

three nights in rio (featuring carlos santana)-sf

Wyclef Jean

You knew we had to come back like this, right man
It's too hot in New York man, yeah
It's too hot in New York man, give me Three nights in Rio De Janeiro with no sounds of buses
No ambulance, no police sirens to interrupt my silence
Mucho trabajo, poquito dinero, means I work hard and have no money
Playin' my guitar, I'm sitting on the beach
I'm sippin' margaritas as the water splash my feet
It's too hot in New York I had to get away
So here's a ticket, meet me on the beach under the shade When I was young they called me Robin Hood
'Cause I stole from the rich and I gave to the poor
Went back home, mama whooped on my ass
Said I'll be damned if I let you live like that
Meanwhile next door neighbors drunk man
Beatin' on his wife while the kids were watchin'
Later that day we was out on the porch
And fantasize we was out of New York, we woke up in Three nights in Rio De Janeiro with no sounds of buses
No ambulance, no police sirens to interrupt my silence
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Playin' my guitar, I'm sitting on the beach
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It's too hot in New York I had to get away
So here's a ticket, meet me on the beach under the shade I'm in your hood like your neighborhood Spiderman
I'm in the club 'fore I entered the stadium
I bring the vibe like the days of the Tribe
Before I had the fame I was servin' the fries
So who better to know about a nine-to-five
Wakin' up at five with the cold in my eyes
Now my daddy, he can rest in peace
From the belly of the beast to the sunniest beach, let's go Three nights in Rio De Janeiro with no sounds of buses
No ambulance, no police sirens to interrupt my silence
Mucho trabajo, poquito dinero, means I work hard and have no money Playin' my guitar, used to daydream at
the stars
Prayin' if I ever make it, I'm gon' help my family make it
From the streets of Brooklyn, to the Jersey talent show
I'm a stand on stage and play this guitar till I fall
Santana, let me get some help Eh, this one goes out to those who work for long income
Keep your head up, 'cause if I made it, you can make it too one day Three nights in Rio De Janeiro with no
sounds of buses
No ambulance, no police sirens to interrupt my silence

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Playin' my guitar, I'm sitting on the beach
I'm sippin' margaritas as the water splash my feet
It's too hot in New York I had to get away
So here's a ticket, meet me on the beach under the shadeIt's too hot in New York manYeah, Carlos Santana
with the Preacher's son
It's the world tour, too hot
You know I ain't leavin' without shouting out Miss Celia Cruz
Y'all know better than thatGuantanamera, Celia we'll always love you
Guantanamera, Clef with the Carlos Santana
Guantanamera, Celia we'll always miss ya, azucar
Guantanamera, Clef with the Carlos Santana, haha, haha

Songwriters

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