

Carlos Santana, Gimmie Dat Freestyle

Welcome to my diary here's another letter,
I keep that white girl just call me Hew Hefner,
I'm Heavy wit da birds so you should cop a feather,
and my Money run's long like sleeves on a sweater,
damn I make it flood I am just bad weather,
or something like sex, i just keep gettin better,
and better... and better... and if life is like a clit,
den i'm goin at it hard like a man up in his bitch,
and I'm f**kin it too rough do you think I need to quit,
but my flow is so Viagra and hip hop is my dick,
so f**k all the men and woman who don't like it,
i will leave em in the ocean like the titanic,

and yes I got dat yah bitch workin on my strip,
and I'm all up in dat ass like where is my shyt,
The boy so coldshe likes my stick,
I'm the human popsicle that all the girls lick,
So let make it clear I am only havin fun,
And If they sleepin on me well the nightmare has begun,
I will crush em 1 by 1 they fake like water guns,
And when I make it rain I leave em beggin for the sun,
Them niggaz so soft... I call em hon-ney-bunz,
I'll bring em war wit stars like... O-bi-Wun,
Wit Army Guns... so O-Be-Have,
I got em runnin scared they need Atlanta Braves,