

# Santana

## Lenine

I'm back, Juelz Santana, I'm back, Juelz Santana  
Y'all got a problem, his name is Santana  
I'm Back, uh oh  
No one to play around, we'll squeeze them hammas  
Santana, Santana, Santana Okay, I'm reloaded, okay, the heat's loaded  
Okay, now we rollin', okay  
My fo'-fo' piece talkin', sound, oh, so sweet talkin'  
The Momo street talkin' is Stone Cold Steve Austin An' I bang it well, slang it well, shave it well  
Hell, you lookin' at a preview of the Matrix 12  
L, rock dem, I'm here to shake the bells  
Shake the bells, what's my name? You got that gear right, I'm not that queer type  
Nasty behind the wheel, but my mind ain't steered right  
Fuck drivin' reckless, my mind is reckless  
Plus, I stay with two time crime offenders I can't give it up like an old man, who can't get it up  
I'm not a man 'til it's up  
So now I'm rappin' bad, I'm back, I'm badder  
Shit, y'all probably think I'm takin' 'Rap Viagra' 'Got as many songs as Pac had on 'Locked Stash'  
I can pop songs just like I pop tags  
I do not brag, just watch, fag  
I'm here to get the keys to the lock back Open the door, close it an' re-lock that  
Don't touch, stop that, it's locked black  
An' guess what? I'm back, I'm back Y'all got a problem, his name is Santana  
I'm back, uh oh  
No one to play around, we'll squeeze them hammas  
I'm back, uh oh Say hello to my little friend, hello, before I pull again  
An' show you my bullets, friend, hello, my name please  
Straight, blahm, the Lima, for cake stand behind ya  
Make plans to drop ya I ain't Aunt Jemima Bitch, I ain't here to wind ya, I ain't here to dine ya  
I came here to pop ya  
Shit an' I came here for lobster, the whole damn shabang  
An' they ain't bring the pasta Now I got to be rude, they ain't got me my food  
I'm not goin' be used, shots goin' eat through  
This kid's small body an' this big long shotty  
That'd just make shit here all sloppy Straight out the pot, I'm ready, straight out like rock, I'm ready  
Or more proper, I'm straight out like hot spaghetti  
It's rock an' roll time, it's lock an' load time  
Show time, adios amigo, gotta go time Yeh, but I'll be right back atcha  
Twice back atcha like Christ, back atcha  
You'll be like "damn, that's one nice ass rappa

I kinda like that rappa, I wanna be like that rappa "No, but if you bite that rappa, I might bite back atcha  
With that rifle atcha  
Yeh, I know that might sound bad  
But it's, I'm back Y'all got a problem, his name is Santana  
I'm back, uh oh  
No one to play around, we'll squeeze them hammas  
I'm back, uh oh Juelz Santana, Juelz Santana

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