

# 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 creceeeecen 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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