

# The Diplomats, Juelz Santana The Great

(Chorus)

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

(repeat Chorus)

(Juelz Santana)

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 probably, fucka, you're not stopping me

(Chorus) - 2X

(Juelz Santana)

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

(Chorus)

(Juelz Santana)

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