Santeria

Jeff Martin

I don't practice Santeria
I ain't got no crystal ball
Well I had a million dollars but I
I'd spend it all
If I could find that heina
And that Sancho that she'd found
Well I'd pop a cap in Sancho
And I'd slap her down
What I really wanna know, my baby
Oh, what I really wanna say, I can't define
Well it's love that I need, oh
My soul will have to wait till I get back
Find a heina of my own
Daddy's gonna love one an' all
I feel the break, feel the break, feel the break
And I gotta live it out, oh yeah
Well I swear that I
What I really wanna know, my baby
What I really wanna say, I can't define
Got love, make it go, oh

My soul will have to
Oh, what I really wanna say, my baby
What I really wanna say, is I've got mine
And I'll make it
Yes, I'm goin' up
Tell Sanchito that if he knows
What is good for him
He best go run an' hide
Daddy's got a new forty-five
And I won't think twice to stick that barrel
Straight down Sancho's throat
Believe me when I say that
I got something for his punk ass
What I really wanna know, my baby
Oh, what I really wanna say
Is there's just one way back?
And I'll make it, yaa
My soul will have to wait

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