

Santana Dvx

The Lonely Island

[bottle pops]

[Intro]

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 busters don't know about it)

WELL LET'S TELL THESE MOTHERFUCKERS~!

[The Lonely Island]

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 bandana

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 DVX

[Interlude]

Excuse me fellas!

Am I to understand that Carlos Santana has made a champagne?

(That's right motherfucker! Here, try it)

Alright [pops bottle] AWWWWWWWWW SHIT~!

[The Lonely Island]

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 DVX

[E-40]

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 DVX make you wanna have sex (OOOOH)
I'm rich bitch! I'm havin my chips
Get laid all the time, by 70's chicks - uhh
Won hella Grammys, batches throw me they panties
I'm probably your daddy, I probably nuttin in your mammy
I'm a Bay boy, city life, been around the corner
Try to play me foul and my vatos gon' 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 Cristal on her lip
Cain't stop, won't stop gettin my bread
Pack arenas and coliseums now watch me shred

[guitar solo]

Ohhhh, San-tan-tan-tan-ahhhh

[The Lonely Island]

A monkey drank a bottle and learned to speak
A queer drank a bottle and became a freak
A lion drank a bottle and forgot how to growl

[E-40]

A horse drank a bottle, and fucked a cow~!

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