

# Santana DVX

## The Lonely Island

What is that, crystal? (no!)  
Dom p? (hell no!)  
(this is that Carlos Santana champagne!)  
Oh shit, Santana d-v-x? that's my joint!  
(mine too, but a lot of these busters 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 here 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 cham-pan-yah, from the man with the bandanna  
I can't stand a flute with anything but Santana  
What's the first name in cham, it's Carlos  
And to that man I propose a toast  
In the 60's, he had lots of freebie sex  
But now he's gettin' down with the d-v-x Excuse me fellas!  
Am I to understand that Carlos Santana has made a champagne?  
(that's right motherfucker! here, try it)  
Alright aw shit! I feel alive for the first time  
Each sip hits my lips like a landmine  
Without Carlos in my life I was livin' a lie  
He makes his guitar weep, but his champagne cries  
He's a southwest, tie wearin' bolo champ  
Comin' straight out the box with a bolo champ'  
Yo he a beast with the sugar and yeast, mix it in pots  
Like the way his release mixed jazz blues and pops  
And the salsa fusion, he's lady's shoe producin'  
Plus he teamed with rob Thomas for a music revolution  
On the 7th day, it was said god rest  
But on the 8th day he made the d-v-x Gentlemen, gentlemen, what is all the hubbub about?  
(Carlos Santana!) that's right  
I see bitches-is enjoyin' my sparkling wine  
(we certainly are) well be careful  
Cause this shit'll get you fucked up  
Bitch! I'm like no other, one of a kind, my sparkling wine  
Santana d-v-x make you wanna have sex (ooh)  
I'm rich bitch! I'm havin' my chips  
Get laid all the time, by 70's chicks, uh

Won hella grammies, batches throw me they panties  
I'm probably your daddy, I probably nutt'd in your mammy  
I'm a bay boy, city life, been around the corner  
Try to play me foul and my vatos goin' run up on ya  
A legend, a boss, that's what I are  
Ask about me pimp, 'tana be killin' the guitar  
Old enough to know better but young enough to not care  
I get active - might slap a bitch with my hair (whip)  
Left coast up top I bang that shit  
My sparkling wine'll pop crystal on her lip  
Can't stop, won't stop gettin' my bread  
Pack arenas and coliseums now watch me shred  
Oh, san-tan-tan-ah  
A monkey drank a bottle and learned to  
speak  
A squid drank a bottle and became a freak  
A lion drank a bottle and forgot how to growl  
A horse drank a bottle, and fucked a cow!

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Published by  
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Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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