

Raekwon f/ Lyfe Jennings

"Catalina"

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[sample from 'The Killer'] Where is he? Concentrate on the job, don't disturb the doctor [Intro: Raekwon] 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 [Raekwon] 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 freaks 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 [Chorus: Lyfe Jennings w/ ad-libs] 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 [Raekwon] 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 tools 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 [Chorus 2X]
[Outro: Raekwon] 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

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