

411**"41Fivin"**

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They don't get any bigger than this)
(Ain't no half-steppin)
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(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 4

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