

Yeng Constantino

"Guajira"

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Yeah you know, i got a story about my mom like that

(chorus)

guajira
i love you too much

guajira
i love you too much

hey yo we party and dance and i see how i meet her
they call her (something), and cute but they greet us
man god them ass is the greeter ,
beautiful diamond and african features,
i love her and her passion for freedom
i promise to have her and keep her and teach her
oh yeah chikita...

im going crazy, part stop being that she grades me
whispered in my ear how long would it take me
to get her whole family here safely
she said they were deported back in the 80's
she has some black magic in hades, to save me
the way she moves her hips its amazing
oh yeah (something) so nice to meet yea
next time i see yea we go own some reefer

(chorus)

guajira
i love you too much

guajira
i love you too much

check check i wanna fly with you, i wanna fly with you
tell em yo

she had a beautiful face
kept her cuticles laced
mads been had sharing the same musical taste
reminiscing when i met her at the copacobana
had me unstable crazy going loco bananas

long legs brown hair
its where she came with a halo
i said she probably looking even better then j-lo
puerto rican mami had me going berzerk
went all the way to want animal search in a skirt
brotherhood too she works out she's so gorgeous
brother its true no doubt shes flawless
her loves a drug she was getting me yo
kinda bug me when she started telling me no
i got a 50 cause of course i was lacking the money
could predicted when she went back to her country
on vacation to the city now she leaving my world
now i feel pity for pity, i be needing a girl

(chorus)
guajira
i love you too much

guajira
i love you too much

check check i wanna fly with you, i wanna fly with you

I wanna get down with you,
get brown with you,
the smell of your sweet black daze is driving me insane
and you dont even kno my name,
you blow my mind like a butterfly, making counts in the
sunshine
you really turn me on when you picking daisies right
outside the barn
like the bomb when the night comes
i like to spy on you honey baby make me (something)
boom boom boom..

(chorus)
guajira
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