

Ludacris F/ Trina

"Catch the Wave"

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[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
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Catch
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[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
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