

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