

S.A.N.T.A.N.A

Juelz Santana

(Ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha)
I'm back (Juelllllz, Santana)
I'm back (Juelllllz, Santana)
(Ya'll got a problem, his name's Santana, Santana)
I'm back, uh-oh
(No one to play around, we'll squeeze them hammers)
(Santana, Santana, Santana, Santana, Santana, Santana) Okay, I'm reloaded, okay the heats loaded, okay now we
rolling okay (yeah)
My .44 peace talking, sound o-so-sweet talking
Do more-more street talking, than Stone Cold Steve Austin
And I bang it well, slang it well, shave it well
Hell, you looking at the preview of "The Matrix 12"
El rock them, I'm here to shake the bells (Juelllllz...)
Shake the bells what's my name (Santana)
You got that gear right, I'm not that queer type
Nasty behind the wheel, but my mind ain't steered right
Fuck driving reckless, my mind is reckless
Plus I stay with two time crime offenders
I can't give it up (nope)
Like an old man who can't get it up, I'm not a man 'til it's up
So now I'm rapping bad, I'm back I'm badder
Shit, ya'll probably think I'm taking rap viagra
Got as many songs than Pac had on lock 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 and relock that
Don't touch, stop that, it's locked black
And guess what, I'm back (Juelllllz...)
I'm back (Santana)(Y'all got a problem, his name's Santana, Santana)
I'm back, (Juelllllz, Santana) uh-oh
(No one to play around, we'll squeeze them hammers)
I'm back (Santana, Santana, Santana, Santana, Santana, Santana) uh-oh Say hello to my little friend, hello 'fore I
pull again (Juelllllz...)
And show you my bullets friend, hello my name please (Santana)
Straight bring the llama, for cake stand behind you
Make plans to drop you, I ain't Aunt Jamima, nope
Bitch, I ain't here to wine you, I ain't here to dine you, I cam here to pop you
Shit, and I came here for lobster (Juelllllz...)

The whole damn sha-bang and they ain't bring the pasta (Santana)
Now I got to be rude, they ain't got me my food
I'm not gone be used, shots gone eat through
This kid small body, and this big long shotty
That will 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 and roll time (time) it's lock and load time (Juelllllz...)
Show time, adios amigo, got to go time (Santana)
Yeah, but I be back right at you, twice back at you, like Christ back at you, yeah!
You be like damn, that's one nice ass rapper
I kind of like that rapper, I want to be like that rapper, no!
No, but if you bite that rapper,
I might bite back at you, with the right feel at you, whoo!
Yeah, I know that might sound bad, but it's
I'm back

Songwriters

JAMES, LARON L. / BROWN, M. / JOYNER, SHELBY Published by

Lyrics © Universal Music Publishing Group Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>