

Juelz Santana "S.A.N.T.A.N.A."

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[Juelz + (ad libs)]

(Ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha)

IÂ'm back (Juelllllz, Santana)

IÂ'm back (Juelllllz, Santana)

(YaÂ'll got a problem, his nameÂ's Santana, Santana)

IÂ'm back, uh-oh

(No one to play around, weÂ'll squeeze them
hammers)

(Santana, Santana, Santana, Santana, Santana,
Santana)

[Juelz + (ad libs)]

Okay, IÂ'm reloaded, okay the heats loaded, okay now
we rolling okay (yeah)

My .44 peace talking, sound o-so-sweet talking

Do more-more street talking, than Stone Cold Steve
Austin

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

Hell, you looking at the preview of "The Matrix 12"

El rock them, IÂ'm here to shake the bells (JuelllllzÂ...)

Shake the bells whatÂ's my name (Santana)

You got that gear right, IÂ'm not that queer type

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

Fuck driving reckless, my mind is reckless

Plus I stay with two time crime offenders

I canÂ't give it up (nope)

Like an old man who canÂ't get it up, IÂ'm not a man

Â'til itÂ's up

So now IÂ'm rapping bad, IÂ'm back IÂ'm badder

Shit, yaÂ'll probably think IÂ'm taking rap viagra

Got as many songs than Pac had on lock stash

I can pop songs just like I pop tags

I do not brag, just watch fag

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

Open the door, close it and relock that

DonÂ't touch, stop that, itÂ's locked black

And guess what, IÂ'm back (JuelllllzÂ...)

IÂ'm back (Santana)

[Chorus: Juelz + (ad libs)]

(YaÂ'll got a problem, his nameÂ's Santana, Santana)

IÂ'm back, (Juelllllz, Santana) uh-oh
(No one to play around, weÂ'll squeeze them
hammers)
IÂ'm back (Santana, Santana, Santana, Santana,
Santana, Santana) uh-oh
[Juelz + (ad libs)]
Say hello to my little friend, hello Â'fore I pull again
(JuelllllzÂ...)
And show you my bullets friend, hello my name please
(Santana)
Straight bring the llama, for cake stand behind you
Make plans to drop you, I ainÂ't Aunt Jamima, nope
Bitch, I ainÂ't here to wine you, I ainÂ't here to dine
you, I cam here to pop you
Shit, and I came here for lobster (JuelllllzÂ...)
The whole damn sha-bang and they ainÂ't bring the
pasta (Santana)
Now I got to be rude, they ainÂ't got me my food
IÂ'm not gone be used, shots gone eat through
This kid small body, and this big long shotty
That will just make shit here all sloppy
Straight out the pot IÂ'm ready, straight out like rock
IÂ'm ready
Or more proper, IÂ'm straight out like hot spaghetti
ItÂ's rock and roll time (time) itÂ's lock and load time
(JuelllllzÂ...)
Show time, adios amigo, got to go time (Santana)
Yeah, but I be back right at you, twice back at you, like
Christ back at you, yeah!
You be like damn, thatÂ's one nice ass rapper
I kind of like that rapper, I want to be like that rapper,
no!
No, but if you bite that rapper,
I might bite back at you, with the Rifle at you, whoo!
Yeah, I know that might sound bad, but itÂ's
IÂ'm back

[Chorus: Juelz + (ad libs)]

(YaÂ'll got a problem, his nameÂ's Santana, Santana)
IÂ'm back, (Juelllllz, Santana) uh-oh
(No one to play around, weÂ'll squeeze them
hammers)
IÂ'm back (Santana, Santana, Santana, Santana,
Santana, Santana) uh-oh

[ad libs continues Â'til fade]

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