

## Issys

### "Three Nights in Rio"

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You knew we had to come back like this, right man  
It's too hot in New York man, yeah  
It's too hot in New York man, give me

Three nights in Rio De Janeiro with no sounds of buses  
No ambulance, no police sirens to interrupt my silence,  
aha  
Mucho trabajo poquito dinero  
Means I work hard and have no money  
Playin' my guitar, I'm sitting on the beach  
I'm sippin' margaritas as the water splash my feet  
It's too hot in New York I had to get away  
So here's a ticket, meet me on the beach in the shade

When I was young they called me Robin Hood  
Cos I stole from the rich and I gave to the poor  
Went back home, mama whooped on my ass  
Said I'll be damned if I let you live like that  
Meanwhile next door neighbors jumpin'  
Beatin' on his wife while the kids were watchin'  
Later that day we was out on the porch  
And fantasize we was out of New York, we woke up in

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I'm in your hood like your neighbors were Spiderman  
I'm in the club 'fore I entered the stadium  
I bring the vibe like the days of the Tribe  
Before I had the fame I was servin' the fries  
So who better to know about a nine-to-five  
Wakin' up at five with the cold in my eyes  
Now my daddy, he can rest in peace  
From the belly of the beast to the sunniest beach, let's

go

Three nights in Rio De Janeiro with no sounds of buses  
No ambulance, no police sirens to interrupt my silence,  
aha ? dinero  
Means I work hard and have a warm day

Playin' my guitar, used to daydream at the stars  
Prayin' if I ever make it, I'm gon' help my family make it  
From the streets of Brooklyn, to the Jersey ? ?  
I'm a stand on stage and play this guitar till I fall  
Santana, let me get some help  
Santana, let me get some help

Eh, this one goes out to those who work, follow and ?  
Keep your head up, cos if I made it, you can make it too  
one day

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It's too hot in New York man  
It's too hot in New York man, ah  
It's too hot in New York man  
It's too hot, hey  
It's too hot in New York man, whoa  
It's too hot in New York man  
It's too hot in New York man  
It's too hot, hey

Yeah, Carlos Santana with the Preacher's son  
It's the world tour, too hot  
Y'all know better, let's go now

Guantanamera, Celia will always love ya  
Guantanamera, Clef with the Carlos Santana  
Guantanamera, Celia will always miss ya  
Guantanamera, Clef with the Carlos Santana, haha,  
haha

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