

Wyclef Jean, Guantanamera

(feat. Lauryn Hill)

Hola! Soy Celia Cruz

(Hi! I am Celia Cruz)

Y estoy aqui con Wyclef, celebrando Carnival; Azucar!!)

(And I'm here with Wyclef celebrating 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 voy, de na meda

Yo soy un hombre sincero

[Wyclef] □ That was then, this is now

Welcome to the Carnival, the arrival... c'mon!

[singing] □ De donde crecen las palmas

[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
(I am a sincere woman)
Do you speak English?
De donde crecen las palmas
(From where the palm tree grows)
Can I buy you a drink?
Soy una mujer, sincera
(I am a sincere woman)

Uh-huh uh-huh uh-huh

De donde creeeeeeeecen las palmas

(From where the palm tree grows)

You killin me

Y antes de morir, yo quiero

(And before I die, I want to)

..

cantar mis versos del alma

(sing the verses in my heart)

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, 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 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...