

# Lauryn Hill, Guantanamera

Hola! Soy Celia Cruz  
Y estoy aqui con Wyclef, celebrando el Carnival  
Azucar!!  
(singing) Guantanamera  
(Wyclef) We out here in Miami just shining  
(singing) Guajila, Guantanamera  
(Wyclef) Worldwide  
(singing) Guan-tana-mera  
(Wyclef) Bout to bring it to you in stereo  
(singing) Guajila, Guantanamera  
Yo soy un hombre sincero  
(Wyclef) That was then, this is now  
Welcome to the Carnival, the arrival... c'mon!

(Wyclef Jean)  
Spanish Harlem! Oahh-eee-ohh!  
Boogie Down Bronx! Oahh-eee-ohh!  
Manhattan! Oahh-eee-ohh!  
Back to Staten! Oahh-eee-ohh!

(Wyclef sings, then raps)  
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...

Verse One: Wyclef Jean

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

Chorus:

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...

(singing in Spanish, with Wyclef responses)  
Soy una mujer, sincera  
Do you speak English?  
De donde crecen las palmas  
Can I buy you a drink?  
(man joins in) Soy una mujer, sincera  
Uh-huh uh-huh uh-huh  
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  
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-mera

Verse Two: Lauryn Hill

Yo, she was a rose in Spanish Harlem, mamasita 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 ?demp 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 dinera

(Wyclef responds to singing again)  
Guantanamera  
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...