  
Daryl does the cuttin and JED packs the bank  
All from the Oaktown, but different spots  
Don't catch a bullet, punk, it's way hot  
The stage belongs to the crew that's on it  
So think about the funk before you say that you want it  
Because we came to do a show and we do it legit

And we packed along a posse just to kill up shit  
See, a joke is a joke, like pullin a plug  
You catch a hot one when you're fuckin with a thug  
We don't play that shit, we believe in survival  
But we'll cold catch a murder beef when we're 41Fivin

[ \*DJ Daryl cuts up\* ]  
(Ain't no half-steppin)  
(1-2-3-4)

[ VERSE 3: D-Loc ]  
Hey yo, kick back, take a seat, let a big mack  
Put some muthafuckin game to the dope track  
I don't mean to interrupt, but yo Rich  
I gotta put some shit to this dope cut  
Cause I'm a lyricist, I'm on a risin  
Here to let em know I be 41Fivin  
Step up or press up, you might mess up  
The program, because the Locster is fed up  
I'm on a mission to give em what they're missin  
And tell you what you're lackin, boy, I mean business  
Stupid muthafuckas play me close, but hell no  
I couldn't be touched even if you tried to bumrush  
A rat pack, niggas better step back  
Steppin to the Locster and gets jacked  
That's how it is when you're fuckin with me  
But much worse when you're fuckin with the 415 posse  
I just limp like a pimp, grab my dick  
Wobble to the phone, then call up Rich  
I tell him like this: "Yo, I got some funk  
So page Slick Money and meet me at the studio"  
DJ Daryl's with me with no delay

Rich pulls up with a trunk full of throwaways  
We slap the clip in the nine, now the punchline  
Ran up on the enemies and started 41Fivin

[ \*DJ Daryl cuts up\* ]  
(Ain't)

(Shot his wife and her lawyer)

[ VERSE 4: D-Loc ]  
Time to break east, I hear sirens  
Man, I hate those punk police  
I'm finna lounge in the cut and duck one  
I popped his ass and that was just for fun  
That's what the muthafucka get for playin a role  
He stepped to me and then I ran up his asshole  
Now I got a murder beef, they can't catch me  
I'm on the loose in the Oakland streets

Hustlin, and man, it ain't easy  
So a nigga like me gets greedy  
I need all I can get, no bullshit  
I won't stop until I feel the muthafuckin ???  
If that mean straight killin and jackin  
Robbin and stealin - well hey, that's what's happenin  
See, I don't bite the tongue for no one  
I ain't lyin, I'm just 41Fivin

[ \*DJ Daryl cuts up\* ]  
(Ain't no half-steppin)

(They don't get any bigger than this)

[ \*DJ Daryl cuts up\* ]  
(4) (1) (5 minutes of funk)

[ VERSE 5: Richie Rich ]  
Yo Loc, I hate police, and that's treacherous  
I'm on the run too but man, they ain't catchin us  
I got too many bitches in the Oakland streets  
Use for hide-outs when I sense the heat  
See, a murder ain't shit when a brother stays packin  
Loose on the streets, gettin his money on stackin  
Sucker wanna run up, cowards, you get popped  
I'm on a rampage and can't be stopped  
And the one who tries, to the dirt he'll be divin  
Cause Double R don't joke when he's 41Fivin

(These singers, man, I tell you)

[ VERSE 6: D-Loc ]  
Rich, I'm in the game, man, all about stackin  
Rollin with the posse at night but I'm packin  
Can't turn my back for niggas tryin to gat me up  
Cause on the real tip, I don't give a fuck  
Never mind the name, just admit it  
I'm a mack to the heart, so come with it  
Nigga, be down to astound the world  
You won't be shit if you don't pimp the 'white girl'  
Sellin dope is basically what I'm sayin  
I'm comin up cause muthafuckas keep payin  
For my product, cause yo, I gives a fuck about a job  
Artist workin 9 to 5 hardest  
I make more in a day than you a month  
You can do the same, but you're scared of the game,  
punk  
Broke bastard need to be strivin  
Like me, or 41Fivin

(It's good to see you back again)

(You know too much to live!  
- I wasn't going to saying anything!)  
(I) (I wasn't going to say anything!)  
(I told em nothing!)  
(I) (I told em no-)  
(I told em nothing)  
(Please don't ??? him, don't ??? him, please)  
( \*screams, laughter\* )  
(It was so sick)  
(Be guided by what he says)

Visit [415](#) page on [MotoLyrics.com](#), to get more lyrics and videos.

---

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.