

## The Lonely Island "Santana DVX"

Visit "[Santana DVX](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

(Pop)

(Fizz)

What is that, Cristal?

No!

Dom P?

Hell no! This is that Carlos Santana champagne!

Oh shit! Santana DVX? That's my joint!

Mine too! But a lot of these bustas don't know about it.

Well let's tell these motherfuckers!

As a kid, I used to lay awake and think:

"When was Santana gonna make a drink?"

But now I'm all grown and my dream came true.

Santana champagne. From him to you.

From the heart of Napa Valley and the guitar king,

Comes a sparkling wine to make a blind man sing.

Yo, it's the champagne (pronounced "champanya")

From the man with the bandana

I can't stand a food with anything but Santana.

What's the first name in champ?

It's Carlos!

And to that man I propose a toast.

In the sixties he had lots freebie sex.

But now he's gettin' down with the DVX.

'Scuse me fellas, might I understand that Carlos

Santana has made a champagne?

That's right, motherfucker! Here, try it.

Alright.

(Pop)

(Fizz)

Aw, shit!

I feel alive for the first time.

Each sip hits my lips like a land mine.

Without Carlos in my life I was living a lie.

He makes his guitar weep, but his champagne cry.

He's a southwest, tie-wearing bolo-champ.

Comin' straight out the box with a bowl o' champ.  
He's a beast with the sugar and yeast, mix it in pots.  
Like the way his release mixed jazz, blues, and pop.

And the salsa fusion. He's lady shoe producin'  
Plus he teamed with Rob Thomas for a music  
revolution.

On the seventh day, it's been said god rests.  
But on the eighth day he made the DVX!

Gentleman, gentleman, what is all the hub-bub about?  
Carlos Santana?

That's right, I see you bitches is enjoyin' my sparklin'  
wine!

We certainly are.

We'll be careful, because this shit will get you fucked  
up! (Bitch! )

I'm like no other, one of a kind, my sparkling wine.  
Santana DVX, makes ya wanna have sex. (Ooh! )  
I'm rich bitch. I'm having my chips.  
Get laid all the time, by seventies chicks.

Won hella Grammys, bitches (?) throw me their  
panties.

I'm probably your daddy, I probably nudded in your  
mammy.

I'm a Bay boy, city life, been around the corna'.  
Try to play me foul and my vatos gon' run up ya.

A legend, a boss, that's what I are.  
Accidentally pimped, tryin' a be killin' the guitar.  
Old enough to know better, but young enough to not  
care.

I get actin'. Might slap a bitch with my hair.

West coast, up top I brang that shit.  
My sparkling wine will pop Cristal on her lip!  
Can't stop, won't stop getting my bread.  
Pack arenas and coliseums, now watch me shred!

Uh!

A monkey drank a bottle and learned to speak!  
A square drank a bottle and became a freak!  
A lion drank a bottle and forgot how to growl!  
A horse drunk a bottle, and fucked a cow!

Visit [The Lonely Island](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

