

# Guantanamera (Featuring Refugee Allstars)

## Wyclef Jean

Spanish Harlem!  
Boogie Down Bronx!  
Manhattan!  
Back to Staten!Guantanamera  
Hey yo I'm standing at the bar with a, Cuban cigar  
Guajira, Guantanamera  
Hey, yo, I think she's eyeing me from afar  
Guantanamera  
Guajira GuantanameraYo, 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 man  
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 meGuantanamera  
Hey yo I'm standing at the bar with a, Cuban cigar  
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Hey, yo, I think she's eyeing me from afar  
Guantanamera  
Guajira GuantanameraSoy una mujer, sincera  
Do you speak English?  
De donde crecen las palmas  
Can I buy you a drink?  
Soy una mujer, sincera  
De donde crecen las palmas  
You killin me  
Y antes de morir, yo quiero  
Cantar mis versos del alma  
Te quiero mama, te quiero!Guantanamera  
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Guantanamera  
Guajira GuantanameraYo, 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  
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Hey, yo, I think she's eyeing me from afar  
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Guajira Guantanamera

Songwriters

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