

# 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

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>