

## 4,3,2,1

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