

Juelz Santana The Great

The Diplomats

Uh-oh, it's Santana the Great, oh
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Bandana his face, blam, hammer escape, oh
Uh-oh, it's Santana the Great, oh
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Uh-oh, it's Santana the Great, oh
Holla at your boy, oh, holla at your

Y'all know what crack sound like homay
Or what the mac sound like when it's strapped on me, please back off me
Before this mac that's strapped on me, gets snatched off me
Cocked back used to crash your homies, oh
Y'all can't fuck with me man, I gurantee man
It's Santana the rap +He-man+
Y'all +skeltors+ get your melons torched when this weapon sart letting off
Santana no, don't hurt 'em, don't squirt 'em
Don't let the nine burn 'em in the sternum
They don't wanna go to war with ya'
They ain't ready to bang or go to war with ya'
So leave 'em alone, don't feed 'em the chrome
Y'all labels'll to stop watching me
I tried to tell you before, I was ready, I was always hot property
Now look, I'm Diplomat slash ROC property
Stash rocks propbably, fucka, you're not stopping me

I'm so..gangsta, it's no one just like me
Smooth thug, will Pretty Tony your wifey
So you better keep your bitch away
Cause I will get her number, call her up, make her my bitch today
Y'all can't fuck with the "Great" Santana, banada give in clips and weight
Hammers will split your face, shift your waist, to a different place
Next thing you know, I'm in a different state
Back next month, new whip, different plate
Damn, Santana delivery the raw
Delivery the four, for sure man, I did it before
So if your bitch is a whore, don't fight for her
Don't waste your life for her, trying to make it right for her
With all that frontin' your doin, and stuntin' you're doin
I'll shoot the bump while you moving and shut you from moving

Y'all niggaz don't ride like I do
Slide through in that 7-4-5 blue, right beside who? Killa
Where Jones, in the pick-up truck
Yeah we use that to pick up stuff, pick up bucks
And my Denali is often parked, inside of my condo
How much did he sign fo?
Oh, I bet you wanna know that money
Yeah I bet you I wont show that money
I keep it stashed away, right next to the 4-4, money
Keep a lo-pro money, this is slo-mo money
I'm used to that fast crack, bag crack
Re-cook bag that, give it out, half that
If it still bags, have stacks
No more running back to me, coming back to me
I'm on the corner with a hundred packs of these
Damn, oh, he got the purple

[Chorus - 2X]