

Guantanamera

Wyclef Jean

Hola! Soy Celia Cruz Y estoy aqui con Wyclef, celebrando Carnival
Azucar Guantanamera We out here in Miami
just shining Guajila, Guantanamera Worldwide Guan-tana-mera
Bout to bring it to you in stereo Guajila voy, de na

meda

Yo soy un hombre sincero That was then, this is now
Welcome to the Carnival, the arrival c'mon De donde
crecen las palmas Spanish Harlem

Oahh-eee-ohh

Boogie Down Bronx

Oahh-eee-ohh

Manhattan

Oahh-eee-ohh

Back to Staten

Oahh-eee-ohh Guantanamera

Hey yo I'm standing at the bar with a, Cuban cigar

Guajila, Guantanamera

Hey, yo, I think she's eyeing me from afar

Guan-tana-mera

Guajila Guan-tana-mera Yo, I wrote this in Haiti, overlooking Cuba

I asked her what's her name, she said, 'Guantanamera'

Remind me of an old latin song, my uncle used to play

On his old forty-five when he used to be alive

She went from a young girl, to a grown woman

Like a Virgin, so she sex with no average mahn

Peep the figure, move like a caterpillar

Fly like a butterfly, let your soul feel her glide

Pac Woman better yet Space Invader

If your name was Chun-Li, we'd be playin Street Fighter

Penny for your thoughts, a nickel for your kiss

A dime if you tell me that you love me Guantanamera

Hey yo, I'm standin at the bar with a, Cuban cigar

Guajila, Guantanamera

Yo, I think she's eyeing me from afar

Guan-tana-mera

Guajila Guan-tana-mera Soy una mujer, sincera

Do you speak English?

De donde crecen las palmas

Can I buy you a drink?

Soy una mujer, sincera

Uh-huh uh-huh uh-huh

De donde creeeeeeeecen las palmas

You killin me
Y antes de morir, yo quieroCantar mis versos del alma
Te quiero mama, te quieroGuantanamera
Aiyyo I'm standing at the bar with a, Cuban cigar
Guajila, Guantanamera
Hey yo John Forte, she's eyeing me from far
Guan-tana-mera
Guajila Guan-tana-meraYo, she was a rose in Spanish Harlem, mamacita beg your pardon
Make stakes at a faster rate then she fornicates
Pure traits of genius, Goddess of Black Venus
Crab niggaz angry cause they can't get between us
To no sele-xion, smooth complex-ion
The lexicon of Lexington, parents came from Cuba
Part Mexican, pure sweet, dimes fell to her feet
She like Movado, and shook her hips like Delgado
And broke niggaz down from the Grounds to Apollo
And then some, she took her act sent it to dim sum
And waited patiently while the businessmen come
Call late on purpose, got even politicians nervous
And made plans to infiltrate the street secret service
This gentle flower, fertility was her power
Sweet persona, Venus Flytrap primadonna
Que sera que sera she turned dinero to dineraGuantanamera
Hey yo I'm standing at the bar with a, Cuban cigar
Guajila Guantanamera
Hey yo I think she's eyein me from afar
Guan-tana-mera
Guajila Guan-tana-mera

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