

# Santeria

## Sublime

I don't practice Santeria  
I ain't got no crystal ball  
Well I had a million dollars but I  
I'd spend it all  
If I could find that heina And that Sancho that she'd found  
Well I'd pop a cap in Sancho  
And I'd slap her down What I really wanna know, my baby  
Oh, what I really wanna say, I can't define  
Well it's love that I need, oh  
My soul will have to wait till I get back  
Find a heina of my own Daddy's gonna love one an' all  
I feel the break, feel the break, feel the break  
And I gotta live it out, oh yeah Well I swear that I  
What I really wanna know, my baby  
What I really wanna say, I can't define Got love, make it go, oh  
My soul will have to  
Oh, what I really wanna say, my baby  
What I really wanna say, is I've got mine  
And I'll make it  
Yes, I'm goin' up  
Tell Sanchito that if he knows  
What is good for him  
He best go run an' hide  
Daddy's got a new forty-five  
And I won't think twice to stick that barrel  
Straight down Sancho's throat  
Believe me when I say that  
I got something for his punk ass  
What I really wanna know, my baby  
Oh, what I really wanna say  
Is there's just one way back?  
And I'll make it, yaa  
My soul will have to wait.

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songlyrics.band/>