

Cypress Hill, Armada Latina

Ay Caribe tierra de mi gente hermosa
(Armada Latina)
Cielo y Sol, me acompanan donde quiera
(mi pana mi pana)
Hermanito la lucha recien empieza
(mi hermano ponle ganas)
Yo naci con sangre taina, yo naci

Came out the other man
Southern land
Didn't have another hand
Never had another plan
I'm different from to the mother land
Some will get a summer tan
Hotter than a summer jam
Live for today
Cause you'll never gettin another chance
I ain't trippin off the he say and she say
Cause we say fuck
And pass me a cuba libre
That's what we want
Don't front
I could see ya but
You don't want to see the cohi up front
How we blow it up
We came to blow it up, hit the spot
So we're done
Rappers in, blowin up
That's how we show the love
That's how we pass up all this shit that
We know gon' come
It's like the soldier's run is done when the wars won

ref.
Ay Caribe...

Latino hasta la muerte
Chicos they working hard
Bout the noise,
Suerte Gracias a Dios, Thank God
Little Cuban from Miami coulda took neck route
Marinero pasero con clinicas
santeros con muera
Que dicen que pueden cura la abuela
Ya'll like scarface,
I'm more like sosa
Cypress hill pretty flaco
It's our culture
From cali to the crib, crib
Me in Miami
Thank god I'm doin music
If not I'd be turning families
I'm not a ? (oh no)
About my cash flow
Let me take this shit
and send this letter off to Castro
ha, ha, ha Dale come mierda!

ref.
Ay Caribe...

We way to hot
always comin up with something clever
a cosa nostra

Cypress Hill maca fella
feelin fancy in the hip throne, guayabera
and we just clowning
on what we call some, jodedera
call me sammy
wild child from the isles
I can go forever like an old fashioned country mouse
Stilo be guajiro
Latino is the lingo
I'm straight cubanichi
I bang Pinar del Rio
Lockin up this function
Just like Banimo
Go ahead and play the congas
And I'm gonna rap over it
Ya I'm a fool I'm outta here
Yes sir I gotta go
Get me some chibirica
And slap me some dominoe's