

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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