

# Wyclef Jean, Pablo Diablo (Interlude)

[Lawyer:] Your honor, I would like to call my first witness to the stand. All the way from East L.A., your honor, Pablo Diablo.

[Pablo:] Hey! Guantana mira. Hey, my lovin' is for everyone, man.

Do you know it reminds me of the summertime in the bungalows of Spain, all night in the park.

Eh, you would hear your music. It would be on the eighth floor, but the pongos they reach up there, man!

We used to keep the whole neighborhood up.

[Singing] Guantanamara!

[Lawyer:] Thank you, Pablo, for nothing. Jesus Christ, what a moron. No further questions, your honor.