

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

## The Diplomats

[high pitched laugh]  
[Juelz] I'm backkkkkkkkkk  
[Ja'quaye - voice altered high] Juelzzz SANTANA  
[Juelz] I'm backkkkkkkkkk  
[Ja'quaye - voice altered high] Juelzzz SANTANA

[Ja'quaye] Y'all got a problem, his name is San-ta-na (Santana)  
[Santana] I'm backkkkkkkkkk, uh-ohhhhh!  
[Ja'quaye] You don't wanna play around, we'll squeeze them ham-mers  
[Ja'quaye] Santana, Santana - Santana Santana Santana Santana

[Juelz Santana + (Ja'quaye)]  
Okay, I'm reloaded, okay, the heat's loaded  
Okay, now we rollin, okay (Santana)  
My fo-fo peace talking, sound oh so sweet talking  
Do mo, mo street talking, then Stone Cold Steve Austin  
And I bang it well, slang is well, shave it well  
Hell, you looking a preview of the Matrix 12  
L rock them, I'm hear to shake the bells  
Shake your bells, what's my name (Santana)  
You got that there 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, like an old man who can't get it up  
I'm not a man til this up  
So I'm rappin' badder, I'm back I'm badder  
Shit y'all probably thinking I'm taking rap Viagra (Santana)  
Got as many songs as '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, I'm baaaaaaaaaack (Santana)

[Chorus]  
[Ja'quaye] Y'all got a problem, his name is San-ta-na (Santana)  
[Santana] I'm backkkkkkkkkk, uh-ohhhhh! (Santana)  
[Ja'quaye] You don't wanna play around, we'll squeeze them ham-mers  
[Ja'quaye] Santana, Santana - Santana Santana Santana Santana

[Juelz Santana]  
Say hello to my little friend, hello before I pull again  
And show you my bullets friend, hello - my name please (Santana)  
Straight blam the lamma, for Cake stand behind ya  
And make plans to drop ya, I ain't Aunt Jemima  
Bitch, I ain't her to wine ya, I ain't her to dine ya  
I came her to pop ya, shit  
And I came here for lobster  
The whole damn shabang and they ain't brang the pasta (santana)  
Now I got to be rude, they ain't got me my food  
I'm not gonna be used, shots will eat through  
This kid's small body, and this big long shotty (What?)  
That'll just make shit hit all sloppy  
Straight out the block, I'm ready, straight out like rock I'm ready  
More proper, I'm straight out like hot spagettii

It's rock n roll time, it's lock and load time  
Showtime, audios amigos, gotta go time  
Yeah, but I be right back at ya  
Twice back at ya, like Christ back at ya (Yeah)  
You be like damn "That's one nice ass rapper  
I kinda like that rapper, I wanna be like that rapper" (NOPE!)  
No but if you bite that rapper, I might bite back at ya  
With that right bell at ya, whoa, I know that might sound bad but  
It's....I'm Back

[Chorus]