

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