

# Guantanamera (feat. Trey Songz)

## Sage the Gemini

She always complaining, she say I'm a player  
Cars stupid fast, goodbye to my haters  
Ballin' at the gym, now who wanna play us  
Got a bad bitch, Guantanamera  
Whoa Guantanamera  
Whoa whoa Guantanamera  
Whoa Guantanamera  
Hey, hey, Guantanamera Guantanamera we in Venezuela  
I don't know her name but I know where she came from  
House so big I can't see my neighbors  
I grab em and pass em, you try to save em  
Whoa Guantanamera  
Ridin' Audis through the hood, you know I be skatin'  
Tiptoeing' in my Jordans soon as I lace em  
Spent in all at the mall, it was Vuitton she lace 'em  
Now I'ma go crazy, now baby you know that your looks are deceiving  
I tell all these girl that I'm rich and don't need em and no one believes me  
These niggas be mad, I be catching their baby girl looking and peeping  
Take her home then I beat it till she sleeping, sleeping  
Pull up in a Benz screaming "fuck a hater!"  
And nigga I done caught your bitch on an elevator  
Nigga I done told your bitch I'ma fuck her later  
And she gon' only get this dick, not no fuckin' paper  
Vamanos, knock em all down like dominoes  
Then I tell em adios  
If you got a bad bitch and she suck a good dick  
Better lock her pussy down and you call it Guantanamo  
Huh, that pussy tryna run, call that cardio  
This gon' be a lot of fun, moon turn to the sun  
We gon' get it to tomorrow  
Spend a couple car notes on a couple bottles  
Yo the rich shit don't end  
You don't wanna roll all along, tell your homies come on  
And it's on, I'ma hit your friend  
I'm cool with it if you cool with it  
If you suck, spit and you drool with it  
And I'ma be up in the hole all day  
Guantanamo bay, Trey

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>

