

## **Downtown Science**

### **"Catch The Wave"**

Visit "[Catch The Wave](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[ VERSE 1: Bosco Money ]

To all the kings with diamond rings  
And the slept on power to pull some strings  
I know you're thinkin I'm the last survivor  
The jet black tinted-out Bentley driver  
62 and Madison, scopin females  
American Express take care of the details  
Cause I'm covered till I'm smothered like the Shah of  
Iran  
Motorcade down when I roam the land  
"Window, James, I see something I like  
Park on the corner, underneath the light"  
"Nice shorts, hon' - takin a run?  
'joyin the sun, havin fun?  
I got a posse, a beeper, and money  
And you're lookin fly - like a bunny"  
"James, let her in, she's approachin the car  
And pass me back a bottle of Chateau Noir"  
I'm bout to do this right, like make the move  
Until I'm uptight, outta sight, and in the groove  
"Cigarette, James - thank you"  
"Now darling, what would you like to do?"  
We got the radio pumpin, they're playin my jam  
I like the doors on the ride, it's auto-slam  
Stomp your feet and clap your hands  
>From New York to the Netherlands  
If that's too much road for your mind to pave  
Feel the breeze and catch the wave

Catch

Catch the wave

[ VERSE 2: Bosco Money ]

Eager beaver, fixin it down  
Chubby little sucker like a ???? hound  
Can't let no water get inside the crib  
So every now and then he might have to adlib  
But that's alright, he don't get uptight  
Got lots of friends who got network light  
So week in and out, he ain't stuck  
Broke countless mirrors, and still got luck  
So by sundown, the damage fixed

Give it a smack with his tail and cracks open a Twix  
He been savin and cravin and slavin for  
You know it tastes so good, he start rockin the floor  
Side to side, with the Flatbush Rock  
Sayin, "All I wanna do is turn back the clock  
Cause I'm a old beaver now, and I ain't got much  
But yo - I still got the touch"  
Stomp your feet and clap your hands  
>From New York to the Netherlands  
If that's too much road for your mind to pave  
Feel the breeze and catch the wave

Catch  
Catch the wave

[ VERSE 3: Bosco Money ]  
Old McDonald sittin on a fence  
Livin in the present tense  
Looked out on the settin sun  
After all his work was done  
Thought of places far away  
And how he'd like to live each day  
Took his rifle in his hand  
And struck out on the desert sand  
Down a mile or so he went  
Qualified for government  
Now he's livin on the moon  
Watchin politics balloon  
Knottin money round the clock  
Got his family hooked on rock  
All his suits is gabardine  
Envy is a shade of green  
Stomp your feet and clap your hands  
>From New York to the Netherlands  
If that's too much road for your mind to pave  
Feel the breeze and catch the wave

Visit [Downtown Science](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

---

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.