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Unidad 3, Un paso más

"Guantanamera": La canción curiosa

Wyclef Jean, Refugee All Stars – Guantanamera

(Music)

(Celia Cruz) ¡Azúcar!

Guantanamera

(Jean) We out here in Miami just shining

Guajira, Guantanamera

Worldwide

Guan-tana-mera

Bout to bring it to you in stereo

(Man) So this guitar player would fall in love

with Guantanamera, you fall in love with the wrong girl

Cause borracho muchacho put his eye on a muchacha

And he wanted to turn her into a bad girl, man

Borracho and his boys they found a guitar player

(Screams, glass breaking)

Guitar player will never play guitar again

(Policeman) Wycleaf Jean, front center, you are bound out

(Jean) That was then, this is now…

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

Spanish Harlem! Oahh-eee-ohh!

Boogie Down Bronx! Oahh-eee-ohh!

Manhattan! Oahh-eee-ohh!

Back to Staten! Oahh-eee-ohh!

Guantanamera

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

Guajira, Guantanamera

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

Guan-tana-mera...

Guajira Guan-tana-mera...

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 man

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 playing Street Fighter

Penny for your thoughts, a nickel for your kiss

A dime if you tell me that you love me

Guantanamera

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

Guajira, Guantanamera

Yo, I think she's eyeing me from afar

Guan-tana-mera...

Guajira Guan-tana-mera...

Soy una mujer, sincera

Do you speak English?

De donde crecen las palmas

Can I buy you a drink?

Soy una mujer, sincera

Uh-huh uh-huh uh-huh

De donde creeeeeeecen las palmas

You killing 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

Guajira, Guantanamera

Hey yo John Forte, she's eyeing me from far

Guan-tana-mera...

Guajira Guan-tana-mera

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 nigg… 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 nigg… 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 será que será she turned dinero to dinera

Guantanamera

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Guajira Guantanamera

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Guan-tana-mera...

Guajira Guan-tana-mera...

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Guan-tana-mera...

Guajira Guan-tana-mera...

Miami to NYC to New Jersey

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