

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