

Magic

"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 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)

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