

Joell Ortiz

"4, 3, 2, 1"

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[Joell Ortiz] On a scale of one, two, three, four, five, six, seven eight, nine, ten, motherfucker I'm in eleven I served twelve twelves amongst thirteen buildings But fourteen grams, oh man I made a killing On the fifteenth the welfare check dropped So it popped like the sixteens sitting in my Glock Seventeen years old with the coliseum fronts In the back way with like eighteen blunts It was nineteen, I forgot the year but it was on cause dimes went out of style and the twenties came along Twenty-one dollar E&Js; with my crew Cracks in my ass and the grands are twenty-two Twenty-three on my jersey, Nikes on my feet on the twenty-fourth bus tryna write to a beat Locked the game like twenty-five to life at twenty-six Twenty-seven gave you +The Brick+, at twenty-eight I give you this nigga Simple mathematics y'all

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