

**Bots****"S.A.N.T.A.N.A"**

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{\*high pitched laugh\*}

[Juelz] I'm backkkkkkkkk

[Ja'quaye - voice altered high] Juelzzz SANTANA

[Juelz] I'm backkkkkkkkk

[Ja'quaye - voice altered high] Juelzzz SANTANA

[Ja'quaye] Y'all got a problem, his name is San-ta-na  
(Santana)

[Santana] I'm backkkkkkkkk, uh-ohhhhh!

[Ja'quaye] You don't wanna play around, we'll squeeze  
them ham-mers

[Ja'quaye] Santana, Santana - Santana Santana  
Santana Santana

[Juelz Santana] + (Ja'quaye)

Okay, I'm reloaded, okay, the heat's loaded

Okay, now we rollin, okay (Santana)

My fo-fo peace talking, sound oh so sweet talking

Do mo, mo street talking, then Stone Cold Steve Austin

And I bang it well, slang is well, shave it well

Hell, you looking a preview of the Matrix 12

L rock them, I'm hear to shake the bells

Shake your bells, what's my name (Santana)

You got that there right, I'm not that queer type

Nasty behind the wheel, but my mind ain't steered right

Fuck driving reckless, my mind is reckless

Plus I stay with two time crime offenders

I can't give it up, like an old man who can't get it up

I'm not a man til this up

So I'm rappin' badder, I'm back I'm badder

Shit y'all probably thinking I'm taking rap Viagra  
(Santana)

Got as many songs as 'Pac had on lock stash

I can pop songs, just like I pop tags

I do not brag, just watch fag

I'm here to get the keys to the lock back

Open the door, close it, and relock that

Don't touch, stop that, it's locked black

And guess what, I'm back, I'm baaaaaaaaaack  
(Santana)

[Chorus]

[Ja'quaye] Y'all got a problem, his name is San-ta-na  
(Santana)

[Santana] I'm backkkkkkkkk, uh-ohhhhh! (Santana)

[Ja'quaye] You don't wanna play around, we'll squeeze  
them ham-mers

[Ja'quaye] Santana, Santana - Santana Santana  
Santana Santana

[Juelz Santana]

Say hello to my little friend, hello before I pull again  
And show you my bullets friend, hello - my name  
please (Santana)

Straight blam the lamma, for Cake stand behind ya  
And make plans to drop ya, I ain't Aunt Jemima  
Bitch, I ain't her to wine ya, I ain't her to dine ya  
I came her to pop ya, shit

And I came here for lobster

The whole damn shabang and they ain't brang the  
pasta (santana)

Now I got to be rude, they ain't got me my food

I'm not gonna be used, shots will eat through

This kid's small body, and this big long shotty (What?)

That'll just make shit hit all sloppy

Straight out the block, I'm ready, straight out like rock

I'm ready

More proper, I'm straight out like hot spagettii

It's rock n roll time, it's lock and load time

Showtime, audios amigos, gotta go time

Yeah, but I be right back at ya

Twice back at ya, like Christ back at ya (Yeah)

You be like damn "That's one nice ass rapper

I kinda like that rapper, I wanna be like that rapper"

(NOPE!)

No but if you bite that rapper, I might bite back at ya

With that right bell at ya, whoa, I know that might sound  
bad but

It's....I'm Back

[Chorus]

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