

# Catalina

Richard X. Heyman

[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  
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