

## Yerba Buena "Guajira (I Love U 2 Much)"

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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  
i love you too much

guajira  
i love you too much

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