

Catalina (feat. Lyfe Jennings)

Raekwon

Where is he?
Concentrate on the job, don't disturb the doctor
Yeah, word up
Who said we ain't the definition of exclusive shit?
Real rap, you know
Yeah, this is multi expensive rap here, brother
Word up, time to recreate the power
You know what it is, man, nothing but gangsta shit, baby
Let's go Doc, I need that prescription
Aiyo, aiyo
I grew up on the foul side, nickel bag vile side
Purple tops, two for fives
I had seven grams, outside with my eleven mans
On the corners with a pocket full of contrabands
Running up and down fire escapes, NARCs coming
Jump in the window, let your Nikes fly, hide the flakes
Guess up in the Hill it was real to me
What a nigga would of did if you steal from me
All my life around drug niggas, villains who want millions
Niggas with them hoodies on, with techs in the building
Mad fiends, bags of green, Gillette razors
Fly neighbors, all live blazers, designer jeans
That's why we live, niggas need shit in they crib
Go broke, you gonna rope you a vic'
It's just full-time stragglers, niggas try to take your place
And smile in your face, but still and all backstabbers
I was trying to get home
Leave a couple mil' to my kids when I'm gone
Nigga, that ain't cologne, it's the smell of this money
I was trying to get home
Cuz I don't know when my karma gon' catch up
I don't know when the toilet gon' back up
And put me in some shit, that I can't get out of
Come on, bags of money, trying to stay rich and
fly
Keep it cool, silks and dungarees
Crew glasses and food, grilled salmon trying to make a move
Those who knowing they be dapping they dudes
How it do, blow a lot of cruise, stay in the cut
Pacing, from here to L.A., and Hawaii and Cuba
Blew new uzi too, serial numbers is brail
So when you rub against it feel all twos
Now I'm with some special niggas, next level niggas with rubble bezzles
Who drive Exeleros with jewels

Brolic boots on, olive Goose, calamari soups and noodles
That spell out, ya'll niggas the truth
What it is baby boy, reclining in the big Benz
La-Z-Boy, ends uped, lenses on, chips a'hoy
Shipping triple, niggas try to stop the issue
And cock blocked but can't stop the official, what I was trying to get home
Leave a couple mil' to my kids when I'm gone
Nigga, that ain't cologne, it's the smell of this money
I was trying to get home
Cuz I don't know when my karma gon' catch up
I don't know when the toilet gon' back up
And put me in some shit, that I can't get out of I was trying to get home
Leave a couple mil' to my kids when I'm gone
Nigga, that ain't cologne, it's the smell of this money
I was trying to get home
Cuz I don't know when my karma gon' catch up
I don't know when the toilet gon' back up
And put me in some shit, that I can't get out of Yeah, for real, man
Word up, we gon' keep it official
We gon' make sure ya'll get that raw shit man, yeah
Compliments of my niggas, yeah, yeah, Dre
This is powerful, baby, we gon' take 'em there, man
Locomotive, bulletproof fly shit, let's go
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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