Guantanamera

Wyclef Jean

Hola! Soy Celia CruzY estoy aqui con Wyclef, celebrando CarnivalAzucarGuantanameraWe out here in Miami just shiningGuajila, GuantanameraWorldwideGuan-tana-meraBout to bring it to you in stereoGuajila voy, de na meda
Yo soy un hombre sinceroThat was then, this is nowWelcome to the Carnival, the arrival c'monDe donde crecen las palmasSpanish Harlem
Oahh-eee-ohh
Boogie Down Bronx
Oahh-eee-ohh
Manhattan
Oahh-eee-ohh
Back to Staten
Oahh-eee-ohhGuantanamera
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-meraYo, 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 meGuantanamera
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-meraSoy 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 creeeeeeecen 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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