

Yerba Buena, Guajira (I Love You Too Much)

Yeah you know, i got a story about my guajira

(chorus)

Guajira

I love you too much

Guajira

I love you too much

Hey yo we party and dance and i see how i meet her

They call her guajira, in cuba they greet her

Man god them ass is the greeter ,

Beautiful diamond and african features,

I love her and her passion for freedom

I promise to have her and keep her and teach her

Oh yeah chiquita...quiero volar contigo

Tocar tu ombligo

Y pachanguear contigo

Im going crazy, part stop being that she grades me

Whispered in my ear how long would it take me

To get her whole family here safely

She said they were deported back in the 80's

She learned some black magic in haiti, to save me

The way she moves her hips its amazing

Oh yeah guajira so nice to meet yea

Next time i see ya we go own some reefer

(chorus)

Guajira

I love you too much

Guajira

I love you too much

Check check i wanna fly with you, i wanna fly with you

Tell em yo

She had a beautiful face

Kept her cuticles laced

Mads been had sharing the same musical taste

Reminiscing when i met her at the copacobana

Had me unstable crazy going loco bananas

Long legs brown hair

I swear she came with a halo

I said she probably had her looking even better then j-lo

Puerto rican cuban mami had me going berzerk

Went all the way to Guantanamo searchin a skirt

Brotherhood too she works out she's so gorgeous

Brother its true no doubt shes flawless

Her loves a drug she was getting me yo

Kinda bug when she started telling me no

I got a 50 cause of course i was lacking the money

Could predicted when she went back to her country

On vacation to the city now she leaving my world

Now i feel pity for pity, i be needing a girl

(chorus)

Guajira

I love you too much

Guajira

I love you too much

Check check i wanna fly with you, i wanna fly with you

(breakdown)

I wanna get down with you,

Get brown with you,

The smell of your sweet black daze is driving me insane,

And you dont even know my name,

You blow my mind like a butterfly, making counts in the sunshine

You really turn me on

When you picking daisies right outside the barn

Like the bomb when the night comes

I like to spy on you honey baby make it under the moon boom boom boom...

Guajira

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