

Guantanamo

Outlandish

El sol calienta alla en lo alto
Y la palma real nos alumbra
Orgullo de mi tierra cubana
Aqui no hay canto en vano

The sun heats above
And the royal palm enlights us
With the pride of my Cuban soil
Here it can't be found
A song in vain

Mi casa y su casa - Guantanamo
The grass is greener on my side - eh eh eh
And I got all my moros here - Guantanamo
Just me y my familia - eh eh eh

Ey chico!
Just idle the car while I run in to the super Mercado
Cop the Cuban bootleg compay Segundo
Gon' barbeque, ya know ill kebab
Only this time, no blues brotha
The vibe is Cuba
Give twenties and couple of wise words to the kids
I'm an example to them, stay in school learn buiss'
Tell'em; respect the whole nine
Respect them old folks
Take my dinner with the Don
Couscous with parmesan
The sun is about to set
Hawaiian shirts, Havana cigars
Red sky, hot breeze, ladies like the guitars
And I can assure ya ass my pueblo is ghetto
Veteran cars ain't no flat tire, just hold on
Or we can lounge in Tangier
Not the one in Vegas, naah the one in Maroc
Cruise the Atlantic, from yours to my block
Mo' hot sauce, mo' sipping, mo' palmas, mo' bailar

El son de mi cuba
Me da los buenos dias
Desayuno y al salir
Todo el mundo ya esta arriba
Oye chico subele el volumen
Me encanta ese bolero
Y esta cola para el pan
Le da la vuelta al mundo entero
Ahora ya en La Habana
Viejas calles con aire colonial
Los problemas no se ocultan
Pero hay dulzura al pasar
Las palmas como el Che
Orgullecen el paisaje
Voy cantando
De donde son los cantantes
Por mi isla mi compadre voy cruzando
Solo en shorts, con mis gafas
Mi chevy y el sol ardiente

Hoy es un dia especial
Porque hoy me voy para Oriente

The sun of my Cuba
Salutes me good morning
I take breakfast and come out
The whole world is already up
Hey chico turn the volume up
Coz I love this bolero
And this line to buy the bread, goes around the entire world anyway
Now picture La Habana
The old streets with colonel air
Problems can't be hidden
But you'll find sweetness at you pass by
The palms like El Che bring pride to the landscape
While I'm singing
"De donde son los cantantes"
Only in shorts with my sunglasses
My chevy and the burning sun
Today is a special day
Coz today I'm on my way to the Orient

A million degrees u can barely move
Plus la salsa making it hotter
In this Cohiva groove
Life is what u make it
It's that simple & plain
Sometimes u get sunshine
But 4 now we got no rain

Move it to the left
Back up a bit
Ok hold it there
We gonna watch the game
Even though the signal ain't clear
Where I'm from they call it cricket
Around here it's pelota
That's 2 great games
Coming from two proud cultures
You've seen them play their part on the streets from the start
Some of the greatest came from here you know they got heart
Role models from the block deep down in the ditch
Then they switch hit a 6
A ball left man off the pitch

Ouwee!
Lights out, ain't got no electricity for the rest of the night
We don't care, lighters up
Bounce to this beat, 'til the sun gon' come up
Mo hot sauce, mo sipping, mo palmas, mo baile
Mo sunshine

Esto va para Alamar y para el resto de mi Cuba

This goes out to Alamar and to the rest of Cuba