Catalina

Raekwon

[Intro]Where is he?
Concentrating 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
Ey yo (ey yo)
[Verse 1 Raekwon The Chef]I grew up on the foul side
Nickel-bag valcyte
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 woulda did if you steal from me
All my life around drug niggas villains who want millions
Niggas with them hoodies on with teks in the building
Mad fiends, bags and green, Gillette razors, fly neighbors
All our blazers designer jeans
That's why we live (yup)
Niggas need shit in their crib
Go broke, you go and rope you a Vick
It's just full-time stragglers
Niggas try to take your place
And smile in your face
But still in all backstabbers

[Chorus Lyfe Jennings]I'm just trying to get on
Leave a couple mil to my kids when I'm gone
And nigga that ain't cologne

It's the smell of this money
I'm just trying to get home
Cuz I don't know when my karma gonna catch up
I don't know when the toilet gonna back up
And put me in some shit that I can't get out of
[Verse 2 Raekwon The Chef]Come on
Bags of money
Trying to stay rich and fly
Keep it cool, silks and dungarees
Krug 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 crews stay in the cut
Pacing from here to LA and Hawaii and Cuba
Blue new oozie too serial numbers is braille
So when you rub against it feel on (?)
Now I'm with some special niggas, next level niggas
With rubber bezels who drive Exeleros with jewels
(?) boots on, olive goose, calamari soups
And noodles that spell out "Yall niggas the truth"
What it is baby boy, reclining in a big Benz lazyboy
Endsed up, lenses on, Chips Ahoy
Shipping triple, niggas try to stop the issue
And cock-block but can't stop the official
[Chorus Lyfe Jennings]I'm just trying to get on
Leave a couple mil to my kids when I'm gone
And nigga that ain't cologne
It's the smell of this money
I'm just trying to get home
Cuz I don't know when my karma gonna catch up
I don't know when the toilet gonna bck up
And put me in some shit that I can't get out of

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/