

Catalina (feat. Lyfe Jennings)

Raekwon

[Intro]

Where is he?

Concentrating on the job

Don't disturb the DoctorYeah

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://damnllyrics.com/>