

# Pablo Diablo (Interlude)

Wyclef Jean

Your honor, I would like to call my first witness  
To the stand.

All the way from East L.A., your honor,  
Pablo Diablo. Hey, Guantanamera.

Hey, my lovin' is for everyone, man.

Do you know it reminds me of the summertime  
In the bungalows of Spain, all night in the park.

Eh, you would hear your music.

It would be on the eighth floor,

But the pongos they reach up there, man!

We used to keep the whole neighborhood up. Guantanamera! Thank you, Pablo, for nothing.

Jesus Christ, what a moron.

No further questions, your honor.

Songwriters

COBURN, SHELLY/BERGEN, NORMAN/JEAN, WYCLEF

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