

Guantanamera
Wyclef Jean

[I couldn't get a couple of chords,
but I hope you'll enjoy this beautiful song anyways]

[Intro]

[Wyclef Jean]

Dm

Spanish Harlem!

Am

Oahh-eee-ohh!

Boogie Down Bronx!

Oahh-eee-ohh!

Manhattan!

Oahh-eee-ohh!

Back to Staten!

Oahh-eee-ohh!

[Wyclef sings, then raps]

Dm Am

Guantanamera

Dm

Am

Hey yo I'm standing at the bar with a, Cuban cigar

Dm Am

Guajila, Guantanamera

Dm

Am

Hey, yo, I think she's eyeing me from afar

F Bb C

Guan-tana-mera...

F

Bb C

Guajila Guan-tana-mera...

[Verse One: Wyclef Jean]

Dm

Am

Yo, I wrote this in Haiti, overlooking Cuba

Dm

Am

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...

[Spanish part]

[Chorus:]

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...