

# Guantanamo (Prod. By Waqas Ali)

## Outlandish

[Intro]

El sol calienta alla en lo alto  
why la palma real nos alumbra  
Orgullo de mi tierra cubana  
Aqui no hay canto en vano[Translation:]

The sun heats above  
And the royal palm enlights us  
With the pride of my Cuban soil  
Here it can't be found  
A song in vain[Chorus]

Mi casa why su casa, Guantanamo  
The grass is greener on my side, eh eh eh  
And I got all my moros here, Guantanamo  
Just me why my familia, eh eh eh[Isam]

Ey chico!

Just idle the car while I run in to the super Mercado  
Cop the Cuban bootleg compay Segundo  
Gon' barbeque, ya know ill kebab  
Only this time, no blues brother  
The vibe is Cuba

Give twenties and couple of wise words to the kids  
I'm an example to them, stay in school learn buiss'  
Tell 'em, respect the whole nine

Respect them old folks  
Take my dinner with the Don  
Couscous with Parmesan

The sun is about to set  
Hawaiian shirts, Havana cigars  
Red sky, hot breeze, ladies like the guitars  
And I can assure ya ass my pueblo is ghetto  
Veteran cars ain't no flat tire, just hold on

Or we can lounge in Tangier  
Not the one in Vegas, nah the one in Maroc  
Cruise the Atlantic, from yours to my block  
Mo' hot sauce, mo' sipping, mo' palmas, mo' bailar[Chorus]

[Lenny]

El son de mi cuba  
Me da los buenos dias  
Desayuno why al salir

Todo el mundo ya esta arriba  
Oye chico subele el volumen  
Me encanta ese bolero  
why esta cola para el pan  
Le da la vuelta al mundo entero  
Ahora ya en La Habana  
Viejas calles con aire colonial  
Los problemas no se ocultan  
Pero hay dulzura al pasar  
Las palmas como el Che  
Orgullecen el paisaje  
Voy cantando  
De donde son los cantantes  
Por mi isla mi compadre voy cruzando  
Solo en shorts, con mis gafas  
Mi chevy why el sol ardiente  
Hoy es un dia especial  
Porque hoy me voy para Oriente[Translation]  
The sun of my Cuba  
Salutes me good morning  
I take breakfast and come out  
The whole world is already up  
Hey chico turn the volume up  
Cause I love this bolero  
And this line to buy the bread, goes around the entire world anyway  
Now picture La Habana  
The old streets with colonel air  
Problems can't be hidden  
But you'll find sweetness at you pass by  
The palms like El Che bring pride to the landscape  
While I'm singing  
"De donde son los cantantes"  
Only in shorts with my sunglasses  
My Chevy and the burning sun  
Today is a special day  
Cause today I'm on my way to the Orient[Waqas]  
A million degrees you can barely move  
Plus la salsa making it hotter  
In this Cohiva groove  
Life is what you make it  
It's that simple & plain  
Sometimes you get sunshine  
But 4 now we got no rain[Chorus][Waqas]  
Move it to the left  
Back up a bit

OK hold it there  
We gonna watch the game  
Even though the signal ain't clear  
Where I'm from they call it cricket  
Around here it's pelota  
That's 2 great games  
Coming from two proud cultures  
You've seen them play their part on the streets from the start  
Some of the greatest came from here you know they got heart  
Role models from the block deep down in the ditch  
Then they switch hit a 6  
A ball left man off the pitch[Bridge]Ouwee!  
Lights out, ain't got no electricity for the rest of the night  
We don't care, lighters up  
Bounce to this beat, till the sun gon' come up  
Mo hot sauce, mo sipping, mo palmas, mo baile  
Mo sunshine[Outro]  
Esto va para Alamar why para el resto de mi Cuba[Translation]  
This goes out to Alamar and to the rest of Cuba

Songwriters

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