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Spanglish en canciones populares

Spanglish in popular music

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Prohlášení

Prohlašuji, že jsem tuto bakalářskou diplomovou práci vypracovala samostatně pod odborným vedením Mgr. Radima Zámce, Ph. D. a uvedla v ní veškerou literaturu a ostatní zdroje, které jsem použila.

V Olomouci dne

Podpis.....

Poděkování

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Obsah

Introducción.....	6
1. Spanglish y su definición	8
2. Características de Spanglish.....	10
2.1. Fenómenos lingüísticos	10
2.1.1. Los préstamos	10
2.1.2. Calcos.....	11
2.1.3. El cambio de código	11
2.2. Español vestigial.....	13
2.3. Español como lengua extranjera	13
2.4. El Junk Spanish	14
3. Evolución de Spanglish.....	15
4. Percepción de Spanglish	18
4.1. Spanglish en la literatura, los medios de comunicación y los negocios	21
5. Funciones semióticas de Spanglish.....	23
6. Spanglish en música	25
6.1. Historia de canciones con Spanglish	25
6.2. Funciones del Spanglish de tipo socio-pragmático	30
6.3. Funciones estilísticas de Spanglish.....	33
7. Spanglish en canciones: El análisis.....	35
7.1. Metodología.....	35
7.1.1. Billboard hot 100 chart	35
7.1.2. El corpus	36
7.2. Spanglish en canciones	36
7.2.1. Características básicas	36
7.2.2. Cantidad de canciones con cambio de código	38
7.2.3. Posición de las canciones.....	39

7.2.4. Estilo de canciones.....	40
7.2.5. Tipos del cambio de código	41
7.2.6. Fenómenos lingüísticos.....	44
7.2.7. Funciones del cambio de código.....	48
Conclusión	56
Resumé	58
Bibliografía.....	59
Apéndice	I
Anotación.....	CIV
Annotation	CV

Introducción

El arte coexiste con nosotros desde los comienzos de la existencia humana. Nos sirve para expresar nuestros sentimientos, opiniones y percepción de nuestro entorno. Los artistas a menudo utilizan varios tipos del arte para chocar la sociedad y, además, para ayudar, o bien empujar un poco la evolución de las opiniones del hombre, como por ejemplo Elvis Presley con su música negra mezclada con movimientos que eran escandalosos en aquellos tiempos. Gracias a eso podemos examinar el nexo entre el arte y varias disciplinas científicas. En caso del arte musical es posible observar, entre otros, la conexión con sociolingüística. La música nos muestra la evolución de lenguas, su uso y, ante todo, las actitudes y creencias lingüísticas de los hablantes. Uno de los fenómenos lingüísticos al cual se dedica este trabajo es el cambio de código entre la lengua inglesa y española en las canciones populares en Estados Unidos.

Spanglish o *espanglés*, u otros términos semejantes son los que se refieren el lenguaje mixto o híbrido formado del inglés norteamericano con el español mexicano en las partes de los EE. UU. próximos de la frontera mexicana. Puesto a su creciente influencia entre la población hispanohablante de los Estados Unidos, aumenta también la atención que este fenómeno obtiene de varios autores que le dedican un número de estudios abundante. Además, su uso para la expresión musical no es un asunto nuevo. Existen fuentes que se remontan hacia los años 50 del siglo XX. En este trabajo pretendemos explorar este fenómeno a través de las canciones más populares en los EE. UU. Como fuente de canciones ha sido elegido *The Billboard hot 100 year's end chart*, la lista de 100 canciones más populares en aquel año. Se trata de una lista de buen prestigio que se usa como marco de calidad de las canciones y sus autores y, por eso, muestra la popularidad y, también, la aceptación de aquellas canciones por la sociedad norteamericana.

El trabajo se divide en dos partes principales, el marco teórico y la parte práctica. En primera parte intentamos describir el *Spanglish* como tal, ofreciendo unas definiciones y características elementales. Puesto que se trata de un fenómeno producido por el contacto entre español e inglés, el tercer capítulo lo dedicamos, entre otros, al contacto y cambio lingüísticos. El propósito de esta tesina es aclarar las causas y consecuencias del cambio lingüístico y exponer las teorías y conceptos básicos conectados con el asunto. Después añadimos los contextos y aspectos históricos, demográficos y sociales, a las que se somete la población minoritaria más numerosa estadounidense, los hispanos. Lo que pretendemos demostrar en este capítulo es la fuerte presencia del español en los Estados Unidos causada

por el flujo constante de los inmigrantes hispanos. También queremos enfatizar la función del code-switching como el instrumento para manifestar la identidad hispanounidense, que es una de las más importantes en cuanto a esta tesina.

A continuación, damos a conocer la relación del *Spanglish* con la industria musical. Primero mostramos los datos históricos que hemos encontrado, intentando completar el dibujo de la conexión entre la música y las actitudes lingüísticas. Mejor dicho, un cantante que aplica el *Spanglish* en el discurso real solía intentar a transmitir esta identidad suya también a través la canción. En general, se opina que el code-switching en las obras literarias imita la comunicación real. Nosotros queremos destacar hasta qué punto se plantea esta afirmación al arte musical.

En la parte práctica aplicamos las clasificaciones expuestas en el marco teórico y realizamos un análisis lingüístico cualitativo de nuestro propio corpus. Ese corpus consta de letras de canciones que hemos encontrado en las listas de *Billboard* en últimas dos décadas, desde 2000 hasta 2019. Estas canciones fueron examinadas por casos de la lengua mixta entre el inglés y español. Todos casos han sido registrados en una hoja de cálculo Excel, incluido el título de la canción, el artista, la posición de la canción dentro de la lista, las letras específicas y el tipo de cambio de código. Primero nos enfocamos en la evolución de calidad de canciones con cierto ejemplo de *spanglish* que aparecen en el “*Billboard hot 100 year's end chart*”, lo que nos demostrará si el uso del cambio de código entre la lengua española e inglesa ha llegado a ser más aceptado por la sociedad a pesar del estigma que lleva. Por lo siguiente nos centramos en diferentes tipos del cambio de código presentado en estas canciones, tanto como las funciones socio-pragmáticas y estilísticas de cuales disponen.

El propósito de este análisis es describir de qué manera y con cual frecuencia se usa el *spanglish* en canciones más populares en los Estados Unidos y establecer que el uso en este campo del arte es bastante común.

1. Spanglish y su definición

Hoy en día, el término *Spanglish* se usa para denominar el lenguaje mixto o híbrido que resulta del contacto del inglés y el español, precisamente el inglés norteamericano y el español mexicano. Fue empleado por primera vez en la mitad del siglo XX por Salvador Tió (Torres, 2009, p.92), un escritor puertorriqueño quien lo utilizó para criticar la influencia de la lengua inglesa sobre la española en Puerto Rico. Desde aquel entonces, el término *Spanglish* comenzó a usarse para designar no solo la mezcla del español y el inglés en los Estados Unidos, sino también cualquier uso de las dos lenguas en un discurso, es decir, en el sentido global.

Sin embargo, hay que declarar que una definición unívoca del *Spanglish*, simplemente dicho, no existe. Como un buen ejemplo nos puede servir la comparación de las definiciones que se encuentran en los diccionarios fiables españoles con los de los diccionarios ingleses. Primero veamos los españoles; hemos buscado la definición del *Diccionario de la Real Academia Española* (DRAE), que designa el Spanglish como: «Modalidad de habla de algunos grupos hispanos de los Estados Unidos en la que se mezclan elementos léxicos y gramaticales del español y del inglés.»

El Gran diccionario de uso del español actual afirma que el *Spanglish* es «Lengua española usada por algunos hispanos que viven en Estados Unidos, en la cual abundan los anglicismos léxicos, morfológicos y sintácticos.» (Sánchez, 2001, p. 1900) una definición parecida a la que nos propone DRAE.

Al otro lado, si buscamos la explicación en el *Oxford english dictionary*, nos enteramos que Spanglish es «A hybrid language combining words and idioms from both Spanish and English» (Una lengua mixta que combina palabras y expresiones del español y del inglés.)

Más aún, el *Collins english dictionary* en su versión electrónica describe el fenómeno así: «A variety of English heavily influenced by Spanish, commonly spoken in US Hispanic communities. » (Una variedad del inglés sumamente influenciada por el español, comúnmente hablada entre las comunidades hispanas en los EE.UU.)

Estos cuatro ejemplos de definiciones nos muestran que los puntos de vista evidentemente cambian debido a las distintas visiones sociopolíticas de los países. Es decir, los diccionarios españoles explican *Spanglish* como una variedad de lengua mixta, cuya base se consta de la lengua española, mientras que los diccionarios anglosajones consideran la

influencia del inglés y español a la variedad híbrida como equilibrada. Adicionalmente, en *Colling English dictionary* son de la opinión de que la base es la lengua inglesa.

Según Černý, definir Spanglish resulta difícil porque se trata de una variedad hablada por millones de hablantes que carece de algún tipo de normalización, en otras palabras, no cuenta con gramática ni un diccionario fijo (Černý, 2014, p. 107).

2. Características de Spanglish

Como ya se ha demostrado al principio de este trabajo, el término *Spanglish* no tiene ninguna definición de tipo convencional y las opiniones sobre su naturaleza varían. Así mismo, entre los lingüistas sigue existiendo el desacuerdo sobre las delimitaciones; unos lo valoran nueva lengua, otros dicen que se trata de una lengua pidgin, criollo, dialecto español o interlengua (Černý, 2014, p. 107). No obstante, para poder elaborar esa tesis, necesitamos completar a lo menos algunos rasgos característicos. El autor que ha propuesto unas manifestaciones lingüísticas más claras y convenientes para nuestro propósito es Lipski. Aquí podemos ver su resumen de las características de *Spanglish*:

- a) El empleo de préstamos del inglés integrados en español.
 - b) El empleo espontáneo y frecuente de préstamos del inglés no integrados (es decir con fonética inglesa) en español.
 - c) El empleo de calcos sintácticos de modismos y circunlocuciones ingleses en español.
 - d) La intercalación fluida y frecuente del español y el inglés en una sola conversación u obra literaria —a veces dentro de la misma oración (fenómeno conocido como «cambio de código»)—.
 - e) Las desviaciones del español gramatical encontradas entre hablantes vestigiales del español, es decir individuos de ascendencia hispana cuya competencia en español no alcanza la de un verdadero hablante nativo, debido al desplazamiento lingüístico.
 - f) En algunos casos, las características del español hablado y escrito como segunda lengua por millones de estadounidenses que no provienen de familias hispanas, pero que han aprendido algo del español debido a su utilidad en su vida personal o profesional.
 - g) Por fin, el uso cómico, despectivo e irrespetuoso de palabras seudoespañolas o derivadas de un español ya caduco, que la antropóloga Jane Hill 1993a, 1993b ha denominado *junk Spanish* ‘español de basura’. (Lipski, 2003, p. 236)
- .

2.1. Fenómenos lingüísticos

Ahora vamos a dedicarnos en las manifestaciones lingüísticas con más detalle, empezando por los fenómenos lingüísticos. La interacción entre dos o más lenguas puede ser estudiada desde varios niveles lingüísticos; fonológico, morfológico, léxico, sintáctico y discursivo. Entre los fenómenos esenciales que forman *Spanglish* encontramos los préstamos, los calcos y el cambio de código (Lipski, 2003, p. 237-243)

2.1.1. Los préstamos

Los préstamos lingüísticos, o sea, una palabra puesta de una lengua a otra, son un fenómeno muy frecuente en cuanto a la interacción entre dos lenguas. La distinción de los

préstamos se basa frecuentemente en el grado de su afiliación a la lengua receptora. Lipski utiliza los términos de préstamos integrados y no integrados, cuando los integrados son aquellas palabras procedentes de otras lenguas, ya lexicalizadas y usadas habitualmente por los hablantes (*truck – troca*), y los no integrados son palabras no adaptadas al sistema fónico y morfológico de la lengua receptora (*brownie*) y, por eso, suelen usarse por personas bilingües o las que se comunican en inglés sin problemas (Lipski, 2003, p. 237-238).

Černý ha observado que algunas clases de palabras suelen ser modificados más que otros. Concretamente, los sustantivos y adjetivos mantienen casi la misma forma (*market – marqueta*), puesto que ambas lenguas prácticamente carecen de la declinación. Al otro lado, los verbos muestran un cambio de forma más complejo, puesto que está influido todo el paradigma verbal (to cool – *culear, culeo, culeas, culea*, etc.) (Černý, 2014, p. 108).

2.1.2. Calcos

Los calcos son un fenómeno muy frecuentemente utilizado por los bilingües. Se trata de una traducción literal de una expresión idiomática de una lengua a otra, en nuestro caso, de inglés a español. Según Lipski, “*En los Estados Unidos, la presencia de calcos del inglés en el español es una consecuencia natural del bilingüismo prolongado de muchas áreas, y aunque parezcan extraños a las personas de otros países hispanoparlantes, son reconocidos inmediatamente por cualquier individuo que domine el inglés y el español.*” (Lipski, 2003, p. 238). Basándose en la tradición alemana y anglosajona, existen dos tipos de calcos:

- a) *loan translations* (calco total o literal) - aquellos que se forman mediante una traducción completa y literal (como indica la traducción española de ese término). Existe un gran número de ejemplos, entre ellos podemos mencionar *fin de semana* (weekend), *lavado de cerebros* (brainwashing), o *rascacielos* (sky-scraper)
- b) *loan renditions* (“calcos libres” o “imperfectos”) – calcos basados en una traducción parcial, no completa, por ejemplo, *guardaespalda* (bodyguard), *tanque de ideas / grupo de cabezas pensantes* (think tank) o *tienda erótica* (sex shop) (Rodríguez González, 2005, p. 180)

2.1.3. El cambio de código

El cambio de código, o sea, el code-switching, es la alternancia de dos lenguas dentro de un segmento del discurso (Toribio, 2001, p. 532) Pese a que la intercalación de lenguas puede ser empleada en cualquier diálogo entre dos personas bilingües, el cambio de código dentro de la misma oración o frase es un rasgo típico especialmente para los grupos

hispanos en los Estados Unidos (Lipski, 2003, p 240). Existen varias teorías sobre la distinción de este fenómeno, pero nosotros hemos elegido la distinción de Poplack: el intra-oracional, el inter-oracional y los marcadores discursivos (Poplack, 1980, p.518) Tomamos los ejemplos del estudio de Černý:

- a) intra-oracional: She refused to take out the trash to do anything. *No sé es por el estereotipo de que los latinos hacen el trabajo.*
- b) inter-oracional: Tienen clase que *like*, o como, *like cooking*, o *machine shop* o así sea puras clases que los va como quien dice van a entrenar para el *work force* cuando salgan.
- c) marcadores discursivos: Claco que yo inco, yo incorporaría la historia, como lo que yo aprendí aquí en Chicano Studies, *you know*, no ver la historia nomás del punto americano pero por diferentes puntos, el punto latinoamericano, de todo, todo, *you know?* (Černý, 2014, p. 109)

Aunque puede dar la impresión de que el cambio de código no sigue algunas reglas gramaticales, existen investigaciones amplias que han comprobado la existencia de varias restricciones. Los cambios inaceptables, resumidos por Lipski, son:

- 1) Entre un sujeto pronominal y el predicado:
 - * Él is coming tomorrow.
 - * He viene mañana.
- 2) Entre un clítico pronominal y el verbo:
 - * Juan lo *said* / *Juan quiere decir *it*.
 - * John wants to say *lo*.
- 3) Entre una palabra interrogativa desplazada a la posición inicial y el resto de la oración:
 - * ¿Cuándo will you come?
 - * ¿When vas a hacerlo?
- 4) Entre un verbo auxiliar (sobre todo haber) y el verbo principal:
 - * María ha finished the job.
 - * We had acabado de comer.

Son menos extrañas las oraciones que contienen un cambio de lengua entre el verbo auxiliar estar/be y el gerundio:

- * María está checking her answers.
- * Mary is revisando su informe.
- * Porque ella está going to have a baby.

El gerundio puede ocurrir en la porción de la oración realizada en inglés aun cuando el gerundio no sería aceptable si la misma frase ocurriera en español; igualmente un gerundio en español puede asumir la función nominal que retiene en inglés:

- * Estoy por lowering the standard.
- * I'm talking about *conociéndonos*.

5) Los adverbios de negación tienen que estar en la misma lengua que los verbos que modifican:

- * El médico no wants that.
- * The doctor does not *quiere eso*. (Lipski, 2003, pp.241-242)

2.2.Español vestigial

Entre los dialectos del español de los EE.UU. y los latinos actuales aparecen algunas discrepancias sistemáticas. Lipski considera una de las razones de este fenómeno el dominio idiomático a nivel idiolectal. Esto da el origen de los llamados hispanohablantes vestigiales, o los *semi-speakers*. Se trata de familias partidas idiomáticamente de la lengua española a la inglesa durante una o dos generaciones, y por eso se les restringieron los conocimientos pasivos. Típicamente, aquel hablante utiliza el español solo en ocasiones esporádicas, como, por ejemplo, con los miembros mayores de su familia que viven lejos, mientras que en su casa y trabajo suele aplicar inglés. Más aún, tenemos que mencionar también un fenómeno lingüístico esencial para la dialectología hispánica, la existencia de pequeños grupos de hispanoparlantes, que viven en un aislado total de los grandes grupos de habla castellana en el territorio estadounidense (Lipski, 2003, pp. 244-246).

Gracias a eso, el español vestigial muestra las ya mencionadas discrepancias sistemáticas, es decir, rasgos arcaicos completamente diferentes de los dialectos del español dispersos en los Estados Unidos. Entre ellas podemos notar, por ejemplo, la simplificación de los paradigmas verbales, la neutralización del número y género, la reducción de las preposiciones, la sintaxis simplificada, etc. (Lipski, 2003, pp. 244-246).

2.3.Español como lengua extranjera

Hoy en día se puede observar como el español se está convirtiendo en una lengua de mayor importancia. El hecho de que el español se reconoce prácticamente como la segunda lengua estadounidense funciona como la prueba de que todo el afán impuesto en establecer la lengua inglesa como la única del país era improductivo. Así pues, aparece una gran cantidad de norteamericanos aprendiendo la lengua española para satisfacer la necesidad de comunicarse con la comunidad hispanohablante, sea en el trabajo o en su vida privada. Y con esto aparecen múltiples variedades dialectales, dado que unos forman su conocimiento de la lengua mediante

la enseñanza oficial y otros la aprenden como una variedad regional. Todo eso pueda producir una interferencia entre el español y el inglés (a nivel fonético, léxico o morfosintáctico) (Lipski, 2003, p.250).

Sin embargo, todavía aparece un gran número de empresas y organizaciones para las cuales la corrección idiomática no tiene mucho valor. En consecuencia, se hallan textos y documentos oficiales como solicitudes de empleo, manuales de instrucción, letreros, etc., traducidos incorrectamente, que dan la impresión paródica y grotesca, es decir, un *Spanglish* de nivel bajo e indigno. Lipski lo comenta así:

“Estas manifestaciones lingüísticas no son spanglish sino el uso impúdico de un lenguaje de aprendiz, pero semejante chapurreo no deja de ofender las sensibilidades no sólo de los hispanoparlantes nativos sino de todos los estadounidenses que se han tomado la molestia de aprender una versión adecuada del español... El descarado empleo de un lenguaje deformado que pretende ser español no tiene excusa y no es sino un reflejo de la pereza y — en el peor de los casos — de la intolerancia racista.” (Lipski, 2003, p.251)

2.4. El Junk Spanish

Como la última característica que da a nacer al *Spanglish* se ha mencionado el denominado *junk Spanish*. Se refiere a palabras o expresiones en español, pero muchas veces inventadas o deformadas, empleadas generalmente por los anglofonos estadounidenses que no saben nada del español, y los usan de manera humorístico o, además, despectivo. Algunas provienen de las películas famosas, por ejemplo, la frase “*hasta la vista, baby*” proferida por Arnold Schwarzenegger en Terminator 2. Otra expresión frecuentemente usada es “*no problema*”. Como dice Lipski, este uso del *junk spanish* “pertenece a la clase media y es una manifestación de elitismo cultural igual que una afirmación racista” (Lipski, 2003, p. 253).

3. Evolución de Spanglish

Según el censo nacional de 2010, unos 50,4 millones de hispanos identificados residen en los Estados Unidos, en otras palabras, un 16% de la población nacional. La mayoría habla español como lengua nativa o lengua de herencia familiar. Entre el 2000 y el 2010 aumentó la población hispana de 15.2 millones, que es más de la mitad del aumento de 27.3 millones en la población total de los Estados Unidos (Censo, 2012). Sin embargo, para entender la situación del español en los Estados Unidos que suele ser muy compleja, tenemos que volver hacia sus raíces, a saber, extender la perspectiva histórica.

La lengua española ha sido presente en el continente americano ya desde la época de colonización. Sin embargo, el hecho iniciador del contacto lingüístico que produjo lo que hoy conocemos como *Spanglish* suele considerarse generalmente la firma de Tratado de Guadalupe Hidalgo, por el que los Estados Unidos compraron casi dos tercios del territorio de México. Pasando esto, muchos de los mexicanos permanecieron en su lugar, consiguiendo una nueva ciudadanía. Así se encontraron en una situación muy particular – se transformaron en extranjeros en su propia tierra, debido que se vieron, de repente, requeridos a utilizar el inglés como lengua de negocios y educación (Betti, 2009 p. 103). Como señala Gubitosi, los habitantes de Nuevo México veían el anexo de su estado como una gran posibilidad de mejorar sus condiciones, pero, al otro lado, comenzaron a sentir el gran impacto cultural que este cambio conllevó. Desde aquel tiempo, todas las escuelas se veían obligatorias utilizar el inglés como la única lengua de enseñanza y, debido a eso, los norteamericanos poco a poco dejan de transmitir el español a sus hijos (Gubitosi, 2010, p.62).

Lo que ayudó a mantener la presencia hispana en los EE. UU. eran los inmigrantes hispanohablantes que seguían entrando a su territorio en varias olas, buscando oportunidades para mejorar su vida, como un trabajo mejor remunerado o un sistema político no tan opresivo. Como afirma Stavans en su artículo *Spanglish: Tickling the tongue*, los Estados Unidos son un país de inmigrantes y cada uno trae su propia lengua. Sin embargo, el esquema suele ser más o menos mismo; dentro de la tercera generación el inglés es la lengua que vence. A pesar de ello, los hispanohablantes logran a romper este esquema, debido a que no vinieron todos juntos, sino en unas olas durante varios siglos (Stavans, 2000, p. 556). Sin este flujo constante de hispanohablantes, la lengua española no habría sobrevivido en los Estados Unidos (Fairclough, 2003, p. 191).

Sin embargo, todo eso funcionó como una posible amenaza para los anglosajones más poderosos. Por esta razón, para restringir el poder de los hispanohablantes, se dedicaron a controlar la inmigración. Primero, intentaron a poner límites al flujo de inmigrantes a los Estados Unidos, pero eso sirvió solo a un aumento de la inmigración ilegal. Además, aun no contando la inmigración ilegal, los hispanohablantes seguían siendo la minoría más numerosa del país. Pocos años después de estas intenciones nació en Miami un movimiento fuerte con tendencias anti-imigrantes y anti-bilingües que muy pronto expandió por todo el país; *English Only*. Su plan de restricción fue realizado mediante la "prohibición" de la lengua española. Los inmigrantes no podían usar su lengua materna en casi ningún sitio, y tampoco sus hijos, quienes además debían incorporarse al sistema norteamericano desde primer momento. Tampoco se tradujeron al español los documentos públicos y se terminó un número grande de servicios bilingües. Claramente, los más afectados fueron los viejos, los pobres, los recién llegados y los sin educación (López Morales, 2010, pp. 256-261).

Como respuesta al movimiento *English Only* se ha organizado otro movimiento nombrado *English Plus*, cuyo objetivo es la simplificación del aprendizaje del inglés a los recién llegados sin la obligación de abandonar sus lenguas maternas, sino intentar que los desarrollen. Este corriente proclama que los Estados Unidos gastan demasiado dinero en la enseñanza de los idiomas extranjeros a los monolingües, y solo un trozo de todo esto se emplea en mantener la lengua materna a los inmigrantes. Por eso propone la alternativa más efectiva y económica, es decir, la conservación de las lenguas maternas de los inmigrantes, que resulta más eficaz y racional en vez de la enseñanza de los monolingües (López Morales, 2010, pp. 265-266).

Hablando de enseñanza, cabe mencionar la segunda mitad del siglo XX, en cual en Miami comenzó primer programa de enseñanza bilingüe después de la Primera Guerra Mundial. Su currículum constó en la educación bilingüe, es decir, con propósito de enseñar no solo el inglés a los inmigrantes, pero también el español a los anglohablantes y, además, el refuerzo de la lengua materna de los estudiantes. El sistema era tan bien ejecutado que pronto fue extendido y sirvió de modelo a otros estados. Aunque tuvo mucho éxito, desgraciadamente, su triunfo duró poco. Como ya se ha mencionado, en 1980 surgió el movimiento *English Only* y, a continuación, el nuevo presidente contemporáneo Reagan declaró que "*es totalmente equivocado y va en contra de los preceptos norteamericanos el tener un programa de educación bilingüe que esté dedicado abiertamente a preservar su lengua materna*". Sus palabras tan desdichadas abren la vía a las esfuerzas de la abolición del bilingüismo otra vez y los estados, uno por otro, empezaron a suprimir la enseñanza bilingüe (López Morales, 2010, pp. 268-271).

Volviendo al tema de inmigración, gracias a ella el número total de hispanohablantes avanza continuamente hasta hoy en día, teniendo una importancia sociolingüística y económica significante. Al otro lado, Lipski señala que, al mismo tiempo, las investigaciones revelan el desplazamiento lingüístico de la lengua española. El autor comenta que “*el empleo del español ocurre principalmente entre los inmigrantes nacidos fuera de los Estados Unidos, en grado menor entre los hijos de inmigrantes (siempre que ambos padres sean hispanoparlantes), y disminuye drásticamente en las generaciones siguientes, o en los hijos de matrimonios mixtos*” (Lipski, 2003, p.233). Como uno de los motivos más probables de desplazamiento indica la necesidad de rendirse a un sistema educativo y social que beneficia el empleo del inglés, si uno quiere lograr éxito. Justo con esto está vinculado el cambio del español a una lengua del hogar, es decir, los que aprenden inglés – nacidos en país hispanohablante o no – poco a poco renuncian usar el español en sus propias casas. Por eso dice Lipski que el español en Estados Unidos es una lengua que avanza a la vez que retrocede (Lipski, 2003, p. 234).

4. Percepción de Spanglish

La alternancia de códigos es un fenómeno que conlleva una polémica infinita. Aunque la mezcla de lenguas se ve como resultado natural cuando entran en contacto, con *Spanglish* surgió un debate a veces muy emocionado sobre el impacto negativo que alcanzaría a la evolución de ambas lenguas. Básicamente, el *Spanglish* suele ser percibido una violación de la lengua española, sobre todo por los hispanohablantes que no saben comunicarse en inglés, es decir, se ve como marca del analfabetismo (Lipski, 2003, p.235-236) Ahora vamos a ver algunas posturas expresadas hacia este tema en detalle.

Las connotaciones negativas son bien visibles en la famosa respuesta de Octavio Paz, el escritor mexicano, cuando le preguntaron durante una entrevista sobre su opinión hacia el *Spanglish*, en la cual dijo que no es "*ni bueno, ni malo, sino abominable*". En cuanto a ese tema, Lipski anota que la alternancia de lenguas suele ser evaluada como "*una mezcolanza de español e inglés universalmente considerada como enfermedad lingüística de consecuencias mortales para la vitalidad de la lengua española*" (Lipski, 2003, p. 235). Adoptando una postura anti-imperialista, Roberto González-Echeverría, el respetable crítico literario cuya opinión nos sirve como demostración de lo previamente mencionado, lamenta las implicaciones negativas de *Spanglish*:

“El spanglish, la lengua compuesta de español e inglés que salió de la calle y se introdujo en los programas de entrevistas y las campañas de publicidad, plantea un grave peligro a la cultura hispánica y al progreso de los hispanos dentro de la corriente mayoritaria norteamericana. Aquellos que lo toleran e incluso lo promueven como una mezcla inocua no se dan cuenta de que esta no es una relación basada en la igualdad. El spanglish es una invasión del español por el inglés. La triste realidad es que el spanglish es básicamente la lengua de los hispanos pobres, muchos de los cuales son casi analfabetos en cualquiera de los dos idiomas. Incorporan palabras y construcciones inglesas a su habla de todos los días porque carecen del vocabulario y la educación en español para adaptarse a la cambiante cultura que los rodea. Los hispanos educados que hacen otro tanto tienen la motivación diferente: algunos se avergüenzan de su origen e intentan parecerse al resto usando palabras inglesas y traduciendo directamente las expresiones idiomáticas inglesas. Hacerlo, piensan, es reclamar la calidad de miembro de la corriente mayoritaria. Políticamente, sin embargo, el spanglish es una capitulación: indicará marginalización, no liberalización.” (González-Echeverría, 1997)

Más aún, no hace mucho que la propia Real Academia Española definió Spanglish como “modalidad del habla de algunos grupos hispanos de los Estados Unidos, en la que se mezclan, deformándolos, elementos léxicos y gramaticales del español y del inglés.” Aquella definición desdichada enojó un gran número de lingüistas estadounidenses, cuales al fin alcanzaron a convencer la RAE de cambiarla a su forma actual, mencionada al principio del trabajo (Dumitrescu, 2014, p.11). En efecto, Stavans opina que el cambio de código haya provocado la ansiedad e incluso xenofobia tanto entre hispanos como angloamericanos. Según él, los estadounidenses temen la hispanización de la sociedad entera, mientras que los latinoamericanos tienen miedo de que su lengua regional de la cual se sienten tan orgullosos sea deformada por el imperialismo americano (Stavans, 2000, p. 556). Además, Lipski observa que el término Spanglish es más comúnmente usado por los no latinos en referencia a la forma de hablar de las comunidades latinas, principalmente a mexicanos y puertorriqueños, las comunidades más antiguas entre los inmigrantes. En raras ocasiones se oye que el Spanglish sea utilizado junto con los expatriados de España o países del Cono Sur, debido a que son percibidos como “blancos”, lo cual indica un elemento de racismo junto con xenofobia (Lipski, 2007, p. 198).

Sin embargo, en los últimos años se nota un paulatino cambio de la actitud lingüística hacia este fenómeno. Dumitrescu notó el aumento de estudios sobre el cambio de código que muestran que este fenómeno no es un signo del analfabetismo, sino a lo contrario. Los que alternan inglés y español suelen ser unos bilingües equilibrados, con conocimiento de ambas lenguas más o menos en el mismo nivel. Asimismo, apunta el simbolismo entre las dos lenguas que manejan los hispanounidenses con los dos mundos en que se sitúan (Dumitrescu, 2014, p. 12-16). Guadalupe Valdés creó una metáfora muy apropiada en cuanto a ese tema: “*Es conveniente imaginar que cuando los bilingües alternan las lenguas, están usando, de hecho, una guitarra de doce cuerdas, en vez de limitarse a dos instrumentos de seis cuerdas cada uno*” (citada en Bullock y Toribio, 2009, p. 5). Aquellas palabras expresan perfectamente lo que los lingüistas contemporáneos tratan de demostrar, es decir, que los que alternan los códigos durante el discurso no suelen ser maleducados, sino justo al revés.

Al lado de todo mencionado más arriba, el cambio de código abarca otra función que, en nuestra opinión, es una de las fundamentales. Eso es, la función como el marcador de la identidad latina. Anzaldúa lo reflejó bien, opinando que la creación de su “propia lengua” es el único remedio que los inmigrantes tienen:

For a people who are neither Spanish nor live in a country in which Spanish is the first language; for a people who live in a country in which English is the reigning tongue but who are not Anglo; for a people who cannot entirely identify with either standard (formal, Castilian) Spanish nor standard English, what recourse is left to them but to create their own language? A language which they can connect their identity to, one capable of communicating the realities and values true to themselves - a language with terms that are neither español ni inglés, but both. We speak a patois, a forked tongue, a variation of two languages (Anzaldúa, 2004, p. 1024)

De igual manera, la autora indica que cuando los hispanounidenses (con otros grupos étnicos) no alcanzan a asimilarse a la sociedad mayoritaria, sufren lo que ella denomina el *conflicto fronterizo* (*borderland conflict*). En otras palabras, no se identifican completamente con ninguna de las dos culturas, sea la estadounidense o del país de origen, y de eso surge su conflicto interno creando así una identidad dual de los inmigrantes (Anzaldúa, 2004, p. 1029). Algo parecido sostiene Anna Celia Zentella:

„...el español de los Estados Unidos no es igual al español popular de México, no es igual al español popular de Puerto Rico, porque ignora el rol de la opresión lingüística por la que han pasado los hispanohablantes en este país. Estos préstamos y estas formas sintácticas no son de una forma tan libre, sino que son parte de una opresión en un país donde el español no es el idioma dominante, es el idioma subordinado y donde hay leyes y prácticas en todas estas comunidades de opresión. La palabra spanglish capta ese conflicto y esa opresión. (Zentella, 2009, p.5)

En nuestra opinión, el Spanglish sirve como una buena metáfora de la identidad hispana en los Estados Unidos, es decir, la representación exacta de la vida entre dos culturas diferentes, a menudo adversas. Silvia Betti lo resumió bien en su estudio:

El spanglish es no solamente una modalidad de expresión, sino que se trata de la manera de vivir, marcada de hibridación, de identidad, de multiculturalismo, que en los Estados Unidos representaría perfectamente a muchos latinos que viven entre estas dos realidades. (Betti, 2009, p. 104)

Además, la misma autora avisa los maldicientes que “el spanglish se debe ver no solamente como un vicio, sino como una estrategia expresiva legítima en su ámbito. La lengua es dinamismo, es un cuerpo vivo, cambiante, polimórfico, y pertenece a la gente, no son los lingüistas que la crean” (Betti, 2009, p. 116). En otras palabras, el lenguaje es nuestro instrumento de comunicación que no es limitado ni por fronteras nacionales, ni por normas o

juicios lingüísticos o políticos. Pese a que existen muchas manifestaciones en contra el fenómeno, el Spanglish se hace cada vez más presente y popular en la vida pública estadounidense.

4.1. Spanglish en la literatura, los medios de comunicación y los negocios

Como hemos indicado en los capítulos anteriores, el Spanglish sirve, entre otros, como un instrumento del manifiesto de la biculturalidad. Sin embargo, no es hablado únicamente por la gente de la calle, sino se encuentra también en producciones literarias, medios de comunicación y, por supuesto, en negocios. En este capítulo resumimos el impacto del cambio de código manifestado en la vida pública.

En cuanto a literatura, existen evidencias de que la alternancia de lenguas ya se usó en la literatura colonial y, además, en la poesía folklórica de Nuevo México desde el siglo XVIII hasta comienzos del XX (Keller y Keller, citados en Fairclough, 2003, p. 195). Fairclough también destaca las relaciones socioculturales que el *Spanglish* usado en literatura expresa; la coexistencia de las dos culturas, el conflicto entre ellas y, últimamente, la asimilación mediante la subordinación de una cultura a la otra (Fairclough, 2003, p. 195). Así, la literatura muestra una complejidad aún más profunda. En otras palabras, el uso del code-switching da a los escritores la posibilidad de reflejar la riqueza multicultural. Al otro lado, el lector debe tener algún conocimiento bilingüe, para que comprenda bien al texto.

Por lo que se respeta a los medios de comunicación, la aparición del *Spanglish* ha mostrado un paulatino aumento. Hoy en día, el cambio de código se halla en unas 275 estaciones de la radio y, también, en varios programas de televisión españoles como Telemundo o Univisión, destinadas particularmente al público hispano. Debido a la importancia creciente del español, surge también la inclinación de varias emisoras de televisión estadounidenses de crear unas series animadas dirigidas a los niños de edad preescolar, por ejemplo, la llamada *Mucha Lucha*, producida por Warner Bros. (Fairclough, 2003, p.198). Es cierto que en los EE. UU. se nota el requisito de enseñar el español a los niños ya desde su infancia, puesto que es la segunda lengua más influyente del país. Por lo que toca los periódicos, éstos también siguen el modelo aumentativo del uso de la alternancia de lenguas. Varias revistas como, por ejemplo, *La Cucaracha*, un periódico de estilo cómico, o *Latina*, que tiene unas 200 000 suscripciones, emplean a menudo el *Spanglish* en sus artículos (Fairclough, 2003, p. 199).

Teniendo en cuenta todo que hemos mencionado más arriba, es lógico que también crece la demanda de personas bilingües en el sector comercial. Fairclough señala que se hallan

empresas que buscan gente con la competencia no sólo en el inglés y el español, sino también en el *Spanglish*. La autora también destaca que los comercios no son el único sector en busca de gente multilingüe. Las partes con la escasez de este tipo de gente son, por ejemplo, el educativo, el gubernamental, el de salud pública, el artístico y ciertos trabajos de ámbito legal, por ejemplo, en los tribunales de justicia (Fairclough, 2003, p. 199).

En resumen, la influencia del cambio de código y su relación con la identidad cultural se nota por todas partes de los Estados Unidos y, en nuestra opinión, ya es simplemente imposible controlarla o, aún más, removerla de la vida pública.

5. Funciones semióticas de Spanglish

En este capítulo vamos a presentar los factores semióticos que influyen en la elección de la alternancia lingüística como un medio de comunicación. Como se puede ver en el capítulo anterior, la ligazón entre el cambio de código y la identidad ha sido considerablemente analizada. No obstante, Domnita Dumitrescu en su análisis apunta que existen otros rasgos que llama “micro-interacciones verbales” que todavía no habían sido consideradas tan interesantes, ya que no existen muchos estudios sobre ellas. Se trata de aspectos de la cortesía lingüística, o sea, varias situaciones del discurso que muestran cierto nivel semiótico en ellas (Dumitrescu, 2014, p. 21). Ahora nos fijamos en algunas de ellas, mencionadas en el análisis de la dicha autora.

Moderación de la crítica

Según Sánchez, los hispanohablantes bilingües cambian de una lengua a otra durante un discurso para suavizar el impacto de la crítica. Como ejemplo pone una charla entre madre y su hija sobre la berenjena mal cocinada, en la cual la hija en vez de hervir dice hacer boil en la frase “*cuando uno las hace boil, se le sale el sabor*”, para mitigar la crítica y hacerla más aceptable (Sánchez, 1983, citada en Dumitrescu, 2014, p. 22).

Moderación de la orden

Otro efecto que puede causar la alternancia de lenguas es, según la autora, la suavización del mandato. Ejemplificándolo con la frase “*Ponlo en el refrigerator so it won't spoil*”. Así la frase no se percibe como orden, sino más como sugerencia (Sánchez, 1983, citada en Dumitrescu, 2014, p. 23).

Intensificación

A continuación, el *Spanglish* puede funcionar también como la intensificación, mediante la repetición, es decir, cuando una frase o idea se proclama dos veces, pero cada vez en lengua diferente. Así la reiteración hace hincapié al enlace entre las dos frases (Sánchez, 1983, citada en Dumitrescu, 2014, 24)

Evitación de auto-elogio

Otras autoras, Valdés y Pino, incorporan otro factor semiótico. Según ellas aparecen situaciones en cuales los bilingües cambian el código “para contribuir a la impresión de sincero

aprecio y, simultáneamente, de evitar el auto-elogio” (Valdés y Pino, 1981, citadas en Dumitrescu, p. 25).

Actos de habla amenazadores a la imagen

Este aspecto trata de la elección del código marcado usado por los jóvenes mexico-americanos de clase baja para amenazar la imagen negativa de sus interlocutores más dominantes. Gross dice que es una intención de “*apropiarse del poder, rompiendo el status quo y, a la vez, amenazando la imagen del interlocutor más poderoso*” (Gross, 2000, citado en Dumitrescu, 2014, p. 25)

Más aún, Callahan añade que la alternancia de lenguas puede ser empleada con el fin de excluir o, más aún, insultar el oyente monolingüe, utilizando la lengua que él no comprende (Callahan, 2004, citado en Dumitrescu, 2014, p. 26).

6. Spanglish en música

Con el capítulo anterior terminamos la presentación del *spanglish* como fenómeno lingüístico en general. A continuación, nos vamos a centrar en la descripción del uso musical del cambio de código, enfocándonos primero en la historia de la música con rasgos de *spanglish* y sus características. Más adelante, puesto que las canciones son unas composiciones musicales acompañadas por letras cuelas suelen ser en rimas, es decir, se pueden valorar como obra lírica, estudiamos también las funciones del cambio de código encontrado dentro de ellas desde el punto de vista estilístico, aparecido en obras literales. Además, añadimos también la perspectiva socio-pragmática, resumida por C. Montes-Alcalá en su trabajo sobre el cambio de código encontrado en la comunicación electrónica, es decir, un discurso escrito no literario. Elegimos estos dos puntos de vista por un motivo simple. Generalmente, los hablantes usan el *Spanglish* más bien en una conversación relajada e informal, es decir, no preparada. No obstante, el cambio de código en las canciones es intencional y las letras de todas las canciones examinadas en este trabajo son bien preparadas, puesto que deben seguir cierto ritmo y el argumento o idea clave de la canción. Al otro lado, se nota cierto intento de los autores para dar la impresión de que las letras sean una manifestación más bien espontánea, especialmente con el estilo rap e hip hop. Por esta razón, opinamos que las canciones temporáneas se sitúan, a lo mejor, en una posición entre el discurso y obra literaria.

6.1.Historia de canciones con Spanglish

Como ya se ha mencionado, *Spanglish* es un fenómeno lingüístico que suele ser utilizado no solo en el discurso oral, sino también en la literatura desde hace mucho tiempo. Lo mismo ocurrió en la industria musical. Puesto que no hemos encontrado ningún estudio diacrónico fiable que trataría sobre ese tema, no podemos decir exactamente desde cuando aparece este tipo de cambio de código en canciones, es decir, cuál era la primera canción con una muestra de *Spanglish*. Lo que podemos verificar y de que tenemos una evidencia fija es que este cambio de código surgió en canciones en los EE. UU., a lo menos, desde los años 50, gracias a la canción popular *Qué será será* (*Whatever will be will be*) interpretada por Doris Day. Se mostró en la película de Alfred Hitchcock *El hombre que sabía demasiado*, de 1956 y, además, obtuvo el premio Óscar a la mejor canción original ese mismo año (Wikipedia, 2012). El único cambio de código que aparece en esta canción es el proverbio *Qué será, será*, situado al principio y dentro de cada estribillo:

"*Que será, será*
Whatever will be, will be
The future's not ours to see
Que será, será
What will be, will be" (Genius, ©2020a)

Continuamos con los intérpretes Rene & Rene y su canción *Lo Mucho Que Te Quiero* (The More I Love You), publicada en 1968 (Genius – lyrics & knowledge, ©2020b). Aquí ya podemos encontrar un cambio de código más profundo que lo que hemos visto en la canción mencionada anteriormente. *Lo mucho que te quiero* está compuesto de cinco estrofas, y de éstas son tres en español y dos en inglés:

"*Quisiera que supieras, vida mía*
Lo mucho que te quiero y que te adoro
Tú vives en mi pensamiento
Y ahora me arrepiento si yo te hice llorar

Yo nunca te hablo a ti con la mentira
Yo siempre te hablo a ti con la verdad
Quisiera que olvides el pasado
Que vuelvas a mi lado, que tengas compasión

Believe me when I say how much I love you
Believe me when I say how much I care
Forgive me, give me peace of mind
All I need is time to prove my love for you

Quisiera que supieras, vida mía
Lo mucho que te quiero y que te adoro
Tú vives en mi pensamiento
Y ahora me arrepiento si yo te hice llorar

Believe me when I say how much I love you
Believe me when I say how much I care
Forgive me, give me peace of mind
All I need is time to prove my love for you" (Genius – lyrics & knowledge, ©2020b).

Un cambio de código aún más complejo se encuentra en la canción *Eso Beso (That Kiss)* interpretado por el famoso Paul Anka, publicada por primera vez en 1962 (Genius – lyrics & knowledge, ©2020c). En esta obra artística hay muestras del cambio de código intraoracional, como:

For the samba's the quickest way to make *amor*
I go off the ground to where I'm *poco-loco*
Kiss me *mucho* and we'll soar

A little more *mucho* (Genius – lyrics & knowledge, ©2020c)

También aparece un cambio interoracional:

- Mmm, *eso beso*, ooh that kiss
When we samba
Close like this
- Ay, ay caramba* (Genius – lyrics & knowledge, ©2020c)

Otra canción esencial es ciertamente la adaptación de la copla folclórica mexicana *La bamba* interpretada por Ritchie Valens en 1958 que alcanzó gran popularidad ya en aquel año. Además, en 1987 logró la fama otra vez mediante la película sobre la vida del cantante. Se estrena *La Bamba* interpretada por el grupo *Los Lobos*, que se convierte en una de las primeras canciones enteramente españolas en ser número uno en los estados unidos, Gran Bretaña y básicamente en resto del mundo (El cajón desastre, 2012).

Justo después comienzan a aparecer con cada vez mayor frecuencia las nuevas canciones con presencia del español que logran la fama. Basado en eso, Madonna, el ícono mundial de la industria musical, llevó al tope de la lista de canciones su obra *La Isla Bonita* (El cajón desastre, 2012):

- This is where I long to be
La isla bonita
 - Warm wind carried on the sea, he called to me *Te dijó, te amo*
 - When it's time for *siesta*, you can watch them go by
 - Te dijó, te amo
- Él dijo que te ama* ((Genius – lyrics & knowledge, ©2020d)).

Hasta aquel tiempo, más que canciones que mezclan los dos idiomas, lo que aparecía era una secuencia de canciones en inglés que contenían, a lo mejor, una palabra o frase en español. No obstante, este fenómeno cambia mucho durante la década de los 90. La obra clave, respeto a este cambio de preferencias lingüísticas, es probablemente la canción *Mentirosa* de *Mellow Man Ace*. Ésta fue la primera canción de estilo rap latino que logró meterse en las listas de música pop y volverse en un gran éxito, alcanzando el número 14 en el *Billboard Hot 100* y permaneciendo en el chart 24 semanas (Wikipedia, ©2010). También, obtuvo la posición 99 en la lista de *Billboard Hot 100 Year's End* en el año 1990 (Billboard, 2020). Más abajo podemos ver la letra completa mostrando un code-switching muy complejo – desde palabras españolas independientes hasta frases enteras, y todo puesto

en versos sin romper con las reglas establecidas por Lipski sobre cuales hablamos en el capítulo 3.1.3:

(Intro: Grupo)

Ain't got nobody, baby...baby

[Verso 1]

Check this out baby, *tenemos tremendo lío*

Last night you didn't go *a la casa de tu tío*

(Huh?)

Resulta ser, hey, you were at a party

Higher than the sky, *emborrachada de Bacardí*

(No, I wasn't)

I bet you didn't know *que conocí al cantinero*

(What?)

He told me you were drinking and wasting my *dinero*

Talking about come and enjoy what a woman gives an *hombre*

(But first of all, see, I have to know your *nombre*)

Now I really wanna ask ya, *que si es verdad*

(Would I lie?)

And please, *por favor*, tell me *la verdad*

Because I really need to know, yeah *necesito entender*

If you're gonna be a player, or be my *mujer*

'Cause right now you're just a liar, a straight *mentirosa*

(Who, me?)

Today ya tell me something, *y mañana es otra cosa*

[Verso 2]

I remember the day *que tú me decías*

Time and time again *que tú me querías*

(I do!)

And at the time, hey, *yo te creía*

Porque no sabía that you were *a relambía*

Yo y Fulanito y Menganito, Joseito y Fernandito

Larry and Joey y then his brother Chico

(Uh-uh)

Mucho que frentera, that's a straight skeezer

Si quieres un pedacito, go her way 'cause she's a pleaser

But I tell ya straight up *porque*, brother, *me di de cuenta*

That on Main Street her *cuerpo estaba a la venta*

Now get some man *que quiera* get some *cualquiera*

Hey, yo, she don't care man, she's a *tremenda fiera*

Yeah you're hot to trot and out to get what I got

Pero ya que te conozco, what I gots? I guess not

(*¿Porque?*)

'Cause you're just a *mentirosa con tu lengua venenosa*

Today you tell me something, *y mañana es otra cosa*

[Diálogo]

Girl, I can't believe it
You know, my mother's talking about me
M- my friends are talking about me...not me, about you!
(About me?)
You're nothing but a skeezer
(A skeezer? Don't be calling me no skeezer!)
Tú tienes mucha frentera, mami. Sí, uh-huh, la verdad
(Uh-huh, eso es lo que tu te crees)
I bet you go to church and you're scared to confess
(No, I do confess baby, I do confess)
Uh-huh, do you tell the truth, though?
Yeah! You're nothing but a skeezer. You know what?
I got some other stories to say about you
It goes like this

[Verso 3]

Un día estaba en tu casa y ring there goes the phone
Recogiste y dijiste
(Call me back. I'm not alone!)
El quería tu dirección, yeah just your address
Y antes que colgaste I heard you say
(I'll wear a dress)
"¡Ay, alabao, que descarada!" is what ran through my mind
So I say, "Let's go out tonight." She said
(We go out all time)
¡Alabao, man!
Ella no sabía that, yo, I knew her plan
De que iba a salir with that other man
So I told the girl in Spanish, I said "*Hey, ya me voy.*"
(Pero ¿por qué?)
'Cause you ain't treating me like I'm some sucker toy
'Cause who needs you anyways
(I need you!)
Con tu lengua venenosa?
(No te vayas, Mellow! No te vayas! Yo te necesito!)
Today you tell me something, *y mañana es otra cosa*
¡Mentirosa! (Genius – lyrics & knowledge, 2020e).

Siguiendo en la década de los 90, llegaba ocasionalmente el éxito del spanglish entre las canciones populares de EE. UU. No obstante, una de ellas triunfó completamente en todo el mundo. Se trata, sin duda, de la canción *Macarena*, interpretada por *Los del Río*. El Bayside Boys remix con las estrofas en inglés pasó 14 semanas como el número 1 en el *Billboard Hot 100* y 46 semanas en total, convirtiéndose en canción que se mantuvo al tope de la lista *Hot 100* durante el tiempo más largo de la historia. También, *Billboard* lo clasificó como la canción número 1 para 1996 (Wikipedia, 2016).

Para terminar, tenemos que mencionar un aumento de artistas latinos y sus canciones desde aquel año, apareciendo en listas de popularidad no solo en los estados unidos, sino básicamente en todo el mundo. Se trata, entre otros, de Ricky Martin y su canción *Livin' la vida loca*, o Enrique Iglesias interpretando la canción *Bailamos*, Jennifer López con *Una noche más*, y más tarde Shakira, Pitbull, Nelly Furtado, etc. Todos estos intérpretes han creado la base de las canciones en *Spanglish*, indicando un cambio cultural donde hablar de esta manera se torna en un signo de honor y la corriente principal (El cajón desastre, 2012).

6.2. Funciones del Spanglish de tipo socio-pragmático

A continuación, nos toca el tema de funciones de la alternancia de dos o más lenguas entre los hablantes bilingües. Como primer ejemplo de análisis vamos a ver la investigación de C. Montes-Alcalá. La autora busca averiguar si los individuos bilingües se comunican con otros bilingües a través del correo electrónico de la misma manera como en el discurso oral y, además, clasifica las funciones o razones por las que lo hacen (Montes-Alcalá 2005, p.173-185). Su trabajo elegimos porque cubre el cambio de código de forma escrita, al contrario de la mayoría de las investigaciones que lo tratan de forma oral. Más aún, se trata de una comunicación informal y espontánea, aunque escrita, lo que la acerca al estilo de las canciones contemporáneas, cuyo intento suele ser el uso de habla “de la gente”, acercándose así a los oyentes potenciales y su forma de habla cotidiana. Podemos ver su clasificación explicada y acompañada de algunos ejemplos suyos:

Citas (directas e indirectas):

Las citas son una de las razones más frecuentes detrás de la alternancia de códigos en el nivel oral. La motivación de cambiar el código es simplemente del intento de reproducir las palabras de alguien de la misma manera que fueron pronunciadas.

Y me pregunta “*does it look corny?*” Y yo le dije que sí, y me contesta “*well I'm very corny!*”

Énfasis:

Otra de las funciones que el cambio de código puede cumplir es el énfasis. Los hablantes así intentan a llamar la atención a una idea, lo que en el discurso oral solemos hacer mediante el cambio de entonación.

Así que te gustó muchísimo lo que llevaba.... *So embarrassing!* Yo no me pongo cosas así ni para carnaval

Aclaración o elaboración:

La aclaración o elaboración es la función del cambio de código que sirve de la explicación o el desarrollo de una idea ya presentada. Típicamente, se usa en el discurso oral

You should know that that was NOT my intention. *De hecho, ni siquiera tuve intención alguna.*

Comentarios parentéticos:

Esta función está estrechamente ligada con la anterior, debido a que se trata de otra manera de elaborar o aclarar lo que se acaba de decir. No obstante, en este caso se habla de una explicación más detallada que a menudo aparece entre comas o paréntesis.

Voy a ver qué dicen de los gringos...(all I can tell them is what I already told them, i.e., that they'll pay the teacher, and make copies, and buy textbooks.)

Aún no sé a qué oficina me mandarán (or even whether I'll still have this computer!!), pero por ahora sigo aquí.

Expresiones idiomáticas:

El ambiente bicultural puede causar dificultades de traducir ciertas expresiones o frases hechas de una lengua a otra. Para captar el significado, los hablantes a menudo dejan estas partes del discurso hechas a medida o completamente en la lengua original.

Pues si se va a hacer, *count me in, please.*

Just kidding, no he hablado con nadie.

Cambios provocados:

A continuación, hay que mencionar los cambios provocados. Este fenómeno significa que un vocablo particular pueda causar que el resto de la frase alterna el código también. En otras palabras, el hablante empieza la frase en español, después utiliza una palabra en inglés y, gracias a eso, termina la frase también en inglés.

Así que cuando termines tu clase estaré ya en el *parking lot, I'll be looking out for you.*

Te dije que conseguí un curro de *Research Assistant? It's a work/study job, so the Federal Gov't pays my salary.*

Cambios estilísticos:

Montes-Alcalá describe este fenómeno como “una técnica para dar “color” o más “sabor” al significado de una expresión” (Montes-Alcalá 2005, p.180). Esta función se parece mucho a la anterior, es decir, el énfasis.

Te lo agradecería a lot. Muchos *thankyous*.

Necesidad léxica:

Como ya se ha expresado anteriormente, un vocablo o idea puede ser interpretada mejor en la lengua original, o sea, sin traducción. Es este caso se trata del vocablo de terminología técnica o profesional, por ejemplo, el corpus electrónico. La autora pone énfasis en que esta necesidad no sale de ninguna incompetencia del hablante en una de las lenguas, sino que “Dictan las leyes de la economía” (Montes-Alcalá 2005, p. 180).

Me confirmó Juan que fue muy obvio, y no solamente en la produce section, también en el *check-out line* (ellos estaban en el *express line*).

Cambio de lengua como código secreto:

En el discurso oral, el cambio de lengua se puede usar también como un mecanismo de exclusión, de manera que los hablantes simplemente alteran a una lengua que la tercera persona no comprende. Montes-Alcalá ha encontrado este fenómeno también en el discurso escrito, es decir, en el correo electrónico.

Pues, aquí estaba contándote cositas de *you know who*, y llega Juan y tuve que cancelar mi mensaje.

Y además, me llamaron para una entrevista *at that place*.

El llamado cambio libre:

El último tipo de cambio de código según Montes-Alcalá es el cambio libre, significando un cambio sin función específica. Más bien, se trata de cambios con varias funciones que no caben en ninguna “caja”, puesto que tienen funciones diversas.

Sólo quería felicitarte de nuevo *for a job well done*.

Just to let you know que sos la primera que me manda un mensaje a este *account* y a la primera que contesto.

6.3.Funciones estilísticas de Spanglish

A continuación, vamos a exponer los aspectos del cambio de código planteados por Aranda Oller. La autora se centra mayormente en el desempeño que cubre el cambio de código, ante todo, en la literatura (Aranda Oller 1992, pp.304- 314). Mostramos las funciones estilísticas con ejemplos empleado por la autora misma y, después, en el análisis buscamos aquellas funciones dentro de nuestro corpus.

Eufemismo

La introducción de una palabra de otra lengua puede servir como una manera de moderar el impacto que ésta puede provocar en un lector. Se trata, por ejemplo, de palabras que causan emociones malas, palabras vulgares o palabras tabuizadas.

this woman was considered as *a mala mujer*.
handsome *imbéciles*

La expresión mejor

Este fenómeno apunta a las expresiones fijas que el hablante está acostumbrado a utilizar en aquella lengua. Aranda Oller indica como un buen ejemplo el uso frecuente de los vocativos en español para amigos y familia en la literatura chicana.

—Ay, *daddy*, this is a vacation.
—Qué *vacation* ni que nada....
—Oh Kay —murmura la niña...

Información textual

A veces, algunas informaciones pueden ser transmitidas mejor a más claramente a través del bilingüismo que el monolingüismo, más aún, el cambio de código puede ofrecer informaciones adicionales.

“Those gringas are going to change the world just like the Suecas changed Spain.”

Solidaridad

En este caso se habla, ante todo, de las formas del saludo y despedida, que se usan regularmente para mostrar la solidaridad étnica.

“Buenas noches, señora Gonzalez. How can I help you?”

Posturas ideológicas o filosóficas

Según Aranda Oller, algunos cambios de código suelen transmitir ciertas posturas, principalmente las de personas mayores, utilizando las palabras en español para expresar su manera de pensar o, incluso, la desigualdad entre la realidad hispana y la norteamericana.

Roberto: Essa Maria, what are we having for *sena* tonight?

Maria: Well Robert-o, I thought it would be good to have some tortillas and beans. Also, make some chili con carní. How does that sound, om-brae?"

Cambio de código situacional para acomodar la realidad lingüística

Para crear la obra más auténtica, los autores suelen dejar cada personaje hablar en su propio idioma, es decir, los mayores hablan exclusivamente en español, mientras que los jóvenes utilizan *Spanglish* o inglés. De igual forma, el cambio de código está condicionado también por el ambiente y la situación social, en la cual se hallan los interlocutores.

Función humorística

A continuación, Aranda Oller menciona el cambio de código con función humorística, basada en juegos de palabras o los malentendidos por no conocer la otra lengua. Como ejemplo pone un error de un anglo cuando en vez de *Machos* llama la organización *Mocos*, en el libro *Clemente Chacón* de José Antonio Villarreal.

Función estilística-creativa

La última función engloba las palabras o expresiones creadas por el autor, combinando los elementos de ambas lenguas, mejor dicho, las alternancias intraléxicas.

¿Qué—the—hell—tal?
chicken nose (=chicanos)

En conclusión, Aranda Oller proclama que “La ironía, la sátira, la caricatura y la burla son consecuencias directas del cambio de lengua, como también la creación de figuras e imágenes como metáforas, símiles, hipérboles, anáforas, aliteraciones, etc.” (Aranda Oller 1992, pp.304- 314)

7. Spanglish en canciones: El análisis

Ahora que hemos presentado el marco teórico, procedemos a la parte práctica del trabajo. El capítulo comienza con la descripción de la metodología y el corpus utilizados, y luego sigue el propio análisis del *Spanglish* en las canciones que aparecieron en la lista de *Billboard Hot 100 chart year's end* entre los años 2000 y 2019.

7.1. Metodología

La parte práctica consiste en un análisis lingüístico cualitativo, en el que aplicamos las clasificaciones presentadas anteriormente. El objetivo es describir de qué manera se utiliza el Spanglish en canciones más populares en los Estados Unidos y establecer que el uso en este campo del arte es bastante común.

El análisis está dividido en varios partes principales. En primer lugar, presentamos las características básicas del corpus. Después nos centramos en los datos cuantitativos, es decir, el número de canciones con Spanglish que encontramos dentro del *Billboard Hot 100 year's end* en cada año, el estilo de música al cuál pertenecen y, más aún, la posición que han obtenido dentro de las listas. A continuación, nos enfocamos en los diferentes fenómenos lingüísticos que forman el Spanglish y los buscamos en las transcripciones de las letras de canciones. Por último, identificamos las diferentes funciones de tipo sociopragmático y estilístico que cumple el cambio de código. Describimos las funciones concretas y añadimos ejemplos del corpus.

7.1.1. Billboard hot 100 chart

Billboard es una revista estadounidense más antigua del mundo y lista dedicada a la industria musical. Ya en el año 1939 publicó primeras listas musicales de las canciones y álbumes más populares, y la lista llamada *Chart Line* evolucionó hasta las famosas *Billboard Hot 100* y *Billboard 200*, las listas de canciones y álbumes más vendidos en Estados Unidos que se publican tanto en la versión impresa como en su página web, www.billboard.com. La lista más famosa, *Billboard Hot 100*, se realiza semanalmente y muestra las 100 canciones más populares en los EE. UU. de cualquier género musical, apoyándose a las ventas físicas, digitales, streaming y emisiones de radio. (Tentulogo)

The Billboard Hot 100 year's end es la lista basada en los datos recolectados de cada semana y así demuestra la popularidad de una canción durante el año determinado y,

de esta forma, la aceptación de aquellas canciones por la sociedad norteamericana. Por eso la elegimos como fuente de nuestro corpus

7.1.2. El corpus

Nuestro corpus consta de 90 canciones que hemos encontrado entre las 2000 canciones que aparecieron en la lista de *Billboard*. En las canciones de cada „*Billboard hot 100 year's end*“ se buscaron ejemplos del cambio de código entre inglés y español. Todos los ejemplos se registraron manualmente en una tabla de Excel, incluido el título de la canción, el artista, la posición de la canción dentro de la lista, las letras específicas y el tipo de cambio de código.

Las letras fueron consultadas en la página web www.genius.com. Aunque existe una multitud de páginas web con letras de canciones, esta tiene los datos más amplios y, además, algunas letras y comentarios sobre las canciones son aún verificadas por los autores mismos, así que se elimina la posibilidad de error como máximo. Sin embargo, no podemos confirmar totalmente la precisión de las letras, debido a que es imposible controlar si todas las letras subidas en internet son exactas o no. Por eso es posible que haya algún error o tendencia incorrecta.

7.2. Spanglish en canciones

El tema que vamos a desarrollar la presentación de los resultados obtenidos por el análisis de las noventa canciones que forman nuestro corpus.

7.2.1. Características básicas

Para empezar, hay que mencionar que la lengua principal usada en las canciones es el inglés. Para poder visualizar la proporción de canciones un poco más claramente, hemos creado un grafo de las noventa canciones que forman el corpus aproximadamente divididas en cuatro grupos. La opción más frecuente son canciones principalmente en inglés, con unas palabras o frases en español. Segundo, pero mucho más pequeño grupo son canciones con proporción de ambas lenguas más o menos mitad a mitad, es decir, se trata de canciones de dos cantantes, donde uno canta algunos versos en inglés y otro cantante utiliza en sus versos la lengua española. Tercer grupo se basa en canciones donde prevalece el español con algunas palabras o frases de inglés, es decir, el cantante pertenece a la comunidad de hispanohablantes. La última y más pequeña es la opción de canciones completamente españolas.

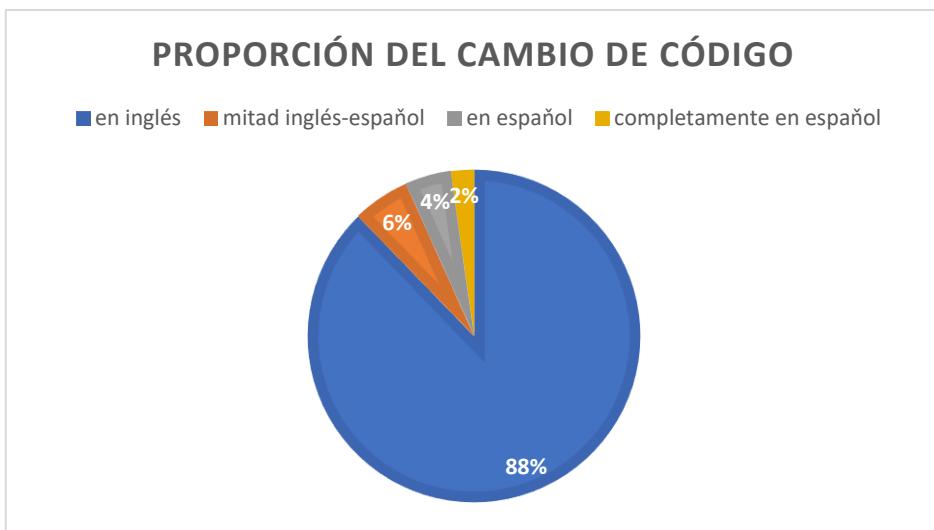


Diagrama 1 muestra la proporción del cambio de código en canciones

Ahora bien, para obtener una imagen más amplia, dividimos los datos sobre la proporción del cambio de código en canciones por décadas. Aunque las canciones principalmente en inglés prevalecen, se nota un paulatino aumento de canciones con el cambio de código más profundo. Más precisamente, entre los años 2000 y 2009 encontramos solo un ejemplo de las tres categorías, es decir, de canción medio inglés-español, en español con unas palabras inglesas y canción completamente en español, mientras que en la década siguiente ya aparecen cuatro canciones inglés-españolas y tres en español con palabras o frases de inglés y una enteramente española.

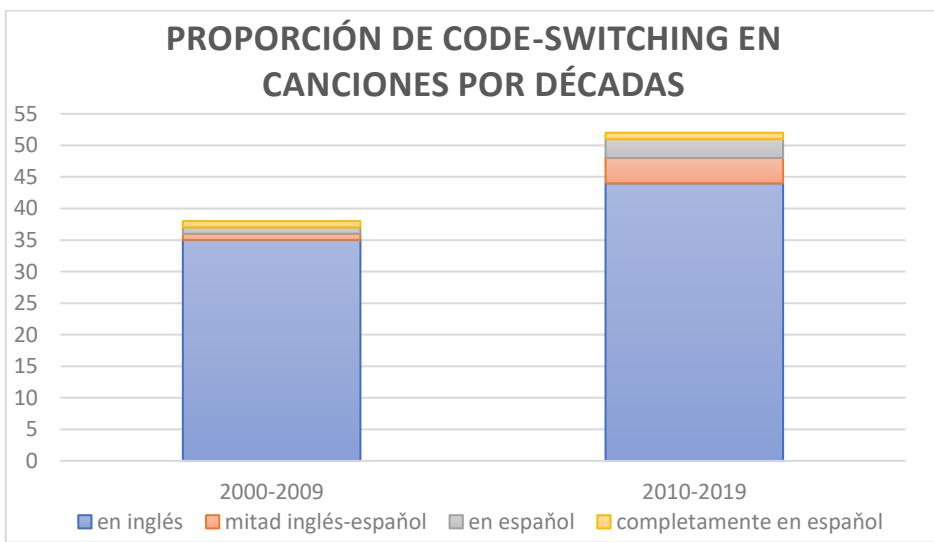


Diagrama 2 Proporción de code-switching en canciones por décadas

7.2.2. Cantidad de canciones con cambio de código

En primer lugar, veremos el número total de canciones en cuáles hemos encontrado alguna forma de cambio de código. Hemos revisado dos mil canciones en total, entre cuáles hemos encontrado noventa canciones con *Spanglish*. En el diagrama 3 se puede ver la cantidad de estas canciones por décadas.

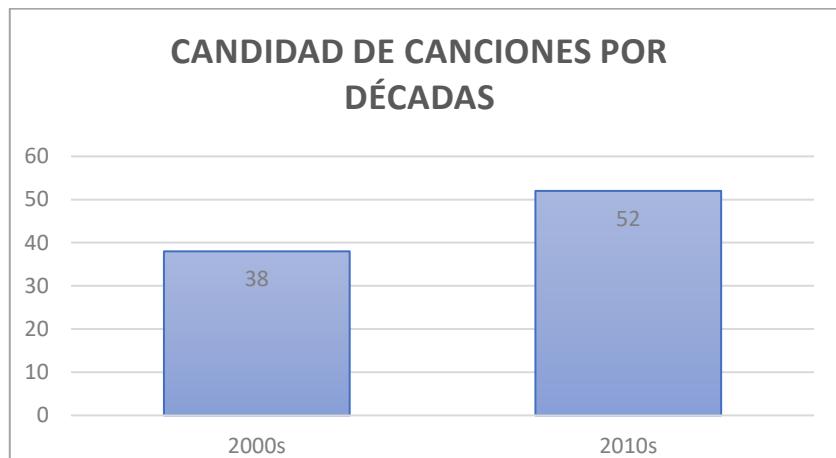


Diagrama 3 muestra la cantidad de canciones con Spanglish divididas por décadas

En esta tabla se puede notar cierto aumento de aparición del cambio de código. Mientras que entre los años 2000 y 2009 había solo 38 canciones con este fenómeno lingüístico, en los diez años siguientes, es decir, desde 2010 hasta 2019 ya encontramos en total 52 canciones. Este aspecto verifica nuestra hipótesis de que la popularidad del empleo del *Spanglish* en las canciones avanza. En el diagrama 4 podemos ver un gráfico de columnas aún más detallado.

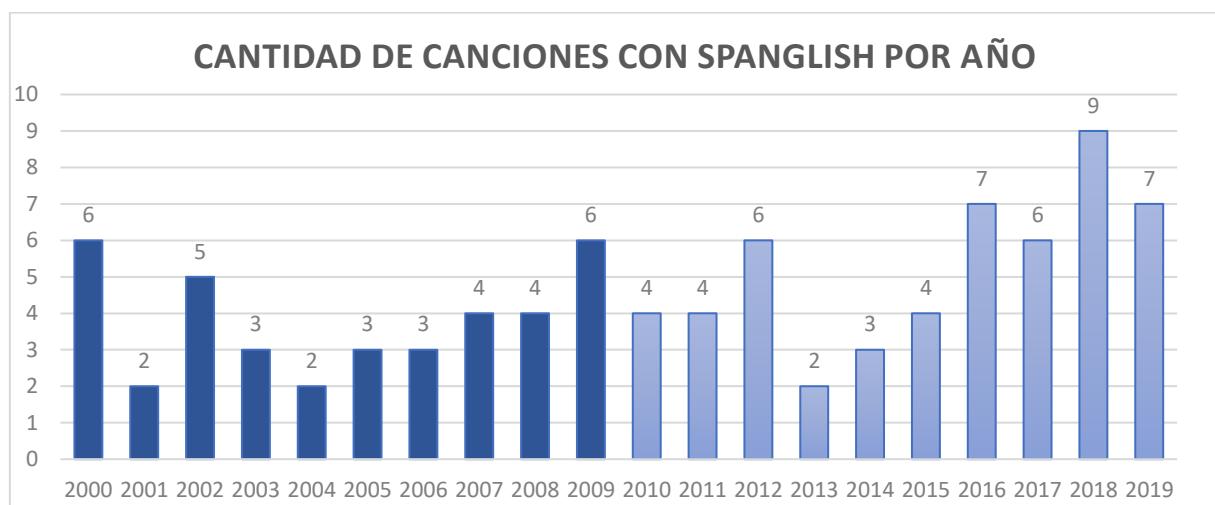


Diagrama 4 muestra la cantidad de canciones con Spanglish por año

Gracias a este gráfico se nos revela que el aumento de canciones crece paulatinamente, especialmente en los últimos cuatro años. Para tener la imagen más completa, añadimos los datos de Pisarek (2012), quién declara en su análisis que entre los años ochenta encontró 12 canciones con *Spanglish*, mientras que en los años noventa ya aparecieron 36 canciones (Pisarek, 2012), lo que demuestra el incremento aún más claro.

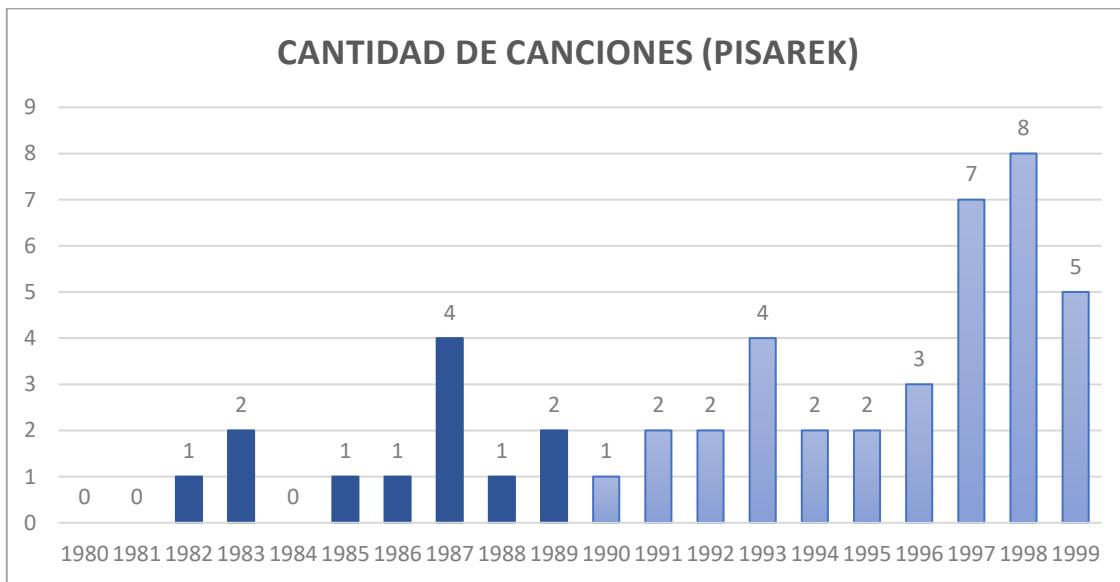


Diagrama 5 muestra la cantidad de canciones con Spanglish entre 1980 y 1999 (Pisarek, 2012)

7.2.3. Posición de las canciones

En el siguiente párrafo nos enfocamos en la posición, o sea, la clasificación de las canciones con el cambio de código dentro de las listas. El diagrama 6 muestra el promedio de la posición de las canciones en la escala, dividido por décadas. Para este grafo vale que menor el número, mejor la posición. Aunque puede parecer que según los datos la posición dentro de la lista empeora, hay que tener en cuenta que el número de canciones es más grande en la última década, y, encima, entre los promedios hay diferencia ligera. En el diagrama 7 podemos ver el resultado más detallado, año por año. En correspondencia a los datos referentes, el promedio de la posición de canciones que muestran algún tipo de cambio de código sigue siendo en la primera mitad de la lista. Entonces, si juntamos las cifras de este capítulo con el anterior sobre la cantidad de canciones, es cierto que la aceptación de la lengua española por la sociedad estadounidense está creciendo.

PROMEDIO DE LA POSICIÓN DE CANCIONES POR DÉCADAS

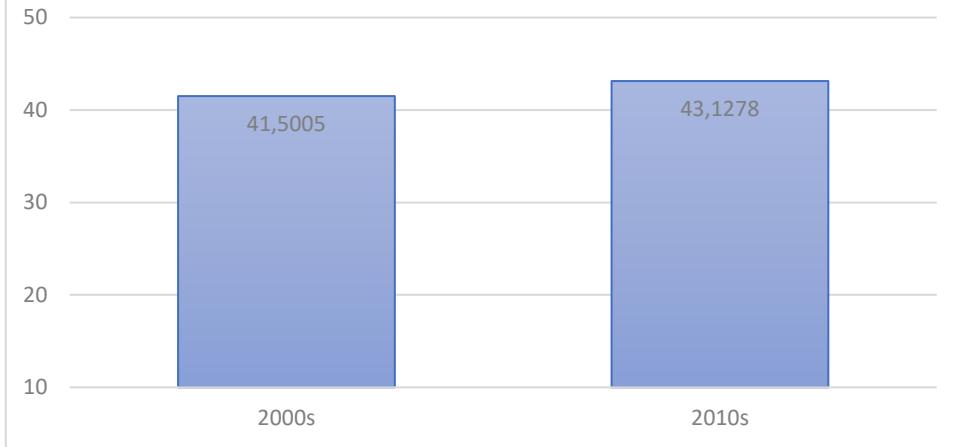


Diagrama 6 muestra el promedio de la posición de canciones en las listas por décadas

PROMEDIO DE LA POSICIÓN DE CANCIONES POR AÑO

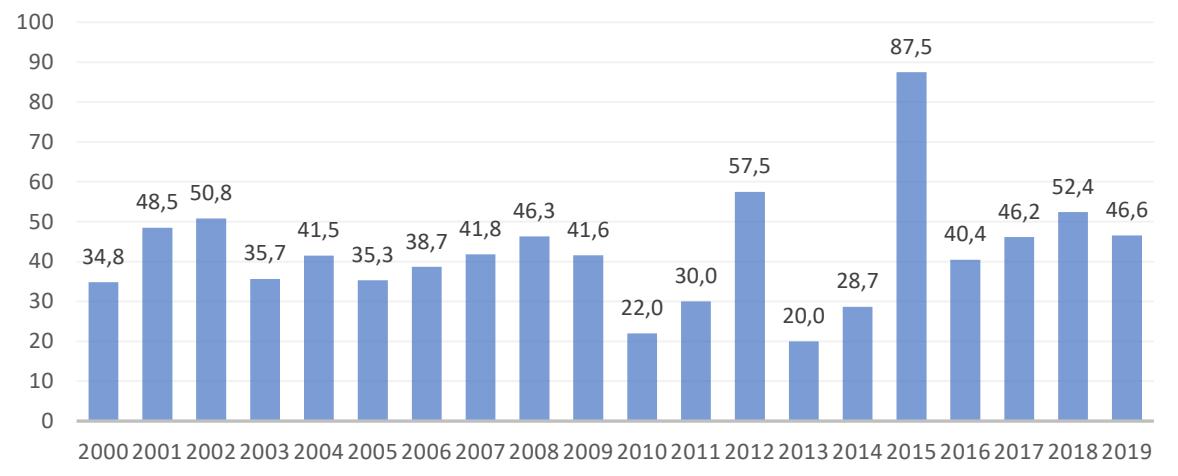


Diagrama 7 muestra el promedio de la posición de canciones en las listas por año

7.2.4. Estilo de canciones

Otro fenómeno interesante es el estilo de aquellas canciones. Pese a que hoy en día casi no existe un estilo de música puro, sino se trata de una mezcla de varios estilos, hemos logrado dividir las canciones en cuatro tipos de estilo más conocidos y frecuentes: hip hop/rap, pop, reggaetón y rock. Las canciones que eran tan específicas que no podemos meterlas en ninguna de las categorías mencionadas antes hemos marcado como “otros”.

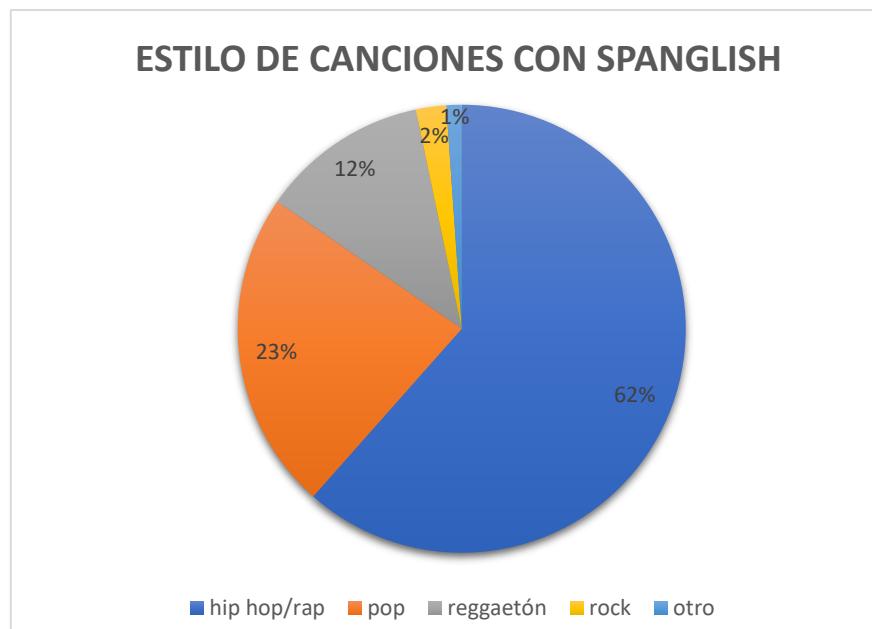


Diagrama 8 muestra el porcentaje de los estilos de canciones con Spanglish

En el diagrama 8 se revela que la mayoría de las canciones con el cambio de código son de estilo hip hop/ rap, con 62%. Segundo grupo más grande es el pop con 23%, seguido por reggaetón con 12%, rock con 2% y 1% de otro estilo. A pesar de ello, con estos datos hay que aclarar otro aspecto. Aunque no hemos encontrado ningunos datos fiables, según nuestra observación son, en general, la mayoría de las canciones en los charts de estilo hip hop/ rap, sea con *Spanglish* o no. Por esta razón, no se puede simplemente concluir si el cambio de código se halla principalmente en aquel estilo o no. Al otro lado, el estilo donde no apareció ni una palabra española es el country. Aunque en cada lista anual de canciones más populares encontramos a los menos una canción country, en ninguna de ellas se muestra la alternancia entre inglés y español. En nuestra opinión, la razón de este aspecto puede ser que el tema de aquella música suele asociarse mayormente con la cultura “blanca”; durante la segregación se dividió también la música, mejor dicho, el estilo country era de los blancos y otros como blues o gospel fueron estilos “de raza” (Austrew, Dictionary, ©2020). A causa de esto opinamos que el country esté ligado principalmente con los americanos y sus costumbres rurales y por ello, los artistas simplemente no tienen el motivo para meter en las letras las palabras españolas.

7.2.5. Tipos del cambio de código

Al investigar el corpus más detalladamente, nos notamos que frecuentemente pasa que en las letras de canciones se introduce una sola palabra española en un texto largo en inglés, o, al revés, en una canción española aparece solo un par de palabras en inglés. Por

esta razón, nos enfocamos en la frecuencia de las formas de alternancias. Contamos los puntos de cambio a otra lengua, distinguiendo entre palabras ortográficas individuales y las frases o bloques de frases independientes. Además, partes de frase o frases incompletas clasificamos como “otros”. Los resultados demostramos en el Diagrama 9.

Hay que tener en cuenta que el Spanglish es un fenómeno irregular y difícil de categorizar y, por esta razón, se trata de resultados aproximados. Para mostrar una imagen de la distinción citamos algunos ejemplos:

1) PALABRA INDIVIDUAL:

- She hides true love, en su *bolsillo*
She's got a halo around her finger, around you (corpus: p. LII)

2) FRASE ENTERA:

- El que no vale consejo, no llega viejo
So listen up (corpus: p. LVI)

3) OTRO:

- *Con calma*, I see you're lovin' the way I work the floor now (corpus: p. CI)

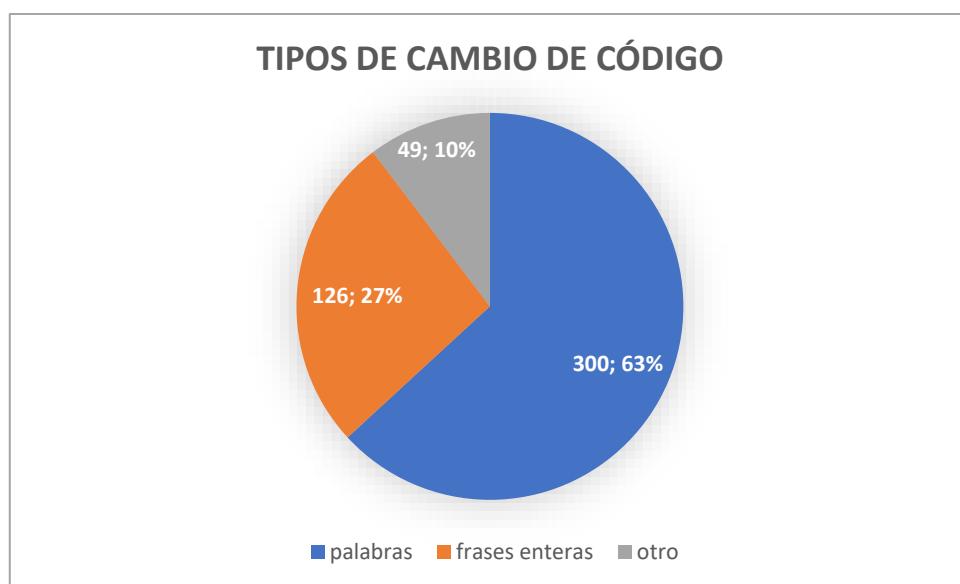


Diagrama 9 muestra el número y el porcentaje de varias formas del cambio de código

Según los resultados, el tipo más frecuente es la introducción del cambio de código por palabra individual. En total de 475 casos, 300 de ellos son palabras individuales. Las frases enteras resultaron como segundo tipo más frecuente, con 126 casos contados. Como el grupo más pequeño salen los otros, o sea, frases incompletas.

A continuación, nos centramos en los tipos de cambio de código presentados en las canciones más precisamente. En el siguiente grafo podemos comparar la aparición de cada tipo de cambio de código año por año. Es decir, en las columnas se muestra el número de canciones de cada año y en cuantas de ellos aparecen palabras individuales, frases enteras y partes de frase o frases incompletas clasificadas como “otros”. Por ejemplo, en 2004 hay dos canciones con *Spanglish* en la lista *Billboard hot 100 year's end* y de estas dos solo una contiene algún ejemplo de palabra o palabras individuales, y una con ejemplo de frase o frases enteras. Ninguna de estas dos canciones contiene ejemplos de frases que clasificamos como “otros”. Al otro lado, en 2018 hay nueve canciones y ocho de estas contienen palabras individuales, cuatro son con frases enteras y dos con frases parciales. En total, a lo largo de los años, se puede ver un ligero aumento de frases completas. Parece que los artistas se han sentido poco a poco más cómodos en usar la lengua española en sus canciones y, además, se nota el cambio paulatino desde simplemente incluir palabras individuales a canciones completamente en *Spanglish*. Al introducir el spanglish en sus canciones, pueden intentar a lograr que su música llegue a una comunidad de personas más grande, que entenderá su mensaje y aceptará su uso del idioma.

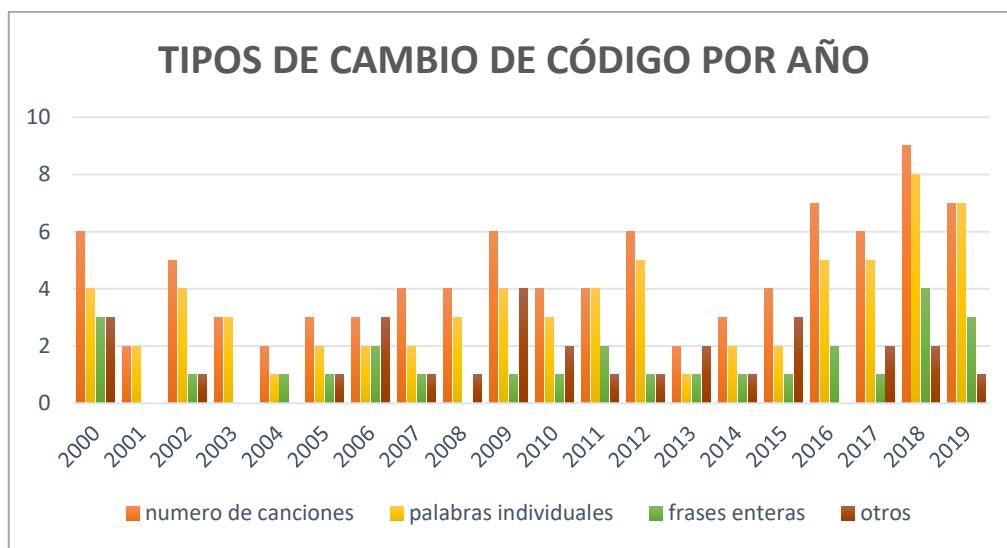


Diagrama 10 muestra tipos de cambio de código divididas por año

Ahora nos concentraremos en los 300 casos en los que la forma de cambio a otra lengua consta de palabras individuales y éstos clasificamos según su clase de palabras. Revelamos que la clase de palabras más frecuente, que apareció en 55% de los casos, son los sustantivos. Segunda clase de palabras son interjecciones, con 12% de los casos, seguidos por los numerales con 10% de los casos. Los resultados de la clasificación enseñamos en el diagrama 11:

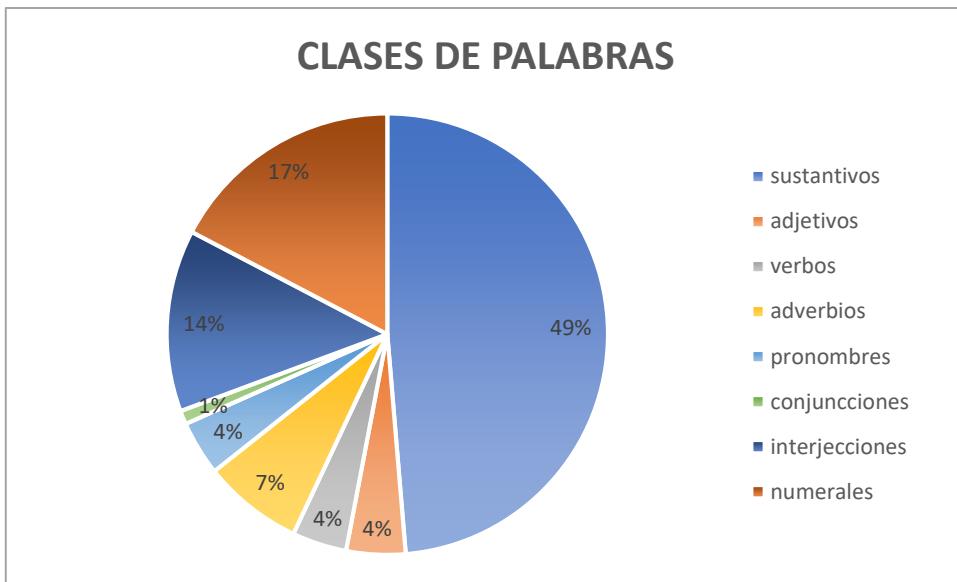


Diagrama 11 muestra porcentualmente las clases de palabras de las 300 palabras individuales

7.2.6. Fenómenos lingüísticos

A continuación, nos centramos en fenómenos lingüísticos sobre cuales hemos hablado en el capítulo 3.1. Aunque el fenómeno lingüístico más empleado es sin dudas el code-switching, hemos encontrado algunos ejemplos de préstamos y calcos. Ahora los analizaremos con detalle.

7.2.6.1. Préstamos

Por lo que se refiere a los préstamos, debemos aclarar que hemos excluido aquellas palabras que pertenecen al campo semántico de comida y bebida. Hemos llegado a conclusión de que estas palabras como, por ejemplo, tequila o quesadilla no son usados por los cantantes para hacer referencia a la lengua o la comunidad española, sino solo porque simplemente no existe ningún equivalente en inglés, y, por eso, no tienen otra opción. Además, en todos casos del uso de estas palabras en las letras de canciones los cantantes han empleado la pronunciación inglesa mientras que española.

De todas maneras, la cantidad de palabras españolas introducidas en las canciones es enorme, y, más aún, no se limita a las palabras generalmente conocidas por los lectores no hispanohablantes. A base de esto, hemos planteado una clasificación más que la de Lipski, mencionada en la parte teórica. Ésta, propuesta por Alexandra Tamášová en su tesis *Spanglish en la obra The Brief Wondrous life of Oscar Wao de Junot Díaz* (Tamášová,

2016, pp. 39-42), consiste en la diversificación por el nivel de dificultad con cual los entienden los anglohablantes.

Préstamos fácilmente comprensibles

Primero, citamos algunos ejemplos de las palabras españolas encontradas en las canciones que valoramos de uso amplio, por lo tanto, su significado no debería causar problemas de entender para los lectores.

- a) I love it when you call me *señorita* (corpus: p. XCVI)
- b) Man I'm the *macho* like Randy (corpus: p. LXXCIII)
- c) This *chica* right here gotta eat, baby (corpus: p. LVI)
- d) Getting high off the 'dro, got her knees on the flo', *Fiesta!* (corpus: p. X)
- e) If you snitchin' I go *loco* (corpus: p. LXIX)
- f) Baby *vamos*, we'll fly away, like there is no, no tomorrow (corpus: p. X)
- g) He nose-dove and sold *nada*, and so the soap opera is told (corpus: p. XVI)

Los ejemplos de préstamos que introducimos arriba forman parte, en nuestra opinión, del vocabulario elemental del español. Son las palabras básicas que se aprenden entre los primeros durante la enseñanza del español y, también, se entienden con facilidad incluso para los anglohablantes monolingües. Como ya se ha mencionado en la parte teórica, el español en los Estados Unidos se hace más influyente cada día, especialmente en los medios de comunicación, de ahí que presumimos que palabras como *señorita*, *macho* o *chica* no causen problemas con comprensión a los americanos monolingües.

Préstamos con la misma raíz

Otros ejemplos de préstamos en las canciones son aquellas palabras cuya raíz coincide con la raíz de las palabras de la lengua segunda. Se nota que esta estrategia es conveniente tanto a los cantantes de canciones inglesas introduciendo préstamos españoles, como los cantantes de las canciones españolas insertando préstamos ingleses.

- a) You are somebody that I don't know but you're takin' shots at me like it's *patrón* (corpus: p. XCVIII)
- b) And *papa* says he got *malo* in him (corpus: p. LXXXVI)
- c) Me voy con las *babys* que quieran jugar (corpus: p. XCIV)
- d) So high like I'm a star, *azucar* (corpus: p. XXV)

La semejanza de las palabras mencionadas con sus equivalentes en la segunda lengua, sea la inglesa o española, permite a los cantantes a incluirlas a la letra de las canciones y así ampliar y enriquecer el volumen de los préstamos.

Préstamos "difíciles"

De todas formas, conviene recordar que al lado de los préstamos generalmente conocidos y por eso comprensivos con facilidad para los monolingües existe un número relevante de préstamos de significado que no se puede deducir ni comprender sin un conocimiento bilingüe más profundo. Ponemos algunos ejemplos:

- a) Your pussy *basura*, my pussy *horchata* (Oh) (corpus: p. XCVII)
- b) *Despacito*, this is how we do it down in Puerto Rico (corpus: p. LXXXI)
- c) Oh I, never been a sucker for *chocha* (corpus: p. XIII)
- d) They call me *gordo*, I sip the champagne that's importo (corpus: p. XIV)
- e) My *muñequita*, my Spanish Harlem Mona Lisa (corpus: p. IV)
- f) Out from the *barrio*, you hear my rhythm from your radio (corpus: p. IV)

Préstamos adaptados y no adaptados

Ahora bien, vamos a examinar los préstamos mediante la característica propuesta por Lipski, es decir, los préstamos no adaptados y adaptados (Lipski, 2003, pp. 237-238). En cuanto al primer grupo, hemos encontrado varios casos de los préstamos no adaptados, es decir, las palabras que no han modificado su sistema fónico y morfológico al sistema de la lengua receptora:

- a) Trabájame ese cuerpo más que *un shot* de Winstrol (corpus: p. XXXII)
- b) Chequea *el swing* (corpus: p. XXXII)
- c) Dile que tú eres mía desde *la high* (corpus: p. XCIX)
- d) Contigo me sube *el overall* (corpus: p. XCIX)
- e) Deja que el beat *siga* (Nicky Jam x J Balvin: X)

También, en el corpus detectamos un caso de préstamo mezclado (*loanblend*). Se trata de combinaciones de dos palabras, una del inglés y otra del español:

- a) No voy a *dar break*, deja ese guille de Scarface (corpus: p. XXXIII)

Por el contrario, en cuanto a los préstamos adaptados, en las letras de las 90 canciones hemos encontrado, sobre todo, un ejemplo. Es el verbo *textear* (to text), con el significado “enviar un mensaje”:

- a) Odio to' lo' "te amo" que mil vece' te *texteé* (Corpus: p. XCIII)

7.2.6.2. Calcos

Investigando el corpus, descubrimos dos calcos, o sea, traducción literal de expresión inglesa. Concretamente, se trata de la traducción de frase verbal “throw some dance”, un calco gramatical, y también el calco más conocido “*para atrás*” usado aquí con el verbo echar, cuya traducción pueda ser “take/throw/go back”.

- a) Dale mamita, *tirame ese baile* (Corpus: p. L)
- b) Échale, échale, *échale pa'trás*
Échale, échale, *pa'lante y pa'trás* (corpus: p. CII)

7.2.6.3. El cambio de código

En efecto, el recurso más utilizado en las canciones es el cambio de código, o sea, el code-switching. Otra vez, existen varias teorías como distinguir este fenómeno, pero nosotros hemos elegido la distinción de Poplack: el intra-oracional, el inter-oracional y los marcadores discursivos (Poplack, 1980, p.581-611). El cambio de código inter-oracional aparece con la mayor frecuencia, por ejemplo, en:

- a) We could take a little trip to *mi casa* (Corpus: p. XIX)
- b) You my little sugar, I'm your *little chulo* (corpus: p. XXIV)
- c) Think I'll up and go leave ya for another *señorita* (Corpus: p. XXVI)
- d) I can move forever *cuando esté contigo* (corpus: p. LXXXI)
- e) I knew him forever in a minute
That summer night in June
And *papa* says he got *malo* in him (corpus: p. LXXXVI)
- f) Said that you was workin', but you out here chasin' *culo*
And *putas*, chillin' poolside, livin' two lives (Corpus: p. XCI)

Asimismo, el segundo tipo de code-switching, intra-oracional, es muy corriente:

- a) Porque I am the party, *yo soy fiesta*
Blow out your candles, *have a siesta* Corpus: p. CI)
- b) How far is heaven? (Cause I just gotta know how far, yeah)
How far is heaven? (Yeah, Lord, can you tell me?)

Tú que estas en alto cielo
Échame tu bendición (Corpus: p. XXIV)

- c) Give me just one night, *una noche* (Yeah)

I'll give you the time of your life

Ay, *que rico, me pone loca*

Como te mueves, como me toca

Tu movimiento, tu sentimiento

Si yo te quiero, te doy la noche

Toda la noche, ay, vamos (Corpus: p. VI)

- d) So tell me, have you seen her?

Let me wrap my weave up

I'm the trap Selena

¡Dame más gasolina! Skrrt! (Corpus: p. LXXXIX)

Por lo que se respeta a los marcadores discursivos, hay que constatar que, sobre todo, no hemos encontrado ni un ejemplo de este fenómeno en las letras de las 90 canciones. Mejor dicho, en el corpus aparecen algunas muestras de marcadores del discurso, pero no se ha aplicado la alternancia de lenguas a ellos. Esto no quiere señalar que el cambio de código mediante los marcadores no ocurre en las canciones, sino que solo no se ha planteado en las 90 canciones concretas.

7.2.7. Funciones del cambio de código

A continuación, el tema que vamos a desarrollar son las funciones del cambio de código. Primero analizamos su función desde el punto de vista de la industria musical, es decir, los motivos que podrían provocar el uso del *Spanglish* por los cantantes en sus canciones. Segundo nos enfocamos en las funciones lingüísticas, concretamente en las socio-pragmática, estilísticas y, además, las semióticas, a las cuales nos referimos en el marco teórico.

7.2.7.1. Dentro de la industria musical

Uno de los objetivos principales de la industria musical es, sin duda, el beneficio económico. Por esta razón los artistas se ven obligados, por ejemplo, a cubrir ciertos tópicos considerados “de moda”, o, al revés, evitar los que se valoran como arriesgados, como, por ejemplo, los temas políticos. A base de esto, la forma de lengua que utilizan puede servir también para expresar las actitudes lingüísticas, tanto del mismo cantante como de la sociedad en general. Nosotros hemos identificado, sobre todo, cuatro razones más probables, en nuestra opinión, para explicar el motivo de cambiar el código en canciones:

Manifestación de identidad

Como hemos mencionado en el capítulo 5 de la parte teórica, el *Spanglish* se ve como un símbolo de la identidad bicultural de los hablantes y los latinos comienzan a valorarlo como su patrimonio lingüístico y cultural. Por eso no es sorprendente que entre los artistas que decidían imponer algún tipo de cambio de código entre inglés y español hay un gran número de los que tienen alguna conexión con el mundo hispánico. Por ejemplo, la cantante Camilla Cabello, cuya canción *Havana* obtuvo quinta posición en la lista del año 2018 y su otra canción *Señorita* fue número 15 en año 2019, proviene de Cuba y durante sus primeros 5 años alternaban su hogar entre México y La Habana, hasta que su familia finalmente mudó a Miami (Wikipedia, 2018). También, Cardi B, cuyas varias canciones como *I like it*, *Be careful*, o *Motorsport* llegaron a la lista de las 100 canciones más famosas en lo EE. UU., tiene conexiones a la República Dominicana, debido a que su madre proviene de allí (Wikipedia, 2017). El rapero Pitbull también tiene raíces cubanas, y así podríamos seguir con otros nombres de la lista, como por ejemplo J. Balvin, Nelly Furtado, Shakira, Jenifer López, Ricky Martin, etc. Al otro lado, hay que aclarar que no todas canciones de estos artistas contienen muestras de code-switching.

Referente negativo

En el capítulo 5 también hemos hablado sobre las connotaciones negativas que el término *Spanglish* conlleva. El mismo matiz podemos observar en algunas canciones de un estilo específico: rap. Los raperos a menudo utilizan en sus letras frases mixtas con cierta degradación de la comunidad hispanohablante. En el corpus se hallan los siguientes ejemplos que muestran cierta humillación de mujeres latinas descritas como fáciles para establecer relaciones sexuales:

- a) Drankin' Henny, bad bitches jumpin' in the pool
And they ain't got on no bra
Hit her from the back, pullin' on her tracks
And now she screamin' out, "*¡No más!*" (Corpus: p. LXXXIV)

- b) I get money three ways, fuckin' bitches three ways
Seven different foreigns, plus she's *no hablé*
But I make that bitch walk for some cheesecake¹ (Corpus: p. LXX)
- c) Now I'mma flirt with her whether I'm in or out of town
That's why they call me Teddy Bend-Er-Ass Down
I be like *como se llama, lil' mama me llamo Pain* (Corpus: p. XXXVII)

Con este referente hay que aclarar que el estilo rap se basa en el uso de lengua vulgar y temas y textos explícitos y chocantes. Además, es una norma entre los raperos mostrar las mujeres en general, no solo las latinas, como el objeto sexual y son constantemente criticados por eso. Al otro lado, no creemos que la lengua mixta fue usada en estas canciones solo por casualidad y, entonces, los artistas quieren trasmitir así su actitud y valoración de la comunidad latina.

Mantenimiento de la rima

La última razón es la más simple. Observando algunas letras de canciones, parece que el motivo principal de usar *Spanglish* fue mantener la rima. No obstante, esto no significa que es el motivo con la menor importancia. Justo al revés. Esto muestra que para los artistas el uso de la lengua española, o sea, el spanglish es algo natural, que forma parte de su comunidad y es un modo de comunicar o expresarse, y, por eso, ya forma parte de ellos mismos.

- a) You are somebody that I don't know
But you're takin' shots at me like it's *patrón* (corpus: p. XCVIII)
- b) She don't do it 'less I say so
I don't smoke if it ain't *fuego* (Corpus: LXXXV)

Éxito económico

Para completar lo dicho más arriba, hay que nombrar un motivo más, que seguramente está detrás de todos los tres motivos mencionados antes; los autores añaden el *Spanglish* dentro de las letras de canciones para atraer el número más grande posible de oyentes. Como aclaramos en la parte teórica, la popularidad del cambio de código entre la cultura contemporánea crece cada día. En tal caso, puesto que la industria musical es el

¹ Tyga alude al programa de televisión de Puff Diddy; Making the Band 2. En un episodio, Puff exigió a los participantes que caminaran de Manhattan a Brooklyn para comprarle un cheesecake de Junior, una caminata de 12.4 millas. La frase se ha convertido en una metáfora popular para hacer que alguien trabaje duro por poca o ninguna recompensa (Genius, 2020f)

negocio como cualquier otro y lo más importante es vender álbumes, para los autores y sus productores es la adición del *Spanglish* dentro de las canciones una buena estrategia.

Justificando esta proclamación, dentro de las dos décadas de canciones más favorecidos hemos encontrado tres casos donde la canción tuvo dos versiones; monolingüe (en español) y bilingüe (*Spanglish*). La bilingüe fue la que obtuvo la posición en la lista, mientras que la versión monolingüe no. Se trata de canción Con Calma de Daddy Yankee, que al principio estaba completamente en español, y después hicieron la cooperación con Katy Perry, añadieron algunos versos en inglés y *Spanglish*, y como resultado obtuvo la posición 65 en el año 2019. Lo mismo pasó con canción Despacito de Luis Fonsi, cuando lanzaron la versión con Justin Bieber y, al final, se posicionó como segunda en 2017. También, la versión inglés-español de la canción Mi gente de J.Balvin, Willy Wiliam con Beyoncé llegó a la lista de las canciones más populares de 2017 en 50. posición y, más aún, logró obtener la posición 99 en el año siguiente, en otras palabras, se quedó entre las *Billboard Hot 100* dos años.

Para aclarar, ambas versiones de las tres canciones tuvieron un gran éxito mundialmente, sea lo que sea la lengua oficial o más hablada en el país, lo que se puede comprobar, por ejemplo, mediante las reproducciones en la plataforma Youtube. No obstante, en los Estados Unidos cumplieron mayor prestigio las versiones en *Spanglish*.

7.2.7.2. Funciones socio-pragmáticas

En el siguiente apartado se analizan las funciones socio-pragmáticas del *code-switching*. La descripción de funciones elaborada por C. Montes-Alcalá es citada en el capítulo 7.2. Ahora mostramos los ejemplos que aparecen en nuestro corpus. De las características planteadas por la autora hemos encontrado, sobre todo, citas, énfasis, y aclaración o elaboración.

Citas

Las citas son de la representación más grande. Asimismo, todas son de misma forma, es decir, se trata de frases españolas citadas dentro de los versos en inglés:

- a) And now she screamin' out, "*¡No más!*" (Corpus: p. LXXXIV)
- b) She said "*Hola, ¿Cómo estás?*" (Corpus: LXXVI)
- c) She screamin' out "*papi*" every time (Corpus: p. XLVIII)
- d) I be like "Como se llama, lil' mama? Me llamo Pain" (Corpus: p. XXXVII)

- e) She make a man wanna speak Spanish, *Cómo se llama (Si!), bonita (Si!) Mi casa, su casa* (Corpus? p. XXIX)
- f) I said a la favella los colores (Corpus: p. IV)
- g) I just wanna hear you screaming, "¡Ay, *Bendito!*!" (corpus: p. LXXXI)

Énfasis

La única muestra de cambio de código que se acerca a la definición de énfasis según C. Montes-Alcalá es la que hallamos dentro de la canción de Jay-Z. Además, se trata de una palabra deformada, es decir, en vez de *vamos*, la palabra propia, utilizan *vamoose*.

- a) Is not real to me, therefore he doesn't exist
So poof! —*Vamoose*, son of a bitch! (Corpus: p. XI)

Aclaración o elaboración

A continuación, el cambio de código que sirve de la explicación o el desarrollo de una idea ya presentada de ilustra en las siguientes partes de letra:

- a) There is no water to put out the fire
Ni gota de esperanza (Corpus: p. IV)
- b) Hit my plug, that's my *cholo* (*Mi amigo*) (Corpus: p. LXIX)
- c) She just want the *coco* (*Cocaína*) (Corpus: p. LXXIX)

En resumen, entre las canciones que forman nuestro corpus se ha mostrado solo una cantidad leve del code-switching de función socio-pragmático, definido por C. Montes-Alcalá. La causa de esto puede ser el factor de la intencionalidad, es decir, las canciones, aunque muchos son de modo informal, se acercan más a las obras literarias que al discurso espontáneo, aun cuando escrito como en el correo electrónico. No obstante, la cantidad, aún de poca entidad, no es insignificante.

7.2.7.3. Funciones estilísticas

Continuamos con los aspectos planteados por Aranda Oller, explicados en el capítulo 7.3. A diferencia de las funciones socio-pragmáticas, hemos logrado localizar ilustraciones de número más alto.

Eufemismo

A lo que se refiere al eufemismo, lo podemos nombrar la función estilística de la alternancia de lenguas más frecuente. Por eso la dedicamos más espacio que las otras, tratando cada ejemplo por separado.

- a) I'm with some white girls and they lovin' the *coca* (Corpus: p. LXXIX)

La frase aparece dentro de la canción del rapero Post Malone. Como ya se ha notado más arriba, el estilo rap es conocido por su forma explícita. No obstante, aquí el autor, según nosotros, intenta usar el tono menos vulgar.

- a) Call before you come, I need to shave my *chocha* (Corpus: p. XX)
b) Oh I, never been a sucker for *chocha* (corpus: p. XIII)

Enseguida, vemos el empleo de la palabra *chocha*, que según RAE proviene de Cuba (RAE, ©2020). Sustituyendo la expresión inglesa *pussy*. se muestra un claro intento de suavizar el mensaje dentro de la canción.

- c) Said that you was workin', but you out here chasin' *culo* And *putas* (Corpus: p. XCI)

Otro caso del uso de la palabra española en vez de la inglesa encontramos en la canción de Cardi B, llamada *Be Careful*. Aunque esta cantante no se caracteriza por timidez, es decir, sus canciones están llenos de vulgarismos, aquí se nos revela un intento pequeño de entregar la letra de manera menos ofensiva.

- d) They call me *gordo*, I sip the champagne that's importo (corpus: p. XIV)

Al final se nos presenta una ilustración de suavización del comentario insensible hacia la aparición física. En nuestra opinión, la palabra *gordo* es menos ofensiva al describir una persona que su equivalente inglés (*fat*).

La expresión mejor

Pasemos al aspecto siguiente, definido por Aranda Oller como la expresión mejor. En el corpus notamos dos casos; el primero podemos explicar como un uso por costumbre, mientras que el segundo es un ejemplo claro del empleo del vocativo en español para familia.

- a) ¿Cómo te llamas, *baby*? (Corpus: p. CI)
b) And *papa* says he got *malo* in him (corpus: p. LXXXVI)

Solidaridad

Una ilustración clara del uso del *Spanglish* para mostrar la solidaridad étnica es la frase “*Hola, my Dominicanos*” utilizada por Jay-Z en la canción *Empire State of Mind*.

Como se puede ver, el rapero emplea aquella frase para dirigirse a la minoría dominicana que encontró en Harlem cambiando del inglés al español, y así manifiesta su apoyo a este grupo.

- a) I used to cop in Harlem – *hola*, my *Dominicanos* (Corpus: p. XLVI)

Función humorística

Este caso del cambio de código es muy peculiar, debido a que es de doble sentido. Taylor Swift es conocida por sus juegos con palabras, y este ejemplo no es ninguna excepción. Una de las explicaciones del sentido de esta frase indica el significado de la palabra inglesa *pattern*, con lo que la cantante se refiere a los que la critican regularmente. La segunda alude a la marca de tequila del mismo nombre (*Patrón*), junto con la expresión “taking shots”, que significa beber alcohol y, también, intentar humillar o insultar a alguien. Este doble sentido junto con la alternancia de lenguas incorpora cierto factor humorístico, indicando que no le importa a la cantante que dicen de ella los críticos maliciosos.

- a) you are somebody that I don't know, but you're takin' shots at me like it's *patrón* (corpus: p. XCVIII)

Función estilística-creativa

En este ejemplo se nota el intento de mantener la rima por la creación de una palabra nueva mediante la combinación de elementos de ambas lenguas. Puesto que ninguna de las variantes correctas de este término (*important* x *importante*) no produce rima, el autor junta la palabra inglesa *important* con la terminación española *-o*, formando aparentemente un adjetivo.

- a) They call me *gordo*, I sip the champagne that's *importo* (corpus: p. XIV)

7.2.7.4. Funciones semióticas

Al lado de las funciones socio-pragmáticas y estilísticas asociadas con la forma escrita del *Spanglish* nos interesa también si se encuentra en el corpus que tenemos disponible algún ejemplo de función semiótica, es decir, algún aspecto de la cortesía lingüística, definida por Domnita Dumitrescu (2014). En total hemos localizado dos ilustraciones de funciones que muestran cierto nivel semiótico, precisamente la intensificación:

- a) We keep moving 'til the sun come up
Porque I am the party, yo soy fiesta (Corpus: p. CI)

Esta canción es de compilación de varios cantantes – Ozuna, Cardi B y Selena Gomez. Todos son bilingües, lo que se muestra bien en la letra de esta pieza musical, puesto que es medio inglés y medio español con un code-switching profundo. En esta parte de canción la cantante proclama que ella es la que guía y dirige este encuentro, y lo subraya con la repetición de la frase.

- a) Girl I'm not with you, You're not with me
And I don't like the way this feels, *Esto no me gusta* (Corpus: LXXII)

Aquí se trata otra vez de compilación de dos cantantes bilingües, Nicky Jam y Enrique Iglesias. Además, es una canción de estilo reggaetón típica, no solo por su ritmo, pero también por el tema de amor. Ambos cantantes están “gritando” como no pueden vivir sin su amante, intensificándolo no solo con la repetición de la frase en otra lengua, sino también con el cambio de melodía, que sube en la segunda parte del estribillo.

Conclusión

El tema de la presente tesis, el *Spanglish*, es un fenómeno complejo y actualmente muy discutido. Nuestro objetivo fue describirlo minuciosamente, contextualizarlo y luego analizar su presencia en las canciones, enfocándonos en las canciones bilingües encontradas en *The Billboard hot 100 year's end chart*, la lista de 100 canciones más populares en aquel año.

En los primeros capítulos del marco teórico intentamos presentar el *Spanglish* y las dificultades la clasificación de este término. Después de haber mostrado las definiciones, nos hemos centrado en la descripción del uso de la lengua española en el territorio norteamericano. Con las características mencionadas hemos declarado la fuerte posición del español en los Estados Unidos frente al inglés y, también hemos dado de conocer las teorías y los conceptos básicos enlazados con los temas del contacto lingüístico.

Luego procedimos a la contextualización histórica. Presentamos la evolución de la situación de los hispanohablantes residentes en los EE. UU, enfatizando las condiciones de la educación bilingüe y las tendencias anti-imigrantes y anti-bilingües en el pasado, que persisten hasta hoy en día. A continuación, mencionamos la polémica que está vinculada con este fenómeno de code-switching y, también su presencia en la vida pública, donde se hace cada vez más popular.

El objetivo de la parte práctica fue describir cómo se utiliza el *Spanglish* en las canciones populares y verificar que su uso en este ámbito experimenta un ascenso de prestigio. Con esto ejecutamos un análisis lingüístico cualitativo del corpus compuesto de noventa canciones bilingües encontradas en *The Billboard hot 100 year's end chart* entre los años 2000 y 2019 y presentamos los resultados.

Primero señalamos las características básicas del corpus. Indicamos que opción más frecuente son canciones principalmente en inglés, con unas palabras o frases en español, aunque se nota un paulatino crecimiento de canciones con el cambio de código más profundo. Después procedimos con el análisis cuantitativo, con que presentamos el número de canciones con Spanglish dentro de la lista de *Billboard*, su posición y estilo de música. En resumen, verificamos nuestra hipótesis de que la popularidad del empleo del *Spanglish* en las canciones avanza. Otro resultado del análisis cuantitativo es que las alternancias de lengua más comunes adquieren la forma de un solo sustantivo español empleado en el enunciado inglés.

A continuación, nos enfocamos en los diferentes fenómenos lingüísticos que forman el Spanglish y los buscamos en las letras de las canciones. Sobre todo, logramos localizar ejemplos de cada grupo. Sin embargo, en cuanto a los calcos encontramos solo un ejemplo y, más aún, el cambio de código aparece solo en forma inter-oracional e intra-oracional, pero ni uno toma la forma del marcador discursivo. De todas formas, lo importante es que en las canciones populares aparecen todas formas posibles del Spanglish y, por lo tanto, su divulgación en el ámbito musical es indudable.

Por último, nos centramos en las diferentes funciones que la alternancia de lenguas cumple. En primer lugar, presentamos una deducción nuestra sobre los aspectos que el code-switching desempeña dentro de la industria musical. Hemos identificado, sobre todo, cuatro razones más probables, en nuestra opinión, para explicar el motivo de cambiar el código en canciones; manifestación de la identidad hispana, referente negativo, mantenimiento de la rima y el éxito económico. Seguimos la clasificación de función de tipo socio-pragmático definida por C. Montes-Alcalá, que contiene diez tipos de funciones, de cuáles localizamos citas, énfasis, aclaración o elaboración. Se ha mostrado que las citas son las razones que provocan el cambio de código con la frecuencia más alta. Después añadimos la clasificación estilística planteada por Aranda Oller, con la cual afirmamos que en las canciones aparece el code-switching cumpliendo la función de eufemismo, la expresión mejor, solidaridad, función humorística y, además, función estilística-creativa. La más frecuente es, sobre todo, la función de eufemismo.

Para concluir, a base de nuestra tesina parece que los artistas se sienten más y más cómodos en el uso de la lengua mixta en sus canciones, suponiendo que su música llegará a la comunidad de personas que van a comprender su mensaje y así pueda aceptar su uso de la lengua. A consecuencia, puesto que el *Spanglish* ya es presente en la música cotidiana, estimamos que así pueden causar el cambio positivo de las actitudes hacia el cambio de código. A lo largo de los años, ha habido un cambio de sólo incluir palabras en español singulares en una frase a canciones escritas completamente en *Spanglish*. Además, gracias al esfuerzo de difundir la lengua mixta producido por casi todos medios, opinamos que el estigma que este fenómeno lleva pierde en intensidad. Sin embargo, la desaparición completa de las connotaciones negativas todavía necesita mucho tiempo.

Resumé

Tématem této diplomové práce je *Spanglish*, neboli souhrn lingvistických jevů, který vzniká spojením angličtiny a španělštiny a jeho výskyt v populárních písničkách v rozmezí dvou dekád, konkrétně mezi roky 2000 až 2019. Jako zdroj těchto písniček jsme zvolili Billboard Hot 100 chart, který mapuje 100 nejpopulárnějších písniček v USA za každý daný rok. Naším cílem bylo zjistit, zda se tzv. code-switching v těchto písničkách projevuje, jak často a v jaké formě a tím zmapovat změny v lingvistických postojích americké populace. V teoretické části práce jsme se zabývali charakteristickými jevy *Spanglish*, dále pak jeho historickým, sociálním a demografickým kontextem. Praktická část pak navazuje na poznatky uvedené v teoretickém rámci, které jsme aplikovali na korpus sestavený z 90 písniček obsahujících nějakou formu *Spanglish*, které jsme dohledali mezi 2000 písničkami uvedenými v žebříčku Billboard Hot 100 year's end za rok 2000 až 2019. V textu písniček jsme vyhledávali výše zmíněné jevy tzv. code-switching, které jsme následně kvantitativně zanalyzovali a rozdělili podle jejich funkcí.

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Apéndice

Lista de canciones

AÑO	POSICIÓN	CANCIÓN	AUTOR
2019	15	Senorita	Shawn Mendes & Camila Cabello
	37	Please me	Cardi B & Bruno Mars
	39	You need to calm down -	Taylor Swift
	44	MÍA	Bad Bunny & Drake
	57	Taki Taki	DJ Snake con Selena Gomez, Ozuna & Cardi B
	65	Con calma	Daddy Yankee & Katy Perry con Snow
	69	I Like It	Cardi B, Bad Bunny & J Balvin
	4	Havana	Camila Cabello con Young Thug
2018	5	Rockstar	Post Malone con 21 Savage
	7	I Like It	Cardi B, Bad Bunny & J Balvin
	34	MotorSport	Migos, Nicki Minaj & Cardi B
	59	Be Careful	Cardi B
	81	Te Bote	Casper Magico, Nio Garcia, Darell, Nicky Jam, Ozuna & Bad Bunny
	90	X	Nicky Jam & J Balvin
	93	Dura	Daddy Yankee
	99	Mi Gente	J Balvin & Willy William con Beyoncé
2017	2	Despacito	Luis Fonsi & Daddy Yankee con Justin Bieber
	3	That's What I Like	Bruno Mars
	50	Mi Gente	J Balvin & Willy William con Beyoncé
	56	Rockstar	Post Malone Featuring 21 Savage
	70	Broccoli	D.R.A.M. con Lil Yachty
	96	Havana	Camila Cabello con Young Thug
2016	6	Panda	Desiigner
	14	My House	Flo Rida
	16	Work From Home	Fifth Harmony Featuing Ty Dolla \$ign
	48	Don't Mind	Kent Jones
	59	For Free	DJ Khaled con Drake
	65	White Iverson	Post Malone
	75	Antidote	Travis Scott
2015	79	Coco	O.T. Genasis
	86	Ayo	Chris Brown & Tyga
	89	Budapest	George Ezra
	96	El Perdon (forgiveness)	Nicky Jam & Enrique Iglesias
2014	6	Talk Dirty	Jason Derulo con 2 Chainz
	38	Bailando	Enrique Iglesias
	42	Don'T Tell 'Em	Jeremih con YG
2013	4	Harlem Shake	Baauer

	36	Feel This Moment	Pitbull featuring Christina Aguilera
2012	20	The Motto	Drake
	45	Rack City	Tyga
	48	International Love	Pitbull con Chris Brown
	62	Back in Time	Pitbull
	80	So Good	B.o.B
	90	We Run the Night	Havana Brown con Pitbull
2011	5	Give Me Everything	Pitbull con Ne-Yo, Afrojack & Nayer
	11	On the Floor	Jennifer Lopez featuring Pitbull
	39	Hey Baby (Drop It To The Floor)	Pitbull featuring T-Pain
	65	DJ Got Us Fallin' In Love	Usher con Pitbull
2010	12	I Like It	Enrique Iglesias con Pitbull
	21	Empire State Of Mind	Jay-Z & Alicia Keys
	22	DJ Got us Fallin' in Love	Usher Featuring Pitbull
	33	Alejandro	Lady Gaga
2009	17	I Know you Want Me (Calle Ocho)	Pitbull
	31	Run This Town	Jay-Z, Rihanna & Kanye West
	46	Hotel Room Service	Pitbull
	55	Viva la Vida	Coldplay
	62	Empire State Of Mind	Jay-Z + Alicia Keys
	67	Every Girl	Young Money
2008	16	Viva la Vida	Coldplay
	46	Can't Believe It	T-Pain Featuring Lil Wayne
	70	Lolli Lolli (Pop That Body)	Three 6 Mafia Featuring Project Pat, Young D & Superpower
	71	Cyclone	Baby Bash con T-Pain
2007	19	Fergalicious	Fergie
	21	Give It To Me	Timbaland con Nelly Furtado & Justin Timberlake
	49	I'm A Flirt	R. Kelly Or Bow Wow (con T.I. & T-Pain)
	84	Cyclone	Baby Bash con T-Pain
2006	5	Hips Don't Lie	Shakira Featuring Wyclef Jean
	37	(When You Gonna) Give it up to Me	Sean Paul Featuring Keyshia Cole
	74	Rompe	Daddy Yankee
2005	13	Don't Phunk With My Heart	The Black Eyed Peas
	33	Obsession (No Es Amor)	Frankie J Featuring Baby Bash
	60	La Tortura	Shakira Featuring Alejandro Sanz
2004	37	Heaven	Los Lonely Boys
	46	Suga Suga	Baby Bash Featuring Frankie J
2003	28	Lose yourself	Eminem

	36	Work It	Missy "Misdemeanor" Elliott
	43	Gossip Folks	Missy "Misdemeanor" Elliott con Ludacris
2002	13	Ain't it Funny	Jennifer Lopez con Ja Rule
	37	Nothin' » N.O.R.E.	
	63	Lose Yourself	Eminem
	69	If I could Go!	Angie Martinez con Lil' Mo & Sacario
	72	Caramel	City High con Eve
2001	45	Fiesta	R. Kelly con Jay-Z
	52	Izzo (H.O.V.A.)	Jay-Z
2000	2	Smooth	Santana Featuring Rob Thomas
	3	Maria Maria	Santana Featuring The Product G&B
	13	Jumpin Jumpin'	Destiny's Child
	57	Give Me Just One Night (Una Noche)	98 Degrees
	61	Purest Of Pain (A Puro Dolor)	Son By Four
	73	Forget About Dre	Dr. Dre con Eminem

2000

Smooth » Santana Con Rob Thomas (1999)

[Verse 1]

Man, it's a hot one
Like seven inches from the midday sun
I hear you whisper and the words melt
everyone
But you stay so cool
My *muñequita*, my Spanish Harlem
Mona Lisa
You're my reason for reason, the step in
my groove

[Chorus]

And if you say this life ain't good enough
I would give my world to lift you up
I could change my life to better suit your
mood
Because you're so smooth
And it's just like the ocean under the
moon
It's the same as the emotion that I get
from you
You got the kind of loving that can be so
smooth
Gimme your heart, make it real, or else
forget about it

[Verse 2]

I'll tell you one thing
If you would leave it would be a crying
shame
In every breath and every word
I hear your name calling me out
Out from the *barrio*, you hear my rhythm
from your radio
You feel the turning of the world so soft
and slow

Turning you round and round

[Chorus]
And if you say this life ain't good enough
I would give my world to lift you up
I could change my life to better suit your
mood
Because you're so smooth
And it's just like the ocean under the
moon

It's the same as the emotion that I get
from you

You got the kind of loving that can be so
smooth

Gimme your heart, make it real, or else
forget about it

[Chorus]

And it's just like the ocean under the
moon

It's the same as the emotion that I get
from you

You got the kind of loving that can be so
smooth

Gimme your heart, make it real, or else
forget about it

[Outro]

Or else forget about it
Or else forget about it
Oh, let's don't forget about it
(Gimme your heart, make it real)
Let's don't forget about it (hey)
Let's don't forget about it (no oh no oh)
Let's don't forget about it (no no no oh)
Let's don't forget about it (hey no no oh)
Let's don't forget about it (hey hey hey)

Maria Maria » Santana con The Product G&B (1999)

[Intro: Wyclef Jean]

Ladies and gents, turn up your sound systems to the sound of Carlos Santana and the G&B, it's The Product of get-away blues from the refugee camp

[Chorus: David McRae]

Oh, Maria, Maria
She reminds me of a west side story
Growing up in Spanish Harlem
She's living the life just like a movie star
Oh, Maria, Maria
She fell in love in East L.A
To the sounds of the guitar, yeah, yeah
Played by Carlos Santana

[Guitar Solo: Carlos Santana]

[Verse 1: David McRae]

Stop the looting, stop the shooting
Pick pocketing on the corner
See as the rich is getting richer
The poor is getting poorer
Se mira Maria on the corner
Thinking of ways to make it better
In my mailbox, there's an eviction letter
Signed by the judge, said see you later

[Bridge: Santana + (Wyclef Jean)]

Ahora vengo mama chula, mama chula
Ahora vengo mama chula (East Coast)
Ahora vengo mama chula, mama chula
Ahora vengo mama chula (West Coast)

[Chorus: David McRae]

Oh, Maria, Maria
She reminds me of a west side story
Growing up in Spanish Harlem
She's living the life just like a movie star
Oh, Maria, Maria
She fell in love in East L.A
To the sounds of the guitar, yeah, yeah

Played by Carlos Santana [Guitar Solo:
Carlos Santana]

[Verse 2: David McRae]

I said a la favella los colores
The streets are getting hotter
There is no water to put out the fire
Ni gota de esperanza
Se mira Maria on the corner
Thinking of ways to make it better
Then I looked up in the sky
Hoping of days of paradise

[Bridge: Santana + (Wyclef Jean)]

Ahora vengo mama chula, mama chula
Ahora vengo mama chula (North side)
Ahora vengo mama chula, mama chula
Ahora vengo mama chula (South side)
Ahora vengo mama chula, mama chula
Ahora vengo mama chula (Worldwide)
Ahora vengo mama chula, mama chula
Ahora vengo mama chula (Open up your eyes)

[Verse 3: David McRae]

Maria, you know you're my lover
When the wind blows, I can feel you
Through the weather and even when we're apart
It feels like we're together

[Chorus: David McRae]

Maria, yeah
She reminds me of a west side story
Growing up in Spanish Harlem
She's living the life just like a movie star
Maria, Maria
Oh, she fell in love in East L.A
To the sounds of the guitar
Played by Carlos Santana

[Guitar Solo: Carlos Santana]

Jumpin Jumpin' » Destiny's Child (1999)

[Hook 1]

Ladies leave your man at home
The club is full of ballers and their
pockets full grown
And all you fellas leave your girl with her
friends
Cause it's eleven thirty and the club is
jumpin', jumpin'

[Hook 2]

Though he say he got a girl
Yeah it's true you got a man
But the party ain't gon' stop
So let's make it hot, hot

[Verse 1: Beyoncé]

Last weekend you stayed at home alone
and lonely
Couldn't find your man, he was chilling
with his homies
This weekend you're going out
If he try to stop you, you're going off
You got your hair done and your nails
done too
A new outfit and your Fendi shoes
And when you're through parlaying at the
hottest spot
Tonight you're gonna find the fellas
Rollin' in the Lexus, drops and Hummers

[Hook 2]

Though he say he got a girl
Yeah it's true you got a man
But the party ain't gon' stop
So let's make it hot, hot

[Hook 1]

All you ladies leave your man at home
The club is full of ballers and their
pockets full grown
And all you fellas leave your girl with her
friends
Cause it's eleven thirty and the club is
jumpin', jumpin'
Ladies leave your man at home
The club is full of ballers and their
pockets full grown

And all you fellas leave your girl with her
friends
Cause it's eleven thirty and the club is
jumpin', jumpin'

[Hook 2]

Though he say he got a girl
Yeah it's true you got a man
But the party ain't gon' stop
So let's make it hot, hot

[Verse 2: Beyoncé]

Call your boys cause tonight you're not
gonna stay at home
Should tell your girl she ain't coming
tonight you're going solo
Cut her off cause she talk some noise
You know you got the right to get your
party on
So get your haircut and your car washed
too
Lookin' like a star in your Armani suit
You need to look your best cause you're
turnin' heads tonight
You're gonna find a sexy *chica* that's gon'
dance all night
If you wanna

[Hook 2]

Though he say he got a girl
Yeah it's true you got a man
But the party ain't gon' stop
So let's make it hot, hot

[Hook 1]

All you ladies leave your man at home
The club is full of ballers and their
pockets full grown
And all you fellas leave your girl with her
friends
Cause it's eleven thirty and the club is
jumpin', jumpin'
Ladies leave your man at home
The club is full of ballers and their
pockets full grown
And all you fellas leave your girl with her
friends

Cause it's eleven thirty and the club is
jumpin', jumpin'

[Bridge]

Sexy women do that dance
Fly ladies work your man
Balling fellas time to clown
We can get down now

Bounce baby, bounce, bo-bounce bounce,
bo-bounce, twerk it, twerk it
Shake baby, shake sha-shake shake, work
it, work it
Twist baby, twist tw-twist, you better dip
that thing
(One more time papis, mamis)
Bounce baby, bounce, bo-bounce bounce,
bo-bounce, twerk it, twerk it
Shake baby, shake sha-shake shake, work
it, work it
Twist baby, twist tw-twist, you better dip
that thing
(Bounce it up and down papis mamis)

[Bridge]

Sexy women do that dance
Fly ladies work your man
Balling fellas time to clown
We can get down now

[Hook 1]

Ladies leave your man at home
The club is full of ballers and their
pockets full grown
And all you fellas leave your girl with her
friends
Cause it's eleven thirty and the club is
jumpin', jumpin'
Ladies leave your man at home
The club is full of ballers and their
pockets full grown

And all you fellas leave your girl with her
friends

Cause it's eleven thirty and the club is
jumpin', jumpin'

Ladies leave your man at home
The club is full of ballers and their
pockets full grown

And all you fellas leave your girl with her
friends

Cause it's eleven thirty and the club is
jumpin', jumpin'

Ladies leave your man at home
The club is full of ballers and their
pockets full grown

And all you fellas leave your girl with her
friends

Cause it's eleven thirty and the club is
jumpin', jumpin'

[Outro]

I ain't thinkin' about my man tonight
Uh huh, I ain't worried my girl aight
All you ladies leave your man at home
The club is full of ballers and their
pockets full grown
And all you fellas leave your girl with her
friends
Cause it's eleven thirty and the club is
jumpin', jumpin'
Ladies leave your man at home
The club is full of ballers and their
pockets full grown
And all you fellas leave your girl with her
friends
Cause it's eleven thirty and the club is
jumpin', jumpin'

[Commandment 11]

Thou shall say my name

Give Me Just One Night (Una Noche) » 98 Degrees (2000)

[Verse 1]

You keep telling me you want me
Hold me close all through the night
And I know, that deep inside, you need
me
No one else can make it right
Don't you try to hide your secrets
I can see it in your eyes
You said the words without speaking
Now I'm gonna make you mine

*Tu movimiento, tu sentimiento
Si yo te quiero, te doy la noche
Toda la noche, ay, vamos*

[Chorus]

Give me just one night (Give me one
night, baby)
A moment to be by your side
Give me just one night (Oh, just for one
night, oh baby)

[Chorus]

Give me just one night, *una noche*
A moment to be by your side
Give me just one night, *una noche*
I'll give you the time of your life
(The time of your life, ooh)
(I'll give you the time of your life)
(Oh baby, yeah)

I'll give you the time of your life (I'll give
you the time of your life
Give me just one night

[Verse 2]

Your rustic passion makes me crazy
Your existence makes me wild
I wanna loosen up your feelings
See what's hiding inside

[Chorus 2]

Give me just one night, *una noche*
A moment to be by your side (A moment
to be by your side)
Give me just one night, *una noche* (Oh
yeah)
I'll give you the time of your life
(Come on come on come on now baby)

[Chorus]

Give me just one night, *una noche*
A moment to be by your side
Give me just one night, *una noche* (Yeah)
I'll give you the time of your life
(The time of your life, oh, ooh yeah)
(Ooh baby)

[Chorus]

Give me just one night, *una noche*
A moment to be by your side (A moment
to be by your side)
Give me just one night, *una noche*
(I'll give you the time of your life)
I'll give you the time of your life
(Time of your life)
Yeah, ooh yeah, oh
Ooh yeah

[Bridge]

Ay, que rico, me pone loca
Como te mueves, como me toca

Purest Of Pain (A Puro Dolor) » Son By Four (1999)

Verse 1]

I'm sorry I didn't mean to call you
But I couldn't fight it
I guess I was weak and couldn't even hide it
And so I surrender just to hear your voice
I know how many times I said I'm gonna to live without you
And maybe someone else is standing there beside you
But there's something baby that you need to know

[Pre-Chorus]

That deep inside me, I feel like I'm dying
I have to see you, it's all that I'm asking

[Chorus]

Vida, give me back my fantasies
The courage that I need to live
The air that I breathe
Cariño mío, my world's become so empty
My days are so cold and lonely
And each night I taste the purest of pain

[Verse 2]

I wish I can tell you that I'm feeling better everyday
That I didn't hurt when you walked away
But to tell you the truth I can't fine my way

[Pre-Chorus]

That deep inside me, I feel like I'm dying
I have to see you, it's all that I'm asking

Chorus]
Vida, give me back my fantasies
The courage that I need to live
The air that I breathe
Cariño mío, my world's become so empty
My days are so cold and lonely
And each night I taste the purest of pain

Vida, give me back my fantasies
The courage that I need to live
The air that I breathe
Cariño mío, my world's become so empty
My days are so cold and lonely
And each night I taste the purest of pain

Vida, give me back my fantasies
The courage that I need to live
The air that I breathe
Cariño mío, my world's become so empty
My days are so cold and lonely
And each night I taste the purest of pain

[Outro]
I'm sorry I didn't mean to call you
But I couldn't fight it
I guess I was weak and couldn't even hide it
And so I surrender just to hear your voice

Forget About Dre » Dr. Dre con Eminem (1999)

[Verse 1: Dr. Dre]

Y'all know me, still the same OG
But I been low-key
Hated on by most these niggas
With no cheese, no deals and no G's
No wheels and no keys
No boats, no snowmobiles and no skis
Mad at me 'cause I can finally afford to provide my family with groceries
Got a crib with a studio and it's all full of tracks
To add to the wall full of plaques

Hangin' up in the office in back of my house like trophies
Did y'all think I'ma let my dough freeze?
Ho, please!
You better bow down on both knees
Who you think taught you to smoke trees?
Who you think brought you the oldies?
Eazy-E's, Ice Cube's, and D.O.C.'s
The Snoop D-O-double-G's
And the group that said, "Motherfuck the police!"
Gave you a tape full of dope beats

To bump when you stroll through in your hood
And when your album sales weren't doin' too good
Who's the Doctor they told you to go see?
Y'all better listen up closely
All you niggas that said that I turned pop or The Firm flopped
Y'all are the reason that Dre ain't been gettin' no sleep
So fuck y'all, all of y'all!
If y'all don't like me, blow me!
Y'all are gon' keep fuckin' around with me and turn me back to the old me
[Hook: Eminem]
Nowadays, everybody wanna talk like they got somethin' to say
But nothin' comes out when they move their lips
Just a bunch of gibberish
And motherfuckers act like they forgot about Dre
Nowadays, everybody wanna talk like they got somethin' to say
But nothin' comes out when they move their lips
Just a bunch of gibberish
And motherfuckers act like they forgot about Dre

[Verse 2: Eminem]
So what do you say to somebody you hate (What?)
Or anyone tryna bring trouble your way?
Wanna resolve things in a bloodier way? (Yup)
Just study a tape of N.W.A
One day I was walkin' by
With a Walkman on, when I caught a guy
Gave me an awkward eye ('Chu lookin' at?)
And strangled him up in the parking lot with his Karl Kani
I don't give a fuck if it's dark or not
I'm harder than me tryna park a Dodge
When I'm drunk as fuck
Right next to a humongous truck in a two-car garage
Hoppin' out with two broken legs tryna walk it off

Fuck you too, bitch! Call the cops!
I'ma kill you and them loud-ass motherfuckin' barkin' dogs
And when the cops came through
Me and Dre stood next to a burnt-down house
With a can full of gas and a hand full of matches
And still weren't found out (Right here!)
So from here on out, it's the Chronic II Startin' today and tomorrow's anew
And I'm still *loco* enough to choke you to death with a Charleston Chew
Chicka-chicka-chicka Slim Shady
Hotter than a set of twin babies
In a Mercedes Benz with the windows up
When the temp goes up to the mid-80s
Callin' men ladies
Sorry Doc, but I been crazy
There's no way that you can save me
It's okay, go with him, Hailie (Dada?)
[Hook: Eminem]
Nowadays, everybody wanna talk like they got somethin' to say
But nothin' comes out when they move their lips
Just a bunch of gibberish
And motherfuckers act like they forgot about Dre
Nowadays, everybody wanna talk like they got somethin' to say
But nothin' comes out when they move their lips
Just a bunch of gibberish
And motherfuckers act like they forgot about Dre

[Verse 3: Dr. Dre]
If it was up to me, you motherfuckers'd stop
Comin' up to me with your hands out
Lookin' up to me like you want somethin' free
When my last CD was out, you weren't bumpin' me
But now that I got this little company
Everybody wanna come to me
Like it was some disease, but you won't get a crumb from me

'Cause I'm from the streets of C-
Compton! (Compton!)
I told 'em all
All 'em little gangstas, who you think
helped mold 'em all?
Now you wanna run around talkin' 'bout
guns like I ain't got none
What, you think I sold 'em all
'Cause I stay well off?
Now all I get is hate mail all day sayin'
Dre fell off
What, 'cause I been in the lab
With a pen and a pad tryin' to get this
damn label off?
I ain't havin' that
This is the millennium of Aftermath
It ain't gon' be nothin' after that
So give me one more platinum plaque
And fuck rap, you can have it back
So where's all the Mad Rappers at?
It's like a jungle in this habitat
But all you savage cats know that I was
strapped with gats
While you were cuddlin' a Cabbage Patch

[Hook: Eminem]
Nowadays, everybody wanna talk
Like they got somethin' to say
But nothin' comes out when they move
their lips
Just a bunch of gibberish
And motherfuckers act like they forgot
about Dre
Nowadays, everybody wanna talk
Like they got somethin' to say
But nothin' comes out when they move
their lips
Just a bunch of gibberish
And motherfuckers act like they forgot
about Dre

[Outro: Eminem]
Nowadays, everybody wanna talk like
they got somethin' to say
But nothin' comes out when they move
their lips
Just a bunch of gibberish
And motherfuckers act like they forgot
about Dre

2001

Fiesta » R. Kelly Featuring Jay-Z (2001)

[Verse 1: Jay-Z (R. Kelly)]
After the show it's the after party then
After the party it's the hotel lobby and
After the Belve' then it's probably Cris'
And after the original it's probably this
(*fiesta*)
Yes ma, Bed-Stuy, *Fiesta*
Remix with the homie from the Midwest
side (Chi, what)
Game recognize game, hoes do too
It's the new 2 Live Crew, I suppose you
knew
So thugs, pop yo' toasters, but don't
approach us or
Bullets'll chase you like Moët mimosas
Catch us both coasts-es, racing twin
Porsches
Boxes with Glocks that'll pop ya to make
ya ghost-es
Whoever come closest - you've been
warned

But niggas don't get the picture 'til the
weapons is drawn
Make your way backstage, baby girl it's
on
And we'll be drinking 'til six in the
morning

[Verse 2: R. Kelly]
In the back of the club with ma-ma
Popping bottles of Cris' with ma-ma
Put the bar on the tab for ma-ma
Throwing hundreds up for grabs for ma-
ma
'Cause it's about to go down tonight
I'ma be drinking 'til the early liz-ight
(that's right)
Nigga high like a muh'fucking ki-zite
Take three honies just to make me feel ri-
zight
My, my, my, my

It's what they all say when they see the
frozen ice
They say - my, my, my, my
Anytime they see them big things rolling
b-zy

[Breakdown: R. Kelly]
While y'all gotta club date, I'm fucking
with arenas
Gotcha man saying "Kelly have you seen
her?"
Yeah she with me on the low
Getting high off the 'dro, got her knees on
the flo'
Fiesta!

[Chorus: R. Kelly & (Tone)]
Fiesta, Fiesta (fiesta)
Fiesta, Fiesta (fiesta)
Fiesta, Fiesta (yeah yeah yeah)
Fiesta, Fiesta (c'mon)
Fiesta, Fiesta (Rockland)
Fiesta, Fiesta (Roc-A-Fella)
Fiesta, Fiesta (TM)
Fiesta, Fiesta (c'mon)

[Verse 3: R. Kelly]
Switching lanes in my six, in the 'burbs
I met a girl named Tasha, in the 'burbs
Took the hood then I moved it, to the
'burbs
Now no more sheriffs or polices, in the
'burbs (that's right)
And we about to tear this club up
Don't worry 'bout expenses 'cause I got
that sho' nuff
Ready to BOO knock 'em fresh outta
jizzail
I need some WOO from all the honies on
the DL
I said - my, my, my, my (yeah)
It's what them thugs yelling when the
strippers on the pi-zoles
They say - my, my, my, my (yeah)
Got Kisha yelling from that up and down
shi-zow (mami)
[Breakdown: R. Kelly]
While y'all gotta club date, I'm fucking
with arenas
Gotcha man saying "Kelly have you seen
her?"

Yeah she with me on the low
Getting high off the 'dro, got her knees on
the flo'
Fiesta!

[Verse 4: Gotti]
I put the big body up, come through in a
Rover
Not only Kelly and Gotti, it's Boo and
Hova
Pop Cris if you like, my ice glist' in the
light
I'm with Rockland right, so I'm rich for
life
I'm like Heaven, everybody wanna get to
me
How you make it to the gates and forget
the key?
I'm the one God chose so you blessed
through me
Gotti Floyd getchu higher than that
ecstacy

[Verse 5: Boo & (R. Kelly)]
Ayo, I come through stunning, plus I'm
getting blunted
In the new six-hundred with the big rims
on it
We rock rocks that'll light ya shoulders
Gotta lotta hot cars but the drops is colder
(aahh)
You see V-I-P; me, Kelly, Gotti, and Hov'
Drinking Cris' like it's H-2-O
All we do is spend cheese 'cause we love
the dough
Mami roll more trees 'fore it's time to go
C'mon
[Bridge: R. Kelly]
If you got cash money then you feel this
shit
And if you rolling on them things then
you feel this shit
If you drunk off in the club then you feel
this shit
If you see a motherfucking thug then you
feel this shit
If you smoking on some 'dro then you feel
this shit
And if you off that Ecstasy you gots to
feel this shit

If you sipping on some Cris' you gots to
feel this shit
And if you throwing up and shit, you gots
to feel this shit
Fiesta..

[Chorus: R. Kelly & (Tone)]
Fiesta, Fiesta (fiesta)
Fiesta, Fiesta (fiesta)
Fiesta, Fiesta (yeah yeah)
Fiesta, Fiesta (c'mon)
Fiesta, Fiesta (Rockland)
Fiesta, Fiesta (Roc-A-Fella)
Fiesta, Fiesta (Trackmasters)
Fiesta, Fiesta (c'mon)
Fiesta, Fiesta (fiesta)

Fiesta, Fiesta (fiesta)
Fiesta, Fiesta (yeah yeah yeah)
Fiesta, Fiesta (c'mon)
Fiesta, Fiesta (Rockland)
Fiesta, Fiesta (Roc-A-Fella)
Fiesta, Fiesta (TM)
Fiesta, Fiesta (c'mon)
Fiesta, Fiesta (fiesta)
Fiesta, Fiesta (fiesta)
Fiesta, Fiesta (yeah yeah yeah)
Fiesta, Fiesta (c'mon, fiesta)
Fiesta, Fiesta (Rockland)

Izzo (H.O.V.A.) » Jay-Z (2001)

[Intro]
"Ladies and gentlemen
Let's put our hands together for this
dynasty!
H to the Izz-O, V to the Izz-A
Welcome ladies and gentlemen
To the 8th wonder of the world!
The flow of the century, always timeless:
HOV!
Thanks for coming out tonight
You could've been anywhere in the world
But you're here with me, I appreciate that,
ah"

[Verse 1]
H to the Izz-O, V to the Izz-A
For shizzle, my nizzle, used to dribble
down in VA
Was herbing 'em in the home of the
Terrapins
Got it dirt cheap for them
Plus if they was short with cheese I would
work with them
Brought in weed, got rid of that dirt for
them
Wasn't-born-hustlers, I was birthing 'em
H to the Izz-O, V to the Izz-A
For sheezy, my neezy, keep my arms so
breezy
Can't leave rap alone, the game needs me

Haters want me clapped in chrome, it ain't
easy
Cops want to knock me, D.A. wants to
box me in
But somehow I beat them charges like
Rocky
H to the Izz-O, V to the Izz-A
Not guilty, he who does not feel me
Is not real to me, therefore he doesn't exist
So poof! —*Vamoose*, son of a bitch!
[Chorus]
H to the Izz-O, V to the Izz-A
For shizzle, my nizzle, used to dribble
down in VA
H to the Izz-O, V to the Izz-A
That's the anthem, get'cha damn hands up!
H to the Izz-O, V to the Izz-A
Not guilty, y'all got to feel me
H to the Izz-O, V to the Izz-A
That's the anthem, get'cha damn hands up!

[Verse 2]
I do this for my culture, to let them know
What a nigga look like when a nigga in a
roaster
Show them how to move in a room full of
vultures
Industry is shady, it needs to be taken over
Label owners hate me, I'm raising the
status quo up

I'm overcharging niggas for what they did
to the Cold Crush
Pay us like you owe us for all the years
that you hoed us
We can talk, but money talks, so talk mo'
bucks

[Chorus]

H to the Izz-O, V to the Izz-A
For shizzle, my nizzle, used to dribble
down in VA
H to the Izz-O, V to the Izz-A
That's the anthem, get'cha damn hands up!
H to the Izz-O, V to the Izz-A
Not guilty, y'all got to feel me
H to the Izz-O, V to the Izz-A
That's the anthem, get'cha damn hands up!

[Verse 3]

Hov is back, life stories told through rap
Niggas acting like I sold you crack
Like I told you sell drugs, no, Hov did that
So hopefully you won't have to go through
that
I was raised in the projects, roaches and
rats
Smokers out back sellin' their mama's sofa
Lookouts on the corner focused on the ave
Ladies in the window, focused on the
kinfolk
Me under a lamppost, why I got my hand
closed?

Crack's in my palm, watching the long
arm of the law
So you know I seen it all before
I've seen Hoop Dreams deflate like a true
fiend's weight
To try and to fail: the two things I hate
Succeed and this rap game: the two things
that's great
H to the Izz-O, V to the Izz-A
What else can I say about dude? I gets bu-
sy

[Chorus]

H to the Izz-O, V to the Izz-A
For shizzle, my nizzle, used to dribble
down in VA
H to the Izz-O, V to the Izz-A
That's the anthem, get'cha damn hands up!
H to the Izz-O, V to the Izz-A
Not guilty, y'all got to feel me
H to the Izz-O, V to the Izz-A
That's the anthem, get'cha damn hands up!

[Outro]

H to the Izz-O, V to the Izz-A
H to the Izz-O, V to the Izz-A

2002

Ain't it Funny » Jennifer Lopez con Ja Rule (2002)

[Intro: Ja Rule]
Murda Inc, haha

[Verse 1: Ja Rule]
It must be the ass that got me like damn
If they get any fatter, man, the Rule going
to have to get at her
And our situation won't matter
I come to make you smile in the freakiest
manners
J to the L-O, hello
No, I'm not Lee Harvey Oswald
I'm the Rule and I shot call
"Off the Wall" like MJ in his early days

It's the Inc. and Lopez now

[Verse 2: Jennifer Lopez]
Ain't that funny?
It's been a while since you came around
Now you want to see what's going down
Tryna tell me why you want my time
Tryna tell me how I'm on your mind (On
your mind)
See, it never had to be this way
You should have never played the games
you played
Now I'm seeing that you're kind of lame
Knowing how the situation change

[Chorus: Jennifer Lopez]
Ain't that funny? (Ain't that funny?)
Baby, that you want me
When you had me
Love is crazy
Now I can smile and say
Ain't that funny? (Ain't that funny?)
Baby, that you want me
When you had me
Love is crazy
I'm glad I can smile and say
Ain't that funny?
[Verse 3: Jennifer Lopez]
I remember how you walked away
Even when I tried to call your name
See at first I didn't understand
Now you're looking like a lonely man
(Lonely man)
I remember how you did me wrong
And now you're hurting 'cause my love is gone
Everybody gets a chance to burn
You can take it as a lesson learned

[Chorus: Jennifer Lopez]
Ain't that funny? (Ain't that funny?)
Baby, that you want me
When you had me
Love is crazy
Now I can smile and say
Ain't that funny? (Ain't that funny?)
Baby, that you want me
When you had me
Love is crazy
I'm glad I can smile and say
Ain't that funny?

[Verse 4: Cadillac Tah]
C-A, double D, ha
Double dose, ma
Fly by, red line, Testarossa
Oh I, never been a sucker for *chocha*
Spit the ism, hit them, get rid of 'em
And you know Tah get it gully
And ain't that funny?

How they want me see me working with money
But Caddy ain't a dummy
What these brodies want from me?
'Cause all I got is G, J.Lo
And Murda I.N.C
[Verse 5: Jennifer Lopez]
I really wish you wouldn't send me gifts
Tryna make me sit and reminisce
Tryna blind me with your blinging bling
Thought I told you love don't cost a thing
(Love don't cost a thing)
Hope you realize that now I'm through
And I don't ever want to hear from you
I had enough of being there for you
Now I'm laughing why you play the fool

[Chorus: Jennifer Lopez]
Ain't that funny? (Ain't that funny?)
Baby, that you want me
When you had me
Love is crazy
Now I can smile and say
Ain't that funny? (Ain't that funny?)
Baby, that you want me
When you had me
Love is crazy
I'm glad I can smile and say
Ain't that funny?

[Bridge: Jennifer Lopez & w/ Ja Rule]
Baby, is that your girlfriend?
I got my boyfriend
But maybe we can be friends
Nah, nah, nah, nah, nah
Baby, I've got my boyfriend
Is that your girlfriend?
But maybe we can be friends
Nah, nah, nah, nah, nah

Nothin' » N.O.R.E (2002)

[Intro: Pharell]

Oh! (Millitainment)

Oh! (Millitainment)

Oh! (Millitainment)

Come on (Millitainment)

Oh! (Millitainment)

This one is the hot one! (Millitainment)

Aiyyo! (Millitainment)

[Hook: Pharell]

Homeboy, I came to party (ohh!)

Yo' girl was lookin at me (ohh!)

She's a haggler naw I'm not taggin her
(ohh!)

But you don't want them boys to come
over and start askin ya (ohh!)

What you wanna do, nigga? (Nothin')

What you tryin' to do, nigga? (Nothin')

What you wanna do, nigga? (Nothin')

What you tryin' to do

[Verse 1: Noreaga]

Yo, yo, yo..

Yo N-O-R papi, say what? That nigga's
the man

With his manager Chris and the label that
Jams

Still flossin, showin your rocks

Ain't you dudes heard "Grimey" man we
stoled your watch

It goes Indian style, knees bent in dashiki
Strapped with the baby tec baby tec B.T
True she at the bar lookin good in the
brown dress

Ordered six shots and them things ain't
around yet

Persona all thugged out loud and clear
Sayin fuck the straight Henny, just grab
me a beer

You see I'm reppin now, and my mami's I
got a weapon now

Shoot at them clowns at they feet, they
high steppin now

Left that wack label cause I don't like
pricks

I'm like a hammer that you hold on your
hand, I make hits

At the white boy club while I'm buyin the
bar

They like, "Hey now, you're an all star," it
go

[Hook: Pharell]

Homeboy, I came to party (ohh!)

Yo' girl was lookin at me (ohh!)

She's a haggler naw I'm not taggin her
(ohh!)

But you don't want them boys to come
over and start askin ya (ohh!)

What you wanna do, nigga? (Nothin')

What you tryin' to do, nigga? (Nothin')

What you wanna do, nigga? (Nothin')

What you tryin' to do (Nothin')

[Verse 2: Noreaga]

I spit mack millimeter rhymes, kill a liter
in line

My nigga Peter got a heater of mines
Niggas still lyin, in they wack ass bars
Only time they seen jail, when they
watchin "Oz"

I'm in the club pissy drunk like,
"Ahhhdadidaaaaa!!!!!"

And mami took it proper like,
"Dadadidaaaaa!!!!!"

Adios kill your soul, then we body your
ghost

They call me *gordo*, I sip the champagne
that's *importo*

Playin "Capicu" (Man you ain't nappy
too!!!)

I like when *chocha* be nappy too

I treat life like a fast car, lower my speed
I try and chill, and sell more records than
Creed

Been a hustler (What? What?) Way before
"Melvin Flynt"

A criminal, don't leave no prints
These dudes gave me a brick and they
ain't seen me since

Caught up wit 'em, had them dudes
straight hoppin the fence, it go

[Hook: Pharell]

Homeboy, I came to party (ohh!)

Yo' girl was lookin at me (ohh!)
She's a haggler naw I'm not taggin her (ohh!)
But you don't want them boys to come over and start askin ya (ohh!)
What you wanna do, nigga? (Nothin')
What you tryin' to do, nigga? (Nothin')
What you wanna do, nigga? (Nothin')
What you tryin' to do (Nothin')

[Bridge]

La la la la la la la la (ohh!)
La la la la la la la la (ohh!)
La la la la la la la la (ohh!)
La la la la la la la la (ohh!)
La la la la la la la la (ohh!)
La la la la la la la la (ohh!)
La la la la la la la la (ohh!)
La la la la la la la la (ohh!)
La la la la la la la la (ohh!)

[Verse 3: Noreaga]

Yo, yo, yo..
Yo oops, I done done it again, I got another one
I keep it hid in my pocket I got another one
"Fast and Furious," dunn dunn dunn tudunn
Still be in, Miami and jet skiing
In the ocean where the sharks be at, just O.D.'n
Adebesi, want a brick you pay double easy
I got them things that'll move easy
And I told the lawyer, I sold blow to old Goya

I'm half spanish, you see I cook coke for Goya
I'm half spanish, all day arroz con polla
Recognize, when I'm runnin the game, before me
Chickens wasn't even messin with brain, because me
Now you started gettin head on the westside highway
So recognize my nigga you did it my way
Ice rockin, brick choppin and gun shoppin
I did it all beat cases without Cochran
[Hook: Pharell]
Homeboy, I came to party (ohh!)
Yo' girl was lookin at me (ohh!)
She's a haggler naw I'm not taggin her (ohh!)
But you don't want them boys to come over and start askin ya (ohh!)
What you wanna do, nigga? (Nothin')
What you tryin' to do, nigga? (Nothin')
What you wanna do, nigga? (Nothin')
What you tryin' to do (Nothin')

[Bridge]

La la la la la la la (ohh!)
La la la la la la la (ohh!)

Lose Yourself » Eminem (2002)

[Intro]
Look, if you had one shot or one opportunity
To seize everything you ever wanted in one moment
Would you capture it, or just let it slip?
Yo

[Verse 1]
His palms are sweaty, knees weak, arms are heavy

There's vomit on his sweater already, mom's spaghetti
He's nervous, but on the surface he looks calm and ready

To drop bombs, but he keeps on forgetting What he wrote down, the whole crowd goes so loud
He opens his mouth, but the words won't come out

He's choking, how? Everybody's joking now
The clock's run out, time's up, over—blaow!
Snap back to reality, ope there goes gravity, ope
There goes Rabbit, he choked, he's so mad but he won't
Give up that easy, no, he won't have it, he knows
His whole back's to these ropes, it don't matter, he's dope
He knows that but he's broke, he's so stagnant, he knows
When he goes back to this mobile home, that's when it's
Back to the lab again yo, this old rap shit, he
Better go capture this moment and hope it don't pass him, and

[Chorus]

You better lose yourself in the music
The moment, you own it, you better never let it go (Go!)
You only get one shot, do not miss your chance to blow
This opportunity comes once in a lifetime, yo
You better lose yourself in the music
The moment, you own it, you better never let it go (Go!)
You only get one shot, do not miss your chance to blow
This opportunity comes once in a lifetime, yo
You better...

[Verse 2]

His soul's escaping through this hole that is gaping
This world is mine for the taking, make me king
As we move toward a New World Order
A normal life is boring; but superstardom's
Close to post-mortem, it only grows harder
Homie grows hotter, he blows, it's all over
These hoes is all on him, coast-to-coast shows

He's known as the Globetrotter, lonely roads
God only knows, he's grown farther from home, he's no father
He goes home and barely knows his own daughter
But hold your nose, 'cause here goes the cold water
These hoes don't want him no mo', he's cold product
They moved on to the next schmoe who flows
He nose-dove and sold *nada*, and so the soap opera
Is told, it unfolds, I suppose it's old, partner
But the beat goes on: da-da-dom, da-dom, dah-dah, dah-dah

[Chorus]

You better lose yourself in the music
The moment, you own it, you better never let it go (Go!)
You only get one shot, do not miss your chance to blow
This opportunity comes once in a lifetime, yo
You better lose yourself in the music
The moment, you own it, you better never let it go (Go!)
You only get one shot, do not miss your chance to blow
This opportunity comes once in a lifetime, yo
You better...

[Verse 3]

No more games, I'ma change what you call rage
Tear this motherfuckin' roof off like two dogs caged
I was playin' in the beginning, the mood all changed
I've been chewed up and spit out and booed off stage
But I kept rhymin' and stepped right in the next cypher
Best believe somebody's payin' the Pied Piper
All the pain inside amplified by the Fact that I can't get by with my nine-to-

Five and I can't provide the right type of life for my family
'Cause man, these goddamn food stamps don't buy diapers
And there's no movie, there's no Mekhi Phifer, this is my life
And these times are so hard, and it's gettin' even harder
Tryna feed and water my seed, plus teeter-totter
Caught up between bein' a father and a prima donna
Baby mama drama, screamin' on her, too much for me to wanna
Stay in one spot, another day of monotony's
Gotten me to the point I'm like a snail, I've got
To formulate a plot or end up in jail or shot
Success is my only motherfuckin' option—failure's not
Mom, I love you, but this trailer's got
To go; I cannot grow old in Salem's Lot
So here I go, it's my shot: feet, fail me not
This may be the only opportunity that I got

[Chorus]
You better lose yourself in the music
The moment, you own it, you better never let it go (Go!)
You only get one shot, do not miss your chance to blow
This opportunity comes once in a lifetime, yo
You better lose yourself in the music
The moment, you own it, you better never let it go (Go!)
You only get one shot, do not miss your chance to blow
This opportunity comes once in a lifetime, yo
You better...

If I could Go! » Angie Martinez con Lil' Mo & Sacario (2002)

[Lil' Mo] Yeeeeeeeeeeeeayyyyy!!!
[Angie M] Oh yeah yeah
[Lil' Mo] Yeeeeeeeeeeeeayyyyy!!!
[Angie M] Uh, woo! come on, uh
[Lil' Mo] If I can go, with you
[Angie M] Yo, yo, uh

[Verse 1: Angie Martinez]
If I can choose a place to go it gotta be far away
From here we could crossover like Hardaway
Somewhere outside the states, where tomorrow's like today
And I'm out in a space where nobody else can stay
And, if I can go, with you
Then I'll go get the ticket right now if that's cool

Have you ever been close to feelin like leavin the coast too
Feeelin like leavin with somebody who Hold you the right way while watchin the night fade
Make you feel like you right back in the ninth grade
When you know what he likes and what he might say
And you try to be calm and answer in nice ways
And, if I can go, with you
Way out the states no 2-ways and no page
No cells and no trace, and you just a phone call away
So all I got to say is

[Hook: Lil' Mo]

If I can go, *contigo*, I'll pack my things,
soon as you say
Baby *vamos*, we'll fly away, like there is
no, no tomorrow
If I can go, *contigo*, I'll tell my friends,
nothing at all
I'll get my things, soon as you say, baby
vamos, we'll fly away
[Verse 2: Sacario]
And, if I can go, with you
Oh boy we 'bout to make a lot of people
annoyed
In Croix, you better know I know how to
sneak with them toys
Employed, with the block since around 94
boy
And, if I can flow, with you
Holdin dat dough after the studio I roll
with you
I send Dutch and three other goons to go
get you
Sacario the name awaits the whole issue
Grown men keep on cryin get mo' tissue
The way me and this girl be rhymin it's so
official
Them I'm takin a trip too with no pistols
Cause everything peace only sand no
streets
Little Miami Heat, that's the plan we'll see
Two cups, one in Senado one in Sand
Beach
And, I'll think I'll go, with you
So tell the station you need a week - back
to you

[Hook: Lil' Mo]

If I can go, *contigo*, I'll pack my things,
soon as you say
Baby *vamos*, we'll fly away, like there is
no, no tomorrow
If I can go, *contigo*, I'll tell my friends,
nothing at all
I'll get my things, soon as you say, baby
vamos, we'll fly away

[Bridge: Lil' Mo]

You can fly away, no one has to know
Babe take me with you, cause if I can go
Soon as you say the word, we'll be on our
way

To a foreign place, you got to tell me
[Angie Martinez]
Yo, uh, so now that we got a plan are you
comin? We could plan a week
The only question now is LaGuardia or
Kennedy?

[Sacario]

And a seat, know why? the window cause
I like to see
And seein as to how I'm so fly me and the
clouds can speak
[Angie+S] And, since we 'bout to go, in a
few
[Sacario] Go 'head

[Angie Martinez]

Oh, I just wanted to tell Trace thank you
That week off I'm grateful what was you
tryin to say boo?

[Sacario] Nothin just grab my chain off
the table and 2 way too

[Angie Martinez]

Ok, that little place it's a great move
But ain't no problems, unless the water
don't stay blue

[Sacario] And the shop's there?

[Angie Martinez]

If they don't got em, they don't make em
(Sacario: True!)
No concrete just sand, throw away your
shoes
Now, that we are on, our way
And our bags is packed and the car service
is not late
Everything's ok, so I guess I catch you on
the next track
Now I don't gotta ask

[Hook: Lil' Mo]

If I can go, *contigo*, I'll pack my things,
soon as you say
Baby *vamos*, we'll fly away, like there is
no, no tomorrow
If I can go, *contigo*, I'll tell my friends,
nothing at all

I'll get my things, soon as you say, baby
vamos, we'll fly away

[Outro: Lil' Mo]

If I can go, *contigo*, I'll pack my things,
soon as you say

Baby vamos, we'll fly away, like there is
no, no tomorrow
And if I can go, *contigo*, I'll tell my
friends, nothing at all
Nothing at all, I'll tell my friends, nothing
at all

Caramel » City High con Eve (2001)

[Intro]

Fo' real and that's no question
No frontin' and no guessin'
(City High)
Caramel Complexion
Body-Body-Body like heaven

[Verse 1: Claudette]

Uh-huh, come on
You can say I'm plain Jane but it's not the same
I ain't into big names but I like nice things
I watch boxin' matches and the football games
I wouldn't mind being an actress but I love to sing
I like goin' out, takin' walks and stuff
I don't run with many girls 'cause they talk too much
I enjoy quiet nights at home and curl up next to ya
Though I'm ain't a virgin that don't mean I'm havin' sex with ya

[Chorus: Claudette (Ryan)]

Anywhere I go I'm spotted
(Fo' real and that's no question)
And anything I want I got it
(No frontin' and no guessin')
5' 5" with brown eyes
(Caramel complexion)
Smile like the sunrise
(Body like heaven)
'Cause anywhere I go I'm spotted
(Fo' real and that's no question)
And anything I want I got it
(No frontin' and no guessin')
5' 5" with brown eyes
(Caramel complexion)
Smile like the sunrise
(Body like heaven)

[Verse 2: Claudette]

Baby, look me in the eyes and tell me yeah
I'm the kind of girl you like, I'm feelin' you
'Cause sweetie you're my kind of guy, that's what it is
Think about it you just might wanna run with this
All night long and if you want me, we can keep this going
But let me tell you I'm the type that's strong
And I don't trust a lot of men, I'm independent
I ain't like some other women

[Chorus: Claudette (Ryan)]

Anywhere I go I'm spotted
(Fo' real and that's no question)
And anything I want I got it
(No frontin' and no guessin')
5' 5" with brown eyes
(Caramel complexion)
Smile like the sunrise
(Body like heaven)
'Cause anywhere I go I'm spotted
(Fo' real and that's no question)
And anything I want I got it
(No frontin' and no guessin')
5' 5" with brown eyes
(Caramel complexion)
Smile like the sunrise
(Body like heaven)

[Bridge: Ryan]

Ven aqui, Ven aqui Mama
Baby girl don't you know you're a star
We could take a little trip to *mi casa*
Spend the night popping cris in the hot tub

See I ain't never seen no girl like you
Every sexy little thing you do
5'5' brown eyes with your thick thighs
Every time I see your smile its got me
hypnotized

[Verse 3: Eve]
I keep 'em mesmerized, listen to me
closely
E-V-E is how a thorough bred supposed to
be
Hate the thirsty type, can't even get close
to me
That's why I got my own stack, Daddy,
how it's supposed to be
I ain't about the game, playin' and gift
chasin'
All in frontin' Daddy please, we both big
facin'
All the things I want, I got, forget me not
Just from my stance, why you starin' at
me? Got you hot
Not too many bitches like her, one of a
kind
I mean even the bitches like her, she just a
dime
Not impressed by your Cris' poppin' 'cause
if you would

I might end, of the night we gone be lip
locking
But only if I choose to, I don't fall in love
easily
Give you the blues Boo, I have you sittin'
'Round misty-eyed Caramel, get 'em all
the time
Hot shit from City High
[Chorus: Claudette (Ryan)]
Anywhere I go I'm spotted
(Fo' real and that's no question)
And anything I want I got it
(No frontin' and no guessin')
5' 5" with brown eyes
(Caramel complexion)
Smile like the sunrise
(Body like heaven)

'Cause anywhere I go I'm spotted
(Fo' real and that's no question)
And anything I want I got it
(No frontin' and no guessin')
5' 5" with brown eyes
(Caramel complexion)
Smile like the sunrise
(Body like heaven)

2003

Work It » Missy "Misdemeanor" Elliott (2002)

[Chorus]
Is it worth it? Let me work it
I put my thing down, flip it and reverse it
Ti esrever dna ti pilf, nwod gniht ym tup
Ti esrever dna ti pilf, nwod gniht ym tup
If you got a big *elephant trumpet*, let
me search ya
And find out how hard I gotta work ya
Ti esrever dna ti pilf, nwod gniht ym tup
Ti esrever dna ti pilf, nwod gniht ym tup
C'mon

[Verse 1]
I'd like to get to know ya so I could show
ya
Put the pussy on ya like I told ya
Give me all your numbers so I can phone
ya

Your girl acting stank, then call me over
Not on the bed, lay me on your sofa
Call before you come, I need to shave my
chocha
You do or you don't or you will or won't
ya?
Go downtown and eat it like a vulture
See my hips and my tips, don't ya?
See my ass and my lips, don't ya?
Lost a few pounds and my waist for ya
This the kinda beat that go ra-ta-ta
Ra-ta-ta-ta-ta-ta-ta-ta-ta
Sex me so good I say blah-blah-blah
Work it, I need a glass of water
Boy, oh boy, it's good to know ya
C'mon
[Chorus]
Is it worth it? Let me work it

I put my thing down, flip it and reverse it
Ti esrever dna ti pilf, nwod gniht ym tup
Ti esrever dna ti pilf, nwod gniht ym tup
If you got a big *elephant trumpet*, let
me search ya
And find out how hard I gotta work ya
Ti esrever dna ti pilf, nwod gniht ym tup
Ti esrever dna ti pilf, nwod gniht ym tup
C'mon

[Verse 2]

If you a fly gal, get your nails done
Get a pedicure, get your hair did
Boy, lift it up, let's make a toast-a
Let's get drunk, that's gonna bring us
closer
Don't I look like a Halle Berry poster?
See the Belvedere playing tricks on ya
Girlfriend wanna be like me, never
You won't find a bitch that's even better
I make you hot as Las Vegas weather
Listen up close while I take it backwards
sdrawkcab ti ekat ot ekil yssiM yaw eht
hctaW
I'm not a prostitute, but I could give you
what you want
I love your braids and your mouth full of
fronts
Love the way my ass go bum-bum-bum-
bum
Keep your eyes on my bum-bum-bum-
bum-bum
You think you can handle this badonka-
donk-donk
Take my thong off and my ass go boom
Cut the lights on so you see what I could
do
C'mon

[Chorus]

Is it worth it? Let me work it
I put my thing down, flip it and reverse it
Ti esrever dna ti pilf, nwod gniht ym tup
Ti esrever dna ti pilf, nwod gniht ym tup
If you got a big *elephant trumpet*, let
me search ya
And find out how hard I gotta work ya
Ti esrever dna ti pilf, nwod gniht ym tup
Ti esrever dna ti pilf, nwod gniht ym tup
C'mon

[Verse 3]

Boys, boys, all type of boys
Black, White, Puerto Rican, Chinese boys
(C'mon)
Why-thai, thai-o-toy-o-thai-thai
Rock-thai, thai-o-toy-o-thai-thai (C'mon)
Girls, girls, get that cash
If it's 9 to 5 or shaking your ass (Aha)
Ain't no shame, ladies do your thing
(C'mon)
Just make sure you ahead of the game
Just 'cause I got a lot of fame super
Prince couldn't get me change my name,
papa
Kunta Kinte a slave again, no sir
Picture blacks saying, "Oh yes'a, massa"
Picture Lil' Kim dating a pastor
Minute Man and Big Red could outlast ya
Who is the best? I don't have to ask ya
When I come out, you won't even matter
Why you act dumb like, uh, duh?
So you act dumb like, uh, duh
As the drummer boy go ba-rom-pop-pom-
pom
Give you some-some-some of this
Cinnabun
C'mon
[Chorus]

Is it worth it? Let me work it

I put my thing down, flip it and reverse it
Ti esrever dna ti pilf, nwod gniht ym tup
Ti esrever dna ti pilf, nwod gniht ym tup
If you got a big *elephant trumpet*, let
me search ya
And find out how hard I gotta work ya
Ti esrever dna ti pilf, nwod gniht ym tup
Ti esrever dna ti pilf, nwod gniht ym tup
C'mon

[Outro]

To my fellas (Ooh good god!)
I like the way you work that (Uh huh, la-
la-la-la)
To my ladies (Whoo! Good god!)
You sure know how to work that

Yeah, it's Missy Elliott!

I hope y'all enjoying what y'all heard so
far
I was sittin' here thinkin' like

Big Daddy Kane and Public Enemy
Salt n Pepa, Lyte, EPMD, LL, Run-DMC
KRS-One, Rakim
Most of them artists used to dance
And still get respected in the street
Don't be scared to Bankhead or Bogo
Or move as far as sold Michael Jackson
43 million
Shoot, errbody have the zipper jacket

And half of these thugs have the glove to
match, ya feel me?
Yo, it's ok though, if you wanna be hard
and ice grill
And Harlem Shake at the same time,
whatever
Let's just have fun, it's hip-hop man, this
is hip-hop

Gossip Folks » Missy Elliott con Ludacris

[Intro: People in background chatting]
Yo, yo yo move out of the way
We got Missy Elliott coming through
Girl that is Missy Elliott she lost a lot of
weight
Girl I heard she eats one cracker a day
Oh well I heard the bitch was married to
Tim and started fucking with Trina
I heard the bitch got hit with three zebras
and a monkey
I can't stand the bitch no way

[Verse 1: Missy Elliott]
When I walk up in the piece
I ain't gotta even speak
I'm a bad mamajama
Goddammit motherfucker you ain't gotta
like me
How you stuntin' these hoes
Need to talk what you know
And stop talking bout who I'm sticking
and licking
Just mad it ain't yours
I know ya'll po' ya'll broke
Ya'll job just hanging up clothes
Step to me get burnt like toast
Muthafuckas, *adios amigos*
Halves halves wholes wholes
I don't brag I mostly boast
From the VA to the LA coast
Izzy kizzy lizzy goh
[Chorus]
Millze cillzan sillzome pilzay dilzzouble
dilzutch!
Hilzzoo?
My gizzirl!
Brillzing her izzin!
Izzo kizzay!

Izzall rizzight...
Izzo kizzay!
Izzall rizzight! Nizzow wizzee wilzzo-
izzo-zee!

[Verse 2: Missy Elliott]
When I pull up in my whip
Bitches wanna talk shit
I'm driving I'm glad and I'm styling
In these muthafuckas ask, did you see it?
I'm gripping these curbs
Skrrt Did ya heard?
I love em, my feathers, my furs
I fly like a bird
Chicken heads on the prowl
Who you trying fuck now?
Now you ain't getting loud
Better calm down 'for I smack your ass
down
I need my drums bass high
Has to be my snare, strings, horns, yes
I need my Tim sound
Right, left
Izzy kizzy looky here
[Chorus]
Millze cillzan sillzome pilzay dilzzouble
dilzutch!
Hilzzoo?
My gizzirl!
Brillzing her izzin!
Izzo kizzay!
Izzall rizzight...
Izzo kizzay!
Izzall rizzight! Nizzow wizzee wilzzo-
izzo-zee!

[Bridge: Missy]
I don't go out my house shorty

You just waiting to see
Who gon' roll up in the club and then
report that next week
Just wanna see who I am fucking boy
Sniffing some coke
I know by the time I finish this line Imma
hear this on the radio

[Verse 3: Ludacris]
Yeah, uh huh, okay
Once upon a time in College Park
Where they live life fast and they scared
of dark
There was a little nigga by the name of
Chris
Nobody paid him any mind
No one gave a shit
Knowing he could rap
No one lifted hands
So he went about his business and devised
a plan
Made a CD and then he hit the block
50 thousand sold
Seven dollars a pop
Hold the phone
Three years later
Stepped out the swamp
With ten and a half gators
Now all around the world on the
microphone
He leave the booth smelling like Burberry
cologne
Still riding chrome
Got bitches in the kitchen
Never home alone
And he's on the grind
Please let me know if he's on your mind
And respect you'll give me
Ludacris I live loud just like Timmy
Fuck, have to clear these rumors
I got a headache and it's not a tumor
Get up on my lap and get my head sucked
tight
Sprayed so I never let the bed bugs bite
Hard to the core
Core to the rotten
Jump down, turn around, pick a bale of
cotton
Yahh

[Chorus]
Millze cillzan sillzome plilzay dilzzouble
dilzutch!
Hilzzoo?
My gizzirl!
Brillzing her izzin!
Izzo kizzay!
Izzall rizzight...
Izzo kizzay!
Izzall rizzight! Nizzow wizzee wilzzo-
izzo-zee!

[People in the background chatting]
Yo, straight up Missy killed that shit
tonight for real
I know I know, I don't even care about her
being pregnant by Michael Jackson
You know what we should do
We should go get her album when it
comes out
There she go, there she go, there she
Heeeey Missy

[Missy]
Hi Missy?
What's up fools?
You think I ain't knowin y'all broke, Milli
Vanilli
J.J. Fad wannabes ain't over here
gossiping bout me?
Yo how bout you buff these Pumas for 20
cents
So your lights won't get cut off
You soggy breasts, cow stomachs
Yo take those baby GAP shirts off, too
You just mad cuz Payless ran outa plastic
pumps for the after party
Yo by the way, go get my album
Damn!

[Chorus/Outro]
Millze cillzan sillzome plilzay dilzzouble
dilzutch!
Hilzzoo?
My gizzirl!
Brillzing her izzin!--(Echos)

2004

Heaven » Los Lonely Boys (2004)

[Intro]
Vámonos!

[Verse 1]
Save me from this prison
Lord, help me get away
Cause only you can save me now from
this misery
I've been lost in my own place, and I'm
gettin' weary
How far is heaven?
And I know that I need to change my
ways of livin'
How far is heaven?
Lord, can you tell me

[Verse 2]
I've been locked up way too long in this
crazy world
How far is heaven?
And I just keep on prayin', Lord, and just
keep on livin'
How far is heaven?
Yeah, Lord, can you tell me?

How far is heaven? (Cause I just gotta
know how far, yeah)
How far is heaven? (Yeah, Lord, can you
tell me?)

[Bridge]
Tu que estas en alto cielo
Echame tu bendicion

[Hook]
Cause I know there's a better place than
this place I'm living
How far is heaven?
So I just got to have some faith and just
keep on giving
How far is heaven? (Yeah, Lord, can you
tell me?)
How far is heaven? (Cause I just got to
know how far, yeah)
How far is heaven? (Yeah, Lord, can you
tell me?)
How far is heaven? (Cause I just gotta
know how far)
I just want to know how far

Suga Suga » Baby Bash con Frankie J

Intro: Frankie J.]
So tight, so fly
You got me lifted
You got me lifted

[Chorus: Frankie J]
Got me lifted, shifted higher than the
ceilin'
And ooohwee, it's the ultimate feelin'
You got me lifted, feeling so gifted
Sugar, how you get so fly
Sugar, sugar, how you get so fly

[Post-Chorus: Baby Bash]
You know it's leather when we ride
Wood grain and raw hide
Doing what we do, watchin' screens gettin'
high
Girl, you keep it so fly, with your sweet
honey buns
You was there when the money was gone
You'll be there when the money comes

[Verse 1: Baby Bash]
Off top, I can't lie, I love to get blowed
You my little sugar, I'm your little *chulo*
And every time we kick it
It's off to the groovy
Treat you like my sticky ickey
Or my sweet oooh-wee, gooey (Fa real,
though)

[Chorus: Frankie J]

Got me lifted, shifted higher than the
ceilin'
And ooohwee, it's the ultimate feelin'
You got me lifted, feeling so gifted
Sugar, how you get so fly
Sugar, sugar, how you get so fly

[Verse 2: Baby Bash]

Now, I ain't worried about a thang 'cause I
just hit me a lick
I got a fat sack and a superfly chick
And uh-uh and there ain't nothin' you can
say to a player
'Cause doo-wop, she fly like the planes in
the air
That's right, she full grown, settin' the
wrong tone
I'm diggin' the energy and I'm lovin' her
ozone
So fly, like a dove, fly, like a raven
Quick, to politic with some fly,
conversation
In a natural mood, then I'm a natural dude
And we some natural fools, blowin' out by
the pool
She like my sexy cool mama, we'll blaze
on the Bravada
Rockin' Dolce & Gabbana, hydro in a
Cubana

[Chorus: Frankie J]

Got me lifted, shifted higher than the
ceilin'
And ooohwee, it's the ultimate feelin'
You got me lifted, feeling so gifted
Sugar, how you get so fly
Sugar, sugar, how you get so fly

[Post-Chorus: Baby Bash]

You know it's leather when we ride
Wood grain and raw hide
Doing what we do, watchin' screens gettin'
high
Girl, you keep it so fly, with your sweet
honey buns
You was there when the money gone
You'll be there when the money comes
You know it's leather when we ride
Wood grain and raw hide
Doing what we do, watchin' screens gettin'
high
Girl, you keep it so fly, with your sweet
honey buns
You was there when the money gone
You'll be there when the money comes
Fa real, though

[Chorus: Frankie J]

Got me lifted, shifted higher than the
ceilin'
And ooohwee, it's the ultimate feelin'
You got me lifted, feeling so gifted
Sugar, how you get so fly
Sugar, sugar, how you get so fly

[Outro: Baby Bash]

So high, like I'm a star
Azucar

2005

Don't Phunk With My Heart » The Black Eyed Peas (2005)

[Intro: Fergie]

No, no, no, no

Don't phunk with my heart

Yeah

No, no, no, no

Don't phunk with my heart

[Chorus: Fergie]

I wonder if I take you home

Would you still be in love, baby? (Love,
love)

In love, baby (Love, love)

I wonder if I take you home

Would you still be in love, baby? (Love,
love)

In love, baby (Love, love)

I wonder if I take you home

Would you still be in love, baby? (Love,
love)

In love, baby (Love, love)

[Verse 1: will.i.am]

Girl, you know you got me, got me

With your pistol shot me, shot me

And I'm here helplessly

In love and nothing can stop me

You can't stop me once I start it

Can't return me once you bought it

I'm coming, baby, don't doubt it

(Don't make me wait) So let's be about it

[Refrain: Fergie]

No, no, no, no

Don't phunk with my heart

[Verse 2: will.i.am]

Baby, have some trustin', trustin'

When I come with lustin', lustin'

'Cause I'll bring you that comfort

I ain't only here 'cause I want your

Body, I want your mind too

Interestin' what I find you

And I'm interested in the long haul

Come on, girl, yee-haw!

Come on

[Chorus: Fergie]

I wonder if I take you home

Would you still be in love, baby? (Love,
love)

In love, baby (Love, love)

I wonder if I take you home

Would you still be in love, baby? (Love,
love)

In love, baby (Love, love)

[Refrain: Fergie]

No, no, no, no

Don't phunk with my heart

[Verse 3: will.i.am & (Fergie)]

Girl, you had me once you kissed me

My love for you is not iffy

I always want you wit me

I'll play Bobby and you play Whitney (All
along)

If you smoke I smoke too

That's how much I'm in love wit chu

Crazy is what crazy do

Crazy in love, I'm a crazy fool

[Refrain: Fergie]

No, no, no, no

Don't phunk with my heart

[Verse 4: will.i.am]

Why you so in-sa-cure

When you got passionate love hurr?

You always claimin' I'm a cheatah

Think I'll up and go leave ya

For another *señorita*

You forgot that I need ya

You must have caught amnesia

That's why you don't believe-a

Wha'- yeah - check it out

[Bridge: will.i.am]

Don't ya worry about a thing, baby

'Cause ya know ya got me by a string,
baby

Don't ya worry about a thing, baby

'Cause ya know ya got me by a string,
baby

[Bridge 2: Taboo & Fergie]

Baby girl, ya make me feel...

You know you make me feel so real...

I love you more than sex appeal...

'Cause ya...

[Interlude: will.i.am]

That-that-that-that-that-girl
That-that-that-that-that-girl
That-that-that-that-that-girl
That-that-that-that-that-girl
That-that-that-that-that-girl
That-that-that-that-that-girl
That-that-that-that-that-girl

[Refrain: Fergie & (will.i.am)]
No, no, no, no (That-that-that-that-that-girl)
Don't phunk with my heart (That-that-that-that-that-girl)
No, no, no, no
Don't phunk with my heart

[Chorus: Fergie]
I wonder if I take you home
Would you still be in love, baby? (Love, love)
In love, baby (Love, love)

I wonder if I take you home
Would you still be in love, baby? (Love, love)
In love, baby (Love, love)
I wonder if I take you home
Would you still be in love, baby? (Love, love)
In love, baby (Love, love)

[Outro: will.i.am]
Don't ya worry about a thing, baby
'Cause ya know ya got me by a string, baby
Don't ya worry about a thing, baby
'Cause ya know ya got me by a string, baby

Obsession (No Es Amor) » Frankie J con Baby Bash (2005)

[Intro: Baby Bash]
Check, check
This happened for real
Baby Bash
Yo, Frankie J, obsession

[Verse 1: Frankie J]
Well, it's early in the morning
And my heart is feeling lonely
Just thinkin' 'bout you, baby
Got me twisted in the head
And I don't know how to take it
But it's driving me so crazy
I don't know if it's right
I'm tossin' turning in my bed

[Pre-Chorus: Frankie J]
It's five o'clock in the morning
And I still can't sleep
Thinkin' 'bout your beauty, it makes me weak
I'm feeling hopeless in my home
I don't know what to do
I think I'm in love, baby

[Chorus: Frankie J]
Amor, no es amor (If this ain't love)

Then what am I feeling? (Then what am I feeling?)
What am I doing wrong?
Amor, no es amor (If this ain't love)
Is this an illusion (Is this an illusion) that I have in my heart?

[Verse 2: Frankie J]
Now, I know you're not my lady
But I'm just tryna make this right
I don't know what to do, I'm goin' out of my mind
So baby, if you let me
Kick it withchu, well, then maybe
We could ride together, we could do this all night
Now I don't care if you got a man
Baby, I wish you'd understand
'Cause I know he can't love you right, quite like I can

[Pre-Chorus: Frankie J]
It's five o'clock in the morning
And I still can't sleep
Thinkin' 'bout your beauty, it makes me weak
I'm feeling hopeless at home
I don't know what to do
I think I'm in love

[Chorus: Frankie J]

Amor, no es amor (If this ain't love)
Then what am I feeling? (Then what am I
feeling?)

What am I doing wrong?

Amor, no es amor (If this ain't love)
Is this an illusion (Is this an illusion) that I
have in my heart?

[Bridge: Frankie J]

Ooh, I love the way you freak it like that
I love the way you freak it like that
I love the way you freak it like that
It's an obsession

[Verse 3: Baby Bash]

Hold up, let me dream
Shorty got me feelin' serene
You're my candies and my cream
Got your boy feeling supreme
Hold up, wait a minute
Baby, you so damn independent
Loving everything your representing
Got a lot of money, and I love to spend it
And that's what's up, and I don't care what
people scream
You're my blessin' when I'm stressin'

My superfly beauty queen
I'm gonna keep it saucy 'cause mama
know how I do
We gon' rendezvous
Mi corazon belongs to you

[Chorus: Frankie J]

Amor, no es amor (If this ain't love)
Then what am I feeling? (Then what am I
feeling?)

What am I doing wrong? (What am I
doing wrong?)

Amor, no es amor (if this ain't love)
Is this an illusion (Is this an illusion) that I
have in my heart?

Amor, no es amor (If this ain't love)
Then what am I feeling? (Then what am I
feeling?)

What am I doing wrong? (What am I
doing so wrong?)

Amor, no es amor (If this ain't love)
Is this an illusion (Is this an illusion) that I
have in my heart?

[Outro: Frankie J]

Amor

La Tortura » Shakira con Alejandro Sanz (2005)

[Intro: Alejandro Sanz]

*Ay payita mia, guardate la poesia
Guardate la alegría pa'ti*

[Estrofa 1: Shakira & Alejandro Sanz]

*No pido que todos los días sean de sol
No pido que todos los viernes sean de
fiesta
Tampoco te pido que vuelvas rogando
perdón
Si lloras con los ojos secos
Y hablando de ella
Ay amor me duele tanto (Me duele tanto)
Que te fueras sin decir a dónde
Ay amor fue una tortura perderte*

[Coro: Shakira & Alejandro Sanz]

*Yo sé que no he sido un santo
Pero lo puedo arreglar, amor
No sólo de pan vive el hombre*

*Y no de excusas vivo yo
Sólo de errores se aprende
Y hoy sé que es tuyo mi corazón
Mejor te guardas todo eso
A otro perro con ese hueso
Y nos decimos adios*

[Estrofa 2: Shakira & Alejandro Sanz]

*No puedo pedir que el invierno perdone a
un rosal
No puedo pedir a los olmos que entreguen
peras
No puedo pedirle lo eterno a un simple
mortal
Y andar arrojando a los cerdos miles de
perlas
Ay amor me duele tanto, me duele tanto
Que no creas más en mis promesas
Ay, amor, es una tortura perderte*

[Coro: Shakira & Alejandro Sanz]
Yo sé que no he sido un santo
Pero lo puedo arreglar, amor
No sólo de pan vive el hombre
Y no de excusas vivo yo
Sólo de errores se aprende
Y hoy sé que es tuyo mi corazón
Mejor te guardas todo eso
A otro perro con ese hueso
Y nos decimos adios

[Estrofa 3: Alejandro Sanz]
No te bajes, no te bajes
Oye negrita mira, no te rajes
De lunes a viernes tienes mi amor
Déjame el sábado a mí que es mejor
Oye mi negra no me castigues más
Porque allá afuera sin ti no tengo paz

Yo solo soy un hombre muy arrepentido
Soy como el ave que vuelve a su nido

[Coro: Shakira & Alejandro Sanz]
Yo se que no he sido un santo
Es que no estoy hecho de carton
No solo de pan vive el hombre
Y no de excusas vivo yo
Solo de errores se aprende
Y hoy se que es tuyo mi corazón

[Outro: Shakira]
Ay, ay, ay, ay, ay, ay
Ay todo lo que he hecho por tí
Fue una tortura perderte
Me duele tanto que sea así
Sigue llorando perdón
Yo ya no voy a llorar hoy por tí

2006

Hips Don't Lie » Shakira Con Wyclef Jean (2005)

[Intro: Wyclef Jean]
Ladies up in here tonight
No fighting (We got the refugees up in here)
No fighting
No fighting
Shakira, Shakira

[Pre-Chorus: Wyclef Jean & Shakira]
I never really knew that she could dance like this (Hey)
She make a man wanna speak Spanish
¿Cómo se llama (Sí!), bonita? (Sí!)
Mi casa, su casa (Shakira, Shakira)
Oh baby, when you talk like that (Huh-uh)
(Yeah)
You make a woman go mad (Oh)
So be wise (Sí!) and keep on (Sí!)
Reading the signs of my body (*Uno, dos, tres, cuatro*)
No fighting

[Chorus: Shakira & Wyclef Jean]
I'm on tonight
You know my hips don't lie (No fighting)
And I'm starting to feel it's right
All the attraction, the tension
Don't you see, baby? This is perfection

[Verse 1: Wyclef Jean]
Hey girl, I can see your body moving
And it's driving me crazy (Huh-uh)
And I didn't have the slightest idea
Until I saw you dancing (Yeah)
That when you walk up on the dance floor
nobody cannot ignore
The way you move your body, girl (Just smooth)
And everything's so unexpected, the way
you right and left it
So you can keep on shaking it (Let's go)

[Pre-Chorus: Wyclef Jean & Shakira]
I never really knew that she could dance like this (Hey)
She make a man wanna speak Spanish
¿Cómo se llama (Sí!), bonita? (Sí!)
Mi casa, su casa (Shakira, Shakira)
Oh baby, when you talk like that (Huh-uh)
(Oh)
You make a woman go mad (So bad) (Oh)
So be wise (Sí!) and keep on (Sí!)
Reading the signs of my body
No fighting

[Chorus: Shakira & Wyclef Jean]
I'm on tonight

You know my hips don't lie (No fighting)
And I'm starting to feel you, boy (Yeah)
Come on, let's go, real slow
Don't you see, baby? Así es perfecto
They know I'm on tonight (Yeah)
My hips don't lie
And I'm starting to feel it's right
All the attraction, the tension
Don't you see baby? This is perfection
(Shakira, Shakira)

[Verse 2: Shakira & Wyclef Jean]
Oh boy, I can see your body moving
Half animal, half man
I don't, don't really know what I'm doing
But you seem to have a plan (Yeah)
My will and self-restraint
Have come to fail now, fail now
See, I'm doing what I can, but I can't, so,
you know
That's a bit too hard to explain (*Uno, dos,*
tres, cuatro)
[Bridge 1: Wyclef Jean with Shakira]
Baila en la calle de noche (Uh, yeah)
Baila en la calle de día (Let's go!)
Baila en la calle de noche (Uh, yeah)
Baila en la calle de día (Let's go!)

[Pre-Chorus: Wyclef Jean & Shakira]
I never really knew that she could dance
like this (Hey)
She make a man wanna speak Spanish
(Yeah)
¿Cómo se llama (Sí!), bonita? (Sí!)
Mi casa, su casa (Shakira, Shakira)
Oh baby, when you talk like that (Huh-uh)
(Oh)
You know you got me hypnotized (Oh)
So be wise (Sí! Uh) and keep on (Sí! Uh)
Reading the signs of my body (Yeah)

[Bridge 2: Wyclef Jean & Shakira]
Señorita, feel the conga
Let me see you move like you come from
Colombia
Yeah, oh, yeah, ladies, sí! (Yeah, yeah,
hey, yeah)
Mira, en Barranquilla se baila así, say it!
En Barranquilla se baila así (Yeah)

[Verse 3: Wyclef Jean with Shakira]
Yeah, she's so sexy, every man's fantasy
A refugee like me back with the Fugees
from a third world country (Huh-uh)
I go back like when 'Pac carried crates for
Humpty Humpty
We leave the whole club jazzy
Why the CIA wanna watch us?
It's the Colombians and Haitians
I ain't guilty, it's a musical transaction
Bo-bop-so-bop, no more do we snatch
ropes
Refugees run the seas, 'cause we own our
own boats, boats (No fighting)
[Chorus: Shakira & Wyclef Jean]
I'm on tonight
My hips don't lie
And I'm starting to feel you, boy
Come on, let's go, real slow
Baby, like this is *perfecto* (No fighting)
Oh, you know I'm on tonight
My hips don't lie
And I'm starting to feel it's right
The attraction, the tension
Baby, like this is perfection

[Outro: Wyclef Jean & Shakira]
No fighting
No fighting

(When You Gonna) Give it up to Me » Sean Paul con Keyshia Cole (2006)

[Intro: Sean Paul]

Get out my head and into the bed girl
Cau ya dun know plottin' out the fantasy
Hey baby girl and it's you a the key, yo,
mi go so then

[Hook: Sean Paul, with Keyshia Cole]
From ya look inna mi eye gal me see see
you want me
When you gonna give it up to me
Because ya body enticing you're making
me want it
When ya gonna give it up to me
Well if a no today girl then it must be
tomorrow
When you fulfill my fantasy
Because ya know I give ya loving straight
like a arrow
When ya gonna give it up to me

[Verse 1: Sean Paul]

So back it up deh, so pack it up yeah
'Cause I wanna be the man that's really
gonna have it up and mack it up and rock
it up, eh
So what is up, yeah
Yeah, you know you got the vibe inna mi
heart a develop and a swell up, a double
up yeah
So gimmie the work, yeah
And rope in different for Dutty Looks and
Kurup, yeah
So rev it up, deh
Gal gwaan try your luck, deh
'Cause when you stir it up you know me
haffi measure up, yeah

[Hook: Sean Paul, with Keyshia Cole]
From ya look inna mi eye gal me see see
you want me
When you gonna give it up to me
Because ya body enticing you're making
me want it
When ya gonna give it up to me
Well if a no today girl then it must be
tomorrow
When you fulfill my fantasy
Because ya know I give ya loving straight
like a arrow

When ya gonna give it up to me

[Verse 2: Sean Paul]

Hey pretty girl, say me love fi see you
walk
Yah *no habla inglés* but just listen when
me a talk
This ya one yeah from me heart, woman
you got me caught
You ever inna me thoughts and no left me
inna the dark, inna the
First place gal that's where you belong
So just let me flip the switch woman I can
turn it on and
Gimme the passion from dusk till dawn
Tell me if you want it fi gwaan, my girl

[Verse 3: Keyshia Cole]

As a woman on my own I got it goin' on
And I'm liking what I'm seeing and I don't
wanna be alone
'Cause you got me in a daze, your illusion
makes me sway
We go back and forth and round and
round and nothing turn away
Baby boy, could it be wonderful like this?
To say it's only 'bout in the way you twist
'Cause you got me in a daze, your illusion
makes me sway
I'm caught in you, now I'm tempted to
stay, oh no!

[Hook: Sean Paul, with Keyshia Cole,
Keyshia Cole alone]

From ya look inna mi eye gal me see seh
you want me (Oh oh)
When you gonna give it up to me
Because ya body enticing you're making
me want it (Yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah)
When ya gonna give it up to me
Well if a no today girl then it must be
tomorrow
When you fulfill my fantasy (Yeah yeah,
oh oh)
Because ya know I give ya loving straight
like a arrow
When ya gonna give it up to me

[Bridge: Keyshia Cole]

Boom, boom, boom boom
Boom, boom, boom boom (C'mon!)
Boom, boom, boom boom
Ba-ba-boom, boom, boom boom (Hey!)

[Verse 4: Sean Paul]

So why can't you see, we ought to be,
together girl don't front on me
I just wanna be near so don't have no fear
and lemme see you Bring your body right
over here
Because you should share it, girl I'll care it
And I'm gonna give you love so clear
It gonna make you shine and once you are
mine
We be rockin' it until the end of time

[Hook: Sean Paul, with Keyshia Cole,
Keyshia Cole alone]
From ya look inna mi eye gal me see see
ya want me (Hey, yeah!)
When you gonna give it up to me
Because ya body enticing you're making
me want it (Ooh, babe)
When ya gonna give it up to me (Yeah,
yeah)
Well if a no today girl then it must be
tomorrow (Tomorrow)
When you fulfill my fantasy (Uh huh)
Because ya know I give ya loving straight
like a arrow (Yeah hey)
When ya gonna give it up to me (Oh no)
From ya look inna mi eye gal me see see
ya want me

When you gonna give it up to me
Because ya body enticing you're making
me want it (Hey, oh)
When ya gonna give it up to me (Yeah
yeah yeah yeah)
Well if a no today girl then it must be
tomorrow (Oh)
When you fulfill my fantasy
Because ya know I give ya loving straight
like a arrow (Baby)
When ya gonna give it up to me

[Outro: Sean Paul, Keyshia Cole]

Oh ah oh (Yeah yeah, yo yo)
Oh ah oh (Sean-A-Paul and ya know we a
nuh go yo)
Oh ah oh (Yeah yeah, yo yo)
Oh ah oh (Di S.P. and we deh yah pon di
go yo)
Ooh ooh ooh (Sean Paul, Keyshia Cole
and Don Corleon, a next chapter)
Oh ah oh (Yah mon fah all my girls ya
know)
Oh ah oh (Keep it keep it keep it keep it
sexy)
Oh ah oh (Boom, boom, boom boom)
Oh ah oh (Boom, boom, boom boom)
Oh ah oh (Boom, boom, boom boom)
Oh ah oh (Ba-ba-boom, boom, boom
boom) (Oh no)
Oh ah oh (Boom, boom, boom boom)
Oh ah oh (Boom, boom, boom boom)
Oh ah oh (Boom, boom, boom boom)
Oh ah oh (Ba-ba-boom, boom, boom
boom)

Rompe » Daddy Yankee (2005)

[Intro]
You know
Los capos están *ready*
Las mamis están *ready*
Y en la calle estamos *ready*
Yeah, yeah, andamos *ready*
Los barrios están *ready*
One, two, get ready, come on!
Oh, oh, oh, oh!

[Coro]
Rompe, rompe, rompe, bien guilla'o

Rompe, rompe, rompe, ese cuerpo ella
lo—
Rompe, rompe, rompe, bien guilla'o
Are you ready!?
Rompe, rompe, rompe, *break it down*
Rompe, rompe, rompe, the way she
moves, ella lo—
Rompe, rompe, rompe, *break it down*
Let's go

[Verso 1]

My boo, no se limita a la hora de romper
su pum-pum
Con curvas más calientes que el sur, *right through*
Enséñame si tienes la actitud, mami
Dale, *go!* Dale, *go!* Dale, *go! Go!*
Tiempo; llegó el momento, *baby*, de
perder el control
Trabájame ese cuerpo más que *un shot* de
Winstrol
Sube ese temperamento, dame
movimiento
Lento, lento, ella lo—
[Coro]
Rompe, rompe, rompe, bien guilla'o
Rompe, rompe, rompe, ese cuerpo ella
lo—
Rompe, rompe, rompe, bien guilla'o
Are you ready!?
Rompe, rompe, rompe, *break it down*
Rompe, rompe, rompe, the way she
moves, ella lo—
Rompe, rompe, rompe, *break it down*
G-Go! G-Go! G-Go! G-Go!

[Puente]
Voy chillin', tranquilo, that's right
Buscando una gata que cae
No escondas todo eso que traes
Yo', *baby*, ¿qué es la que hay?
Voy chillin', tranquilo, that's right
Buscando una gata que cae
No escondas todo eso que trae'
¿Qué pasa, socio, qué es la que hay?
(What!? What!? What!? What!?)

[Verso 2]
Pinche, güey, ¿pensaste que esto era un
mamey?
No vo' a dar *break*, deja ese guille de
Scarface
Get out my way, usted no vende ni en
eBay
No das pa' na', conmigo 'tás Frito-Lay
Chequea *el swing*
Que se le pega a to'as las nenas más que
un G-string
Yo soy la pesadilla de todo' los *dream team*
Ya se te acabó *el magazine*
Conmigo no te la guilles, pa', de Listerine
Daddy te—
[Coro]
Rompe, rompe, rompe, bien guilla'o
Rompe, rompe, rompe, ese cuerpo ella
lo—
Rompe, rompe, rompe, bien guilla'o
Are you ready!?
Rompe, rompe, rompe, *break it down*
Rompe, rompe, rompe, the way she
moves, ella lo—
Rompe, rompe, rompe, *break it down*
Let's go
[Outro]
You know!
Oh!, oh!
En Directo
Oh!, oh!
Daddy Yankee, yo'
Con Los Jedis, Monserrate & DJ Urba
Fish! Jaja It's official!
Daddy Yankee!
Cartel Records
En Directo

2007

Fergalicious » Fergie

[Intro: will.i.am]

(Four, tres, two, uno)

Listen up y'all, 'cause this is it

The beat that I'm banging is delicious

[Verse 1: Fergie]

Fergalicious definition, make the boys go
loco

They want my treasures so they get their
pleasures from my photo

You can see me, you can squeeze me

I ain't easy, I ain't sleazy

I got reasons why I tease 'em

Boys just come and go like seasons

[Pre-Chorus 1: Fergie & will.i.am]

Fergalicious (So delicious)

But, I ain't promiscuous

And if you was suspicious

All that shit is fictitious

I blow kisses (Muah!)

That puts them boys on rock, rock

And they be lining down the block

Just to watch what I got (Four, tres, two,
uno)

[Chorus: Fergie]

It's so delicious (It's hot, hot)

It's so delicious (I put them boys on rock,
rock)

It's so delicious (They want a taste of what
I got)

I'm Fergalicious (T-t-t-t-tasty, tasty)

[Interlude 1: Fergie]

Fergalicious def-

Fergalicious def-

Fergalicious def- (Def-, def-, def-, def-...)

[Verse 2: Fergie & will.i.am]

Fergalicious definition, make them boys
go crazy

They always claim they know me

Comin' to me, call me Stacy (Hey, Stacy!)

I'm the F to the E-R-G the I, the E

And can't no other lady put it down like
me

[Pre-Chorus 2: Fergie & will.i.am]

I'm fergalicious (So delicious)

My body stay vicious

I be up in the gym, just working on my
fitness

He's my witness (Ooh, wee!)

I put your boy on rock, rock

And he be lining down the block

Just to watch what I got (Four, tres, two,
uno!)

[Chorus: Fergie]

It's so delicious (It's hot, hot)

It's so delicious (I put them boys on rock,
rock)

It's so delicious (They want a taste of what
I got)

I'm Fergalicious

[Interlude 2: Fergie]

H-h-h-hold up! Check it out!

[Bridge: Fergie]

Baby, baby, baby

If you really wanna play

Honey, get some patience

Maybe then you'll get a taste

Of my tasty, tasty

I'll be laced with lacey

It's so tasty, tasty

It'll make you crazy

[Refrain: will.i.am]

T to the A to the S-T-E-Y, girl, you tasty

T to the A to the S-T-E-Y, girl, you tasty

D to the E to the L-I-C-I-O-U-S

To the D, to the E to the

To the, to the... (Hit it, Fergie)

[Verse 3: Fergie]

All the time I turn around, brothas gather
'round

Always looking at me up and down,
looking at my uhhh

I just wanna say it now, I ain't trying to
'round up

Drama little mama, I don't wanna take
your man

And I know I'm coming off just a little bit
conceited
And I keep on repeatin' how the boys
wanna eat it
But I'm tryna tell, that I can't be treated
like clientele
[Pre-Chorus 1: Fergie & will.i.am]
'Cause they say she delicious (So
delicious)
But, I ain't promiscuous
And if you was suspicious
All that shit is fictitious
I blow kisses (Muah!)
That puts them boys on rock, rock
And they be lining down the block
Just to watch what I got
(Four, tres, two, uno!)

[Pre-Chorus 2: Fergie & (will.i.am)]
My body stay vicious
I be up in the gym, just working on my
fitness

Give It To Me » Timbaland con Nelly Furtado & Justin Timberlake (2007)

[Intro: Timbaland]
Is it going? Is it going?
Is it going? Is it going?
I don't know what you're lookin' for
Oh, yeah, boy, come on

[Verse 1: Nelly Furtado]
I'm the type of girl that look you dead in
the eye, eye
I'm real as it comes if you don't know why
I'm fly-y-y-y-y
Seen you try switch it up, but girl, you
ain't that dope
I'm the Wonder Woman, let me go get my
rope
I'm a supermodel and *mami, si mami*
Amnesty International, got Bangkok to
Montauk on lock
Love my ass and my abs in the video
called "Promiscuous"
My style is ri-dic-dic-diculous, 'ulous,
'ulous

[Chorus: Nelly Furtado]
If you see us in the club, we'll be actin'
real nice

He's my witness (Ooh, wee!)
I put your boy on rock, rock
And he be lining down the block
Just to watch what I got
(Four, tres, two, uno!)[Chorus Variation:
Fergie]
It's so delicious (I, I, I, I)
It's so delicious (I, I, I, I)
It's so delicious (I, I, I, I)
I'm Fergalicious (T-t-t-t-tasty, tasty)
It's so delicious (I, I, I, I)
It's so delicious (I, I, I, I)
It's so delicious (I, I, I, I)
I'm Fergalicious (T-t-t-t-t-t-t-t)

4x[Outro: will.i.am & (Fergie)]
T to the A to the S-T-E-Y, girl, you tasty
T to the A to the S-T-E-Y, girl, you tasty
T to the A to the S-T-E-Y, girl, you tasty
T to the A to the, to the, to the, to the
(Four, tres, two, uno)

If you see us on the floor, you'll be
watchin' all night
We ain't here to hurt nobody
(So give it to me, give it to me, give it to
me)
Wanna see you work your body
(So give it to me, give it to me, give it to
me)

[Verse 2: Timbaland]
When Timbo' is in the party, everybody
put up they hands
I get a half a mil' for my beats, you get a
couple gra-a-and
Never gon' see the day that I ain't got the
upper hand
I'm respected from Californ-I-A, way
down to Japan
I'm a real producer and you just a piano
man
Your songs don't top the charts, I heard
'em, I'm not a fa-a-an
Niggas talkin' greasy, I'm the one that
gave them they chance
Somebody need to tell 'em that they can't
do it like I can

[Chorus: Nelly Furtado]
If you see us in the club, we'll be actin'
real nice
If you see us on the floor, you'll be
watchin' all night
We ain't here to hurt nobody
(So give it to me, give it to me, give it to
me)
Wanna see you work your body
(So give it to me, give it to me, give it to
me)

[Verse 3: Justin Timberlake]
Could you speak up and stop mu-
mumbling?
I don't think you came in clear
When you're sittin' on the top
It's hard to hear you from way up here
Now I saw you tryna act cute on TV
"Just let me clear the air..."
We missed you on the charts last week
Damn, that's right, you wasn't there
Now if se-sexy never left, then why's
everybody on my shi-i-it?
Don't hate on me just because you didn't
come up with it
So if you see us in the club, go on and
walk the other way
'Cause our run would never be over, not at
least until we say

[Chorus: Nelly Furtado]
If you see us in the club, we'll be actin'
real nice
If you see us on the floor, you'll be
watchin' all night

We ain't here to hurt nobody
(So give it to me, give it to me, give it to
me)

Wanna see you work your body
(So give it to me, give it to me, give it to
me)

[Break: Nelly Furtado & (Justin
Timberlake)]

Oh... (Damn, improve)
Oh... (Damn, improve)

[Chorus: Nelly Furtado]
If, you, see, us, in, the...
Club, we'll be actin' real nice
If you see us on the floor, you'll be
watchin' all night
We ain't here to hurt nobody (So give it to
me, give it to me, give it to me)
Wanna see you work your body (So give
it to me, give it to me, give it to me)
If you see us in the club, we'll be actin'
real nice
If you see us on the floor, you'll be
watchin' all night
We ain't here to hurt nobody (So give it to
me, give it to me, give it to me)
Wanna see you work your body (So give
it to me, give it to me, give it to me)

I'm a, I'm a, I'm a, I'm a flirt
[Hook - R. Kelly]
Soon as I see her walk up in the club, I'm
a flirt
Winking eyes at me when I roll up on
them dubs, I'm a flirt
Sometimes when I'm with my chick on the
low, I'm a flirt
And when she's with her man looking at
me damn right, I'm a flirt
So homie don't bring your girl to meet me
cuz, I'm a flirt

And baby don't bring your girlfriend to eat
cuz, I'm a flirt
Please believe it, unless your game is tight
and you trust her
Then don't bring her around me because,
I'm a flirt

[Verse 1 - R. Kelly]
Now swear to tell the truth and the whole
truth
When it comes to hoes I be pimping like I
supposed to

Rolling like I supposed to, shining like I
supposed to
In the club fucking with honeys like I
supposed to
I don't understand when a nigga bring his
girlfriend to the club
Freaking all on the floor with his
girlfriend in the club
And wonder why all these playas trying to
holler at her
Just soon as she go to the bathroom, nigga
I'm gon' holler at her
A dog on the prowl when I'm walking
through the mall
If I could man I would probably fuck with
all of y'all
Yeah, yeah homie you say she your
girlfriend
But when I step up to her I'mma be like
cousin
Believe me man this is how them playas
do it in the Chi
And plus we got them playerette flirters in
the Chi
Now the moral of this story is cuff your
bitch
Cuz hey, I'm black, handsome, I sing plus
I'm rich
And I'm a flirt
[T.I. talking]
Hey homie if you ain't got no money
You better keep her away from me ya dig

[Verse 2 - T.I.]

Well if ya love ya girl and wanna keep ya
girl
Don't be walkin' up and askin' me to meet
ya girl
Because I'm well enough a flirt when I
speak to ya girl
She winked her eyes on the sly, I seen cha
girl
Better treat girl right cuz another man will
Better eat eat ya girl like another man will
Cuz you leave ya wife and I see ya wife
Now be for real, how long ya think that's
fixin' to be ya wife
Well I'm livin' the life, you just gettin' it
right

Ya old lady look at me cuz you ain't hittin'
it right
She probably used to like you cuz you the
business type
That's till I came along and put some dick
in her life
Wanna see how that ass lookin' thick in
the light
I noticed she was checkin' me and diggin'
the ice
And if I get that tonight bet I hit that twice
I can even make her mine if I hit that right
You know, smack that thang, sit that right
Up on that dress, see yeah that's right
Pullin' on her hair like we gettin' in a fight
Yeah, I know it's kind of tight but it'll
sweat just right
So if ya girl sexy and she test me
Don't be upset G cuz you might catch me
Tryin' to catch a glance up her skirt, put
my plan in reverse
If I see her and I like her then I'm a flirt
[Verse 3 - T-Pain]
When I, when I, when I
When I pull up to club all the shorties be
like, damn twenty-eights
Then I be like girl you know just who I
am, don't hate
See I done fell in love with a stripper y'all
All I do is flirt with her and I get them
draws
And I don't need no help, I got it down
pact
Teddy Pain was born to flirt now you can't
down that
Now I'mma flirt with her whether I'm in
or out of town
That's why they call me Teddy Bend-Ass Down
I be like *como se llama, lil' mama me llama Pain*
What is your name
I'm feeling your vibe and I'm hoping you
feel the same
I'mma wink my eye and let you know I
got the game
When I pass by I know exactly what you
say
He's so fly, yes he's so cool
Hey shorty, hey shorty what it do

He mad cuz I'm looking but I already
fucked her
I got these niggas mad cuz I'm a flirt

[Verse 4 - R. Kelly]
Oh, it's the remix
Now if you walk in up in the club with a
bad chick
And if she lookin' at me then I'm gon' hit
Man jackin' for chicks, I tried to quit it
But I'm a playa homie so I had to hit it
While you buying her drinks in the club
Acting like you in love
Stunting like you all thug
We was switching numbers
She looking at you and I walk by
You turn your head, she wink her eye
I can't help it if she checking for a
platinum type of guy

She be calling my daddy and I be calling
her mommy
She be calling you Kelly, when your name
is Tommy
I don't know what y'all be thinking when
you bring 'em around me
Let me remind you that I am the king of
R&B
Do you know what that means
That means if you love your chick don't
bring her to the V.I.P
Cuz I might leave with your chick
Just keeping it real my nigga, it's a playa's
field my nigga
Don't take no bitch to the club when you
just met her my nigga
Cuz I'mma flirt with her, right
He gon' flirt with her, right

Cyclone » Baby Bash Featuring T-Pain (2008)

[Intro: Mickael & T-Pain]
Oh, oh oh
Swa-na-na-na-na
The mighty cyclone

[Chorus: Mickael]
She moves her body like a cyclone
And she makes me wanna do it all night
long
Going hard when they turn the spotlights
on
Because she moves her body like a
cyclone
Just like a cyclone
She moves her body like a cyclone
And she makes me wanna do it all night
long
Going hard when they turn the spotlights
on
Because she moves her body like a
cyclone
The mighty cyclone

[Verse 1: Baby Bash]
Now look at that dumper on the back of
that bumper
She ain't even playing when she shaking
that rumpa

And, oh, you ain't know? She get lower
than a muffler
Either with her girlfriends or showstoppin'
with her hustler
The way she move her body, she might
see the Maserati
She wanna put it on me, tryin' to show me
her tsunami
She make it hard to copy, always tight and
never sloppy
And got an entourage and her own
paparazzi
Now, there she go again, ridin' through the
stormy weather
You better button up, if you wanna go get
her
Cause it is what it is, everybody wanna
love her

But when she pop it, boy, you better run
for cover

[Chorus: Mickael]
She moves her body like a cyclone
And she makes me wanna do it all night
long
Going hard when they turn the spotlights
on

Because she moves her body like a cyclone
Just like a cyclone
She moves her body like a cyclone
And she makes me wanna do it all night long
Going hard when they turn the spotlights on
Because she moves her body like a cyclone
The mighty cyclone

[Verse 2: Baby Bash]
It's a rap when she breakin' boys off the typhoon (It's a rap)
Gotta get that feta like a boss tycoon (It's a rap)
Now hold it steady, cause she make a monsoon (It's a rap)
Now you can Google, download to iTunes
See, what I'm sayin', she ain't playin'
Bet she got them heads turnin'
You gon' hear it clack-clack when them heels get to burnin'
Stiletto so *fuego*, she got her own label
And got us all doin' her tomato

[Chorus: Mickael]
She moves her body like a cyclone
And she makes me wanna do it all night long
Going hard when they turn the spotlights on
Because she moves her body like a cyclone, Just like a cyclone
She moves her body like a cyclone

And she makes me wanna do it all night long
Going hard when they turn the spotlights on
Because she moves her body like a cyclone
The mighty cyclone

[Verse 3: T-Pain]
Shawty got looks and shawty got class
Shawty got hips and shawty got ass
When she hit the stage, she drop it down low like
Errr rerr rer rer rer rer rerr rerr
Ay, this is crazy, it's amazing
She must be the one, the lady
Errr rerr rer rer rer rer rerr rerr, ahh

[Chorus: Mickael]
She moves her body like a cyclone
And she makes me wanna do it all night long
Going hard when they turn the spotlights on
Because she moves her body like a cyclone
Just like a cyclone
She moves her body like a cyclone
And she makes me wanna do it all night long
Going hard when they turn the spotlights on
Because she moves her body like a cyclone
The mighty cyclone

Can't Believe It » T-Pain Featuring Lil Wayne (2008)

[Intro: T-Pain]
She make me feel so good
Better than I would by myself
Or if was with somebody else
You don't understand she make the people say yeah yeah

[Verse 1: T-Pain]
I can put you in the log cabin
Somewhere in Aspen
Girl ain't nothing to the Pain

Ain't tricking if you got it what you asking for
Put you in the mansion
Somewhere in Wisconsin
Like I said ain't nothing to the Pain
We can change that last name, what's happening
Cause you look so good
Tell me why you wanna work here
I put you on the front page of a King Magazine

But you gon get yourself hurt here
Baby I brought you in the back just to
have a conversation
Really think you need some ventilation
Let's talk about you and me

[Hook: T-Pain]
Oh, I can't believe it
Ooo ooo she all on me, on me

Man man I think she want me, want me
Nah I can't leave her lonely, now
Oh, I can't believe it
Ooo ooo she all on me, on me
Man man I think she want me, want me
Nah I can't leave her lonely, now
And you don't understand she make the
people say yeah, yeah, yeah
She hit the main stage she make the
people say yeah, yeah, yeah

[Verse 2: T-Pain]
I could put you in the condo
All the way up in Toronto
Baby put you in the fur coat
Riding the *murciélagos*
I put you in the beach house
Right on the edge of Costa Rica
Put one of em lil' flowers in your hair
Have you looking like a fly mama cita, fuego
Cause you look so good
You make me wanna spend it all on you
Get up out this club
Slide with your boy
We can do what you wanna, yeah
Baby I brought you in the back cause you
need a little persuasion
Plus you need a little ventilation
Let's talk about you and me
[Hook]
Oh, I can't believe it
Ooo ooo she all on me, on me
Man man I think she want me, want me
Nah I can't leave her lonely, now

Oh, I can't believe it
Ooo ooo she all on me, on me
Man man I think she want me, want me
Nah I can't leave her lonely, now
And you don't understand she make the
people say yeah, yeah, yeah
She hit the main stage she make the
people say yeah, yeah, yeah
[Verse 3: Lil Wayne]
Now I can put your ass out
Keep running your mouth
And if your brothers come tripping
I'mma show em what these teardrops bout
Shawty I was just playing
Oh but I can take you to the Cayman
Islands
Have you screaming and hollering
We gonna be making
Love on the beach
The people see what we doing
Aww, they pointing and ooing
Oh but we gone keep on doing it
Like it's just me and you and no one else
around
It went down on the balcony
And I ain't talking no penthouse suite
Shawty like a model out the Penthouse
Sheets
That's why I got her on my Penthouse
Sheets

[Hook]
Oh, I can't believe it
Ooo ooo she all on me, on me
Man man I think she want me, want me
Nah I can't leave her lonely, naw
Oh, I can't believe it
Ooo ooo she all on me, on me
Man man I think she want me, want me
Nah I can't leave her lonely, naw
And you don't understand she make the
people say yeah, yeah, yeah
She hit the main stage she make the
people say yeah, yeah, yeah

Lolli Lolli (Pop That Body) » Three 6 Mafia con Project Pat, Young D & Superpower (2008)

[Intro: DJ Paul]

Yup! Three 6 Mafia!
Featuring Project Pat, Young D, let's go

[Chorus: Superpower]

Lolli lolli lolli lolli, let me see you pop
that body
Lolli lolli lolli lolli, let me see you pop
that body
Chocolate lolli, cherry lolli
'Nilla lolli, pink lolli
Red hot, red hot, red hot hot
Make that lolli pop, oooooooh
Make that lolli pop, oooooooh
Make that lolli pop, oooooooh
Make that lolli pop, oooooooh

[Verse 1: DJ Paul]

Now lawdy lawdy lawdy (Lawdy) please
Lord have some mercy (Mercy)
This girl is throwin Judy (Judy) I think she
'bout to hurt me (Hurt me)
See she went front to back (Back) then she
went side to side (Side)
My thumb up like hitchhikers (Hikers) I
think I need a ride (Ride)
One pocket full of pills (Pills) and a little
bag of that Cola (Cola)
The other one full of weed (Weed) and a
semi auto *pistol-a* (*Tol-a*)
See I ain't no dancin dude (Dude), but I
can lean like a *cholo* (*Cholo*)
See ma', you go with me 'cause I can't be
goin' home solo (solo)
Ya dig?

[Chorus: Superpower]

Lolli lolli lolli lolli, let me see you pop
that body
Lolli lolli lolli lolli, let me see you pop
that body
Chocolate lolli, cherry lolli
'Nilla lolli, pink lolli
Red hot, red hot, red hot hot
Make that lolli pop, oooooooh
Make that lolli pop, oooooooh
Make that lolli pop, oooooooh

[Verse 2: Juicy J]

They call me the Juice when I'm at the
strip club
I put down a hundred or a du-uh-uh-uhhhhb
It don't matter to a player I'm a stu-uh-uh-
uhhhd
Cause when I leave the club I'ma fu-uh-
uh-uhhhck
You can ride with the mane if you givin'
up the brain
Little scared to ride witcha I don't even
know your name
There's a whole lotta room in the front of
the Range
Like Barack Obama said yeah it's time for
a change
Pull over on the road on the back seat
(Back seat)
Pop that body now you got me (Got me)
You a fine chick kinda classy (Classy)
Said her name was Tina, now I'm grabbin'
(Grabbin')
'Cause she got grip on the whip
With her big round booty with the silicone
tits
See she bouncin' on my lap and she tryin'
to unzip
I whispered in her ear "Yeah +It's Hard
For a Pimp+"

[Chorus: Superpower]

Lolli lolli lolli lolli, let me see you pop
that body
Lolli lolli lolli lolli, let me see you pop
that body
Chocolate lolli, cherry lolli
'Nilla lolli, pink lolli
Red hot, red hot, red hot hot
Make that lolli pop, oooooooh

[Verse 3: Project Pat]

All my ladies with a body, put yo' hands
in the AIR
You's a good lookin' hottie, put yo' hands
in the AIR
Project Pat, lookin' for a model, poppin'
that booty, I'ma pop bottles

Your girl's a cutie, know she gargles, don't
get mad, I keep them hollows

[Verse 4: Yung D]

Shorty hot, watch her rock, let me see that
lolli pop
Body rock, don't you stop, I love the way
that booty drop
Sideways, front back, up and down I like
that
Cherry lolli, chocolate lolli, I wanna see
you pop that lolli

[Chorus: Superpower]

Lolli lolli lolli lolli, let me see you pop
that body
Lolli lolli lolli lolli, let me see you pop
that body
Chocolate lolli, cherry lolli
'Nilla lolli, pink lolli
Red hot, red hot, red hot hot
Lick that lolli pop, ooooooooh
Make that lolli pop, ooooooooh

2009

I Know you Want Me (Calle Ocho) » Pitbull (2009)

[Intro]

Haha
It's Mr. 305 checkin' in for the remix
You know that is 75 Street Brazil?
Well this here is gon' be called *Calle Ocho*
Hahahaha
¿Qué bola Cata, qué bola Omega?
And this how we gon' do it, *dale*
One, two, three, four
Uno, do', tres, cuatro

[Chorus]

I know you want me (Want me)
You know I want ya (Want ya)
I know you want me
You know I want ya (Want ya)
I know you want me (Want me)
You know I want ya (Want ya)
I know you want me
You know I want ya (Want ya; Haha)
One, two, three, four
Uno, do', tres, cuatro
Rumba (Sí)
Ella quiere su rumba (¿Cómo?)
Rumba (Sí)
Ella quiere su rumba (¿Cómo?)
Si e' verdad que tú ere' guapa
Yo te voy a poner gozar
Tú tienes la boca grande
Dale ponte a jugar (Como)
One, two, three, four
Uno, do', tres, cuatro (Wooooo!)

[Verse 1]

Tick to the tock, on my way to the top,
huh
Pit got it locked from goons to the locks,
yuh
R.I.P., uh, BIG and Pac
That he's not, but damn he's hot
Label flop but Pit won't stop
Got her in the cockpit playin' with Pit's
(¿Cómo?)
Now watch me make a movie like Albert
Hitchcock, haha
(Enjoy me)

[Chorus]

I know you want me (Want me)
You know I want ya (Want ya)
I know you want me
You know I want ya (Want ya)
I know you want me (Want me)
You know I want ya (Want ya)
I know you want me
You know I want ya (Want ya; Haha)
One, two, three, four
Uno, do', tres, cuatro
Rumba (Sí)
Ella quiere su rumba (¿Cómo?)
Rumba (Sí)
Ella quiere su rumba (¿Cómo?)
Si e' verdad que tú ere' guapa
Yo te voy a poner gozar
Tú tienes la boca grande
Dale ponte a jugar (Como)
One, two, three, four

Uno, do', tres, cuatro (Wooooo!)
[Verse 2]
Mami got an ass like a donkey, with a monkey
Look like King Kong (Woo)
Welcome to the crib, 305, that's what it is
With a woman down here ya (Shh)
They don't play games
They off the chain, and they love to do
Everythang and anythang, anythang
And they love to get it in, get it on
All night long (Dale)

[Chorus]
I know you want me (Want me)
You know I want ya (Want ya)
I know you want me
You know I want ya (Want ya)
I know you want me (Want me)
You know I want ya (Want ya)
I know you want me
You know I want ya (Want ya; Haha)
One, two, three, four
Uno, do', tres, cuatro
Rumba (Sí)
Ella quiere su rumba (¿Cómo?)
Rumba (Sí)
Ella quiere su rumba (¿Cómo?)
Si e' verdad que tú ere' guapa
Yo te voy a poner gozar
Tú tienes la boca grande
Dale ponte a jugar (Como)
One, two, three, four
Uno, do', tres, cuatro

[Verse 3]
Baby, you can get it, if you with it, we can play
Baby, I got cribs, I got condos we can stay
Even got a king-size mattress we can lay
Baby, I don't care, I don't care, what they say, 'cause

[Chorus]
I know you want me (Want me)
You know I want ya (Want ya)
I know you want me
You know I want ya (Want ya)
I know you want me (Want me)
You know I want ya (Want ya)
I know you want me
You know I want ya (Want ya; Haha)
One, two, three, four
Uno, do', tres, cuatro
Rumba (Sí)
Ella quiere su rumba (¿Cómo?)
Rumba (Sí)
Ella quiere su rumba (¿Cómo?)
Si e' verdad que tú ere' guapa
Yo te voy a poner gozar
Tú tienes la boca grande
Dale ponte a jugar (Como)
One, two, three, four
Uno, do', tres, cuatro

Run This Town » Jay-Z, Rihanna & Kanye West (2009)

[Intro: Rihanna]
Feel it comin' in the air
Hear the screams from everywhere
I'm addicted to the thrill
It's a dangerous love affair
Can't be scared when it goes down
Got a problem, tell me now
Only thing that's on my mind
Is who's gon' run this town tonight
Is who's gon' run this town tonight
We gon' run this town!

[Verse 1: Jay Z]
We are, yeah, I said it: we are
This is Roc Nation, pledge your allegiance
Get your fatigues on, all black everything
Black cards, black cars, all black
everything
And our girls are blackbirds ridin' with
they Dillingers
I get more in depth if you boys really real
enough

This is *la familia*, I'll explain later
But for now, let me get back to this paper
I'm a couple bands down and I'm tryin' to
get back
I gave Doug a grip and lost a flip for five
stacks
Yeah, I'm talkin' 5 comma, 6 zeros, dot
zero, here Doug
Back to runnin' circles round niggas, now
we squared up
Hold up!
[Chorus: Rihanna]
Life's a game, but it's not fair
I break the rules, so I don't care
So I keep doin' my own thang
Walkin' tall against the rain
Victory's within the mile
Almost there, don't give up now
Only thing that's on my mind
Is who's gon' run this town tonight
Heyyy, heyy, heyyy, heyy
Who's gon' run this town tonight?

[Verse 2: Jay Z]
We are, yeah, I said it: we are
You can call me Caesar, in a dark Caesar
Please follow the leader, so Eric B we are
Microphone fiend, this the return of the
God
Peace, God, ah ah, it ain't no nobody
fresher
I'm in Maison, ah, Martin Margiela
On the table, screamin'
"Fuck the other side! They're jealous!"
We got a banquette full of broads
They got a table full of fellas
Yeah, and they ain't spendin' no cake
They should throw their hand in
'Cause they ain't got no spades
Yeah, my whole team got dough
So my banquette is lookin' like
millionaires' row
[Chorus: Rihanna]
Life's a game, but it's not fair
I break the rules, so I don't care
So I keep doin' my own thang
Walkin' tall against the rain
Victory's within the mile
Almost there, don't give up now

Only thing that's on my mind
Is who's gon' run this town tonight
Heyyy, heyy, heyyy, heyy
Who's gon' run this town tonight?

[Verse 3: Kanye West]
It's crazy how you can go from bein' Joe
Blow
To everybody on your dick; no homo
I bought my whole family whips; no
Volvos
Next time I'm in church: please, no photos
Police escorts, everybody passports
This the life that everybody ask for
This the fast life, we are on a crash course
What you think I rap for, to push a fuckin'
Rav 4?
But I know that if I stay stunting
All these girls only gon' want one thing
I can spend my whole life goodwill
hunting
Only good gon' come is this good when
I'm cumming
She got a ass that'll swallow up a G-string
And up top, ungh, two bee stings
And I'm boasting off the Riesling
And my nigga just made it out the precinct
We give a damn about the drama that your
dude bring
I'm just tryin' to change the color on your
mood ring
Reebok, baby, you need to try some new
things
Have you ever had shoes without shoe
strings?
"What's that, Ye?" "Baby, these heels."
"Is that a May— what?!" "Baby, these
wheels."
You trippin' when you ain't sippin', have a
refill
You feelin' like you runnin', huh? Now
you know how we feel
[Outro: Jay Z & Rihanna]
Whassup!
Heyyy, heyy, heyyy, heyy
Yeah, yeah, whassup!
Heyyy, heyy, heyyy, heyy
We gon' run this town tonight

Hotel Room Service » Pitbull

[Intro: Jim Jonsin & (Pitbull)]
DJ

I want everybody to stop what they doin'
Now if you know you're with somebody
That you're gonna take the hotel room
tonight
Make some noise
Meet me at the hotel room
Meet me at the hotel room
Meet me at the hotel room
Meet me at the hotel room

[Chorus: Pitbull]
(Mr. 305)

Forget about your boyfriend
And meet me at the hotel room
You can bring your girlfriends
And meet me at the hotel room
Forget about your boyfriend
And meet me at the hotel room
You can bring your girlfriends
And meet me at the hotel room

[Post-Chorus: Pitbull]

We at the hotel, motel, Holiday Inn
We at the hotel, motel, Holiday Inn
We at the hotel, motel, Holiday Inn
We at the hotel, motel, Holiday Inn

[Verse 1: Pitbull]

She like that freaky stuff
Two in the "o", and one in the eye
That kinky stuff, you nasty
But I like your type
And like T.I., it's whatever you like
Bring your girls, just whatever the night
Your man just left, I'm the plumber
tonight
I'll check yo pipes, oh, you the healthy
type
Well, here goes some egg whites

[Pre-Chorus: Pitbull]

Now gimme that sweet
That nasty, that Gucci stuff
Let me tell you what we gon' do
Two plus two, I'm gon' undress you
Then we're gonna go three and three
You gon' undress me

Then we're gonna go four and four
We gon' freak some more, but first

[Chorus: Pitbull]

Forget about your boyfriend
And meet me at the hotel room
You can bring your girlfriends
And meet me at the hotel room
Forget about your boyfriend
And meet me at the hotel room
You can bring your girlfriends
And meet me at the hotel room

[Post-Chorus: Pitbull]

We at the hotel, motel, Holiday Inn
We at the hotel, motel, Holiday Inn
We at the hotel, motel, Holiday Inn
We at the hotel, motel, Holiday Inn

[Verse 2: Pitbull]

Afterparty in hotel lobby
Then we off to the room, like vroom
Put them fingers in you mouth, or open up
you blouse
And pull that g-string down south
Ooh, okay shawty, one's company
Two's a crowd, and three's a party
Your girl ain't with it, I got somebody
And by nature, she's naughty

[Pre-Chorus: Pitbull]

Now gimme that sweet
That nasty, that Gucci stuff
Let me tell you what we gon' do
Two plus two, I'm gon' undress you
Then we're gonna go three and three
You gon' undress me
Then we're gonna go four and four
We gon' freak some more, but first

[Chorus: Pitbull]

Forget about your boyfriend
And meet me at the hotel room
You can bring your girlfriends
And meet me at the hotel room
Forget about your boyfriend
And meet me at the hotel room
You can bring your girlfriends
And meet me at the hotel room

[Post-Chorus: Pitbull]

We at the hotel, motel, Holiday Inn
We at the hotel, motel, Holiday Inn
We at the hotel, motel, Holiday Inn
We at the hotel, motel, Holiday Inn

[Outro: Pitbull]

Mujeres (Ay-oh-ay-oh-ay)
Jenny, oye que bola
Mujeres (Ay-oh-ay-oh-ay)
Yamile, oye que bola
Mujeres (Ay-oh-ay-oh-ay)
Roslin, oye que bola

Mujeres (Ay-oh-ay-oh-ay)
Zulema, oye que bola
Mujeres (Ay-oh-ay-oh-ay)
Christina, oye que bola
Mujeres (Ay-oh-ay-oh-ay)
Carolina, oye que bola
Mujeres (Ay-oh-ay-oh-ay)
Sofia, oye que bola
Mujeres (Ay-oh-ay-oh-ay)
Stefany, oye que bola
Dale, dale, dale...

Empire State Of Mind » Jay-Z + Alicia Keys (2009)

[Intro: JAY-Z]
Yeah

[Verse 1: Jay-Z]
Yeah, I'm out that Brooklyn, now I'm
down in Tribeca
Right next to De Niro, but I'll be hood
forever
I'm the new Sinatra, and since I made it
here
I can make it anywhere, yeah, they love
me everywhere
I used to cop in Harlem – *hola, my
Dominicanos (Dinero!)*
Right there up on Broadway, brought me
back to that McDonald's
Took it to my stash spot, 560 State Street
Catch me in the kitchen, like a Simmons
whippin' pastry
Cruisin' down 8th street, off-white Lexus
Drivin' so slow, but BK is from Texas
Me? I'm out that Bed-Stuy, home of that
boy Biggie
Now I live on Billboard and I brought my
boys with me
Say what up to Ty Ty, still sippin' Mai
Tais
Sittin' courtside, Knicks and Nets give me
high fives
Nigga, I be spiked out, I could trip a
referee
Tell by my attitude that I'm most
definitely from

[Chorus: Alicia Keys & Jay-Z]
In New York (Ayy, aha) (Uh, yeah)

Concrete jungle (Yeah) where dreams are
made of
There's nothin' you can't do (Yeah) (Okay)
Now you're in New York (Aha, aha, aha)
(Uh, yeah)
These streets will make you feel brand-
new (New)
Big lights will inspire you (Come on)
(Okay)
Let's hear it for New York (You welcome,
OG) (Uh)
New York (Yeah), New York (Uh) (I
made you hot, nigga)
[Verse 2: Jay-Z]
Catch me at the X with OG at a Yankee
game
Shit, I made the Yankee hat more famous
than a Yankee can
You should know I bleed Blue, but I ain't
a Crip though
But I got a gang of niggas walkin' with my
clique though
Welcome to the meltin' pot, corners where
we sellin' rock
Afrika Bambaataa shit, home of the hip-
hop
Yellow cab, gypsy cab, dollar cab, holla
back
For foreigners it ain't fair, they act like
they forgot how to add
Eight million stories out there in the naked
City, it's a pity half of y'all won't make it
Me? I gotta plug Special Ed "I Got It
Made"
If Jeezy's payin' LeBron, I'm payin'
Dwyane Wade

Three dice Cee Lo, three card Marley
Labor Day Parade – rest in peace, Bob Marley
Statue of Liberty, long live the World Trade
Long live the king, yo – I'm from the Empire State, that's

[Chorus: Alicia Keys & Jay-Z]
In New York (Ayy) (Uh, yeah)
Concrete jungle where dreams are made of
There's nothin' you can't do (That boy good) (Okay)
Now you're in New York (Welcome to the bright lights, baby) (Uh, yeah)
These streets will make you feel brand-new
Big lights will inspire you (Okay)
Let's hear it for New York (Uh)
New York (Yeah), New York (Uh)
[Verse 3: Jay-Z]
Lights is blinding, girls need blinders
So they can step out of bounds quick, the side lines is
Lined with casualties who sip the life casually
Then gradually become worse – don't bite the apple, Eve!
Caught up in the in-crowd, now you're in-style
Into the winter gets cold, en vogue with your skin out
City of sin is a pity on a whim
Good girls gone bad, the city's filled with them
Mami, took a bus trip, now she got her bust out
Everybody ride her, just like a bus route
"Hail Mary" to the city, you're a virgin
And Jesus can't save you, life starts when the church end

Came here for school, graduated to the high life
Ball players, rap stars, addicted to the limelight
MDMA got you feelin' like a champion
The city never sleeps, better slip you a Ambien

[Chorus: Alicia Keys & Jay-Z]
In New York (Ayy, ow) (Uh, yeah)
Concrete jungle where dreams are made of
There's nothin' you can't do (Okay)
Now you're in New York (Uh, yeah)
These streets will make you feel brand-new
Big lights will inspire you (Okay)
Let's hear it for New York (Uh)
New York (Yeah), New York (Uh)
[Bridge: Alicia Keys]
One hand in the air for the big city (Oh)
Street lights, big dreams, all lookin' pretty (Oh)
No place in the world that could compare (Nah)
Put your lighters in the air, everybody say "Yeah, yeah" (Come on, come on)
"Yeah, yeah" (Come on)

[Chorus: Alicia Keys]
In New York (Uh, yeah)
Concrete jungle where dreams are made of
There's nothin' you can't do (Okay)
Now you're in New York (Uh, yeah)
These streets will make you feel brand-new
Big lights will inspire you (Okay)
Let's hear it for New York (Uh)
New York (Yeah), New York (Uh)

[Verse 1: Lil Wayne]
Ugh, I like a long-haired, thick redbone
Open up her legs, then filet-mignon that pussy
I'ma get in and on that pussy
If she let me in, I'ma own that pussy

Gon' throw it back and bust it open like you 'posed to
Girl, I got that dope dick, now, come here, let me dope you
You gon' be a dope fiend, your friends should call you "Dopey"

Tell 'em keep my name out they mouth
'cause they don't know me
Ha, but you can call me Tunechi
I'll fuck the whole group, baby, I'm a
groupie
My sex game is stupid, my head is the
dumbest
I promise, I should be Hooked on Fonics
Hah, but anyway, I think you're bionic
And I don't think you're beautiful, I think
you're beyond it
And I just wanna get behind it
And watch you back it up and dump it,
ba—back it up and dump it

[Chorus: Lil Wayne & Drake]
'Cause we like her (Hey), and we like her,
too
And we like her (Hey), and we like her,
too
And we like her (Hey), and we like her,
too
And we like her, and she like us too, and
oh...
I wish I could fuck every girl in the world
I wish I could fuck every girl in the world
(Oh...)
I wish I could fuck every girl in the world
(Yeah, alright)
Oh, oh, ahh
[Verse 2: Drake]
She be jumpin' up and down, tryna fit that
ass in
Took her half an hour just to get that belt
to fasten
All they wanna talk about is partying and
fashion
Every single night I have a dream that I
am smashing 'em all
Young Money, man, this shit so timeless
And I'm in the mood to get faded, so
please, bring your finest
And what are all your names again? We
drunk, remind us
Are any of y'all into girls like I am? Les-
be-honest!
She wants me, she wants me
'Cause I got it all, shawty, tell me what
you don't see

I will fuck with all y'all, all of y'all are
beautiful
I just can't pick one, so you can never say
I'm choosing hoes
And Wayne say, "Pussy, pussy, pussy"
And weed and alcohol seem to satisfy us
all, damn
And every time I think of staying with her
She bring that friend around and make a
nigga reconsider
And then...

[Chorus: Lil Wayne & Jae Millz]
'Cause we like her (Hey), and we like her,
too
We like her (Hey), and we like her, too
We like her (Hey), and we like her, too
And we like her, and she like us, too, and
oh...
I wish I could fuck every girl in the world
I—I—I wish I could fuck every girl in the
world
I wish I could fuck every girl in the world
Calling all sexy ladies
Oh, oh, ahh
[Verse 3: Jae Millz]
But, um, I ain't being disrespectful, baby,
I'm just bein' Millz
And I don't know how fake feels, so I
gotta keep it real
I just want to fuck every girl in the world
Every model, every singer, every actress,
every diva
Every high-saditty chick, every college
girl, every skeezer
Stripper, and every desperate housewife
that resemble Eva
My role model was Wilt, so, married
women or MILF
It don't matter who you is, miss—you can
get "Tha Bizness"
Ha!

[Verse 4: Gudda Gudda]
These hoes is God's gift like Christmas
I like 'em caramel skin, long hair, thick ass
Ugh, and I swear I'm feelin' all of y'all
I'm scrollin' down my call log, and I'ma
call all of y'all
My butter-pecan, Puerto Rican

She screamin' out, "*Papi!*" every time a
nigga deep in
And I'm about to get my Bill Clinton on
And Hilary can Rodham too, boy, I gets
my pimpin' on

[Chorus: Lil Wayne]
'Cause we like her (Hey), and we like her,
too

We like her (Hey), and we like her, too
We like her (Hey), and we like her, too
And we like her, and she like us, too, and
oh...

I wish I could fuck every girl in the world
I wish I could fuck every girl in the world
I wish I could fuck every girl in the world
I wish I could fuck every girl in the world
(Oh, oh, ahh)

[Break: Lil Wayne & Mack Maine]
I wish I could fuck every girl in the world
I wish I could fuck every girl in the world
I—I wish I could fuck every girl in the
world
I wish I could fuck every girl in the world
(Hey!)
I wish I could fuck every girl in the world
(Hey!)
I—I wish I could fuck every girl in the
world (Hey!)
I—I wish I could fuck every girl in the
world
And bitch, I'm Mack Ma-a-a-aine...

[Verse 5: Mack Maine]
Sanna Lathan, Meagan Good
Angelina Jolie, ha, D. Woods
For free suites, I'd give Paris Hilton all-
nighters

In about three years, holla at me, Miley
Cyrus
I don't discriminate, no, not at all
Kit-Kat a midget, if that ass soft, I break
her off
I exchange V-cards with the retard
And get behind the Christian like Dior
'cause he are
Mack Mizzle, baby
'Cause he are Mack Mizzle, baby

[Outro: Lil Wayne]
And I wish I could fuck every girl in the
world
I wish I could fuck every girl in the world
I wish I could fuck every girl in the world
I wish I could fuck every girl in the world
Young Moolah, baby

2010

I Like It » Enrique Iglesias con Pitbull (2010)

[Intro: Enrique Iglesias & Pitbull]

Wooo

One love, one love

Enrique Iglesias, haha, Pitbull

Y'all know what time it is (Go, go, go)

We go set it off tonight, just go (We just go, go, go)

Set the club on fire, just go (We just go, go, go)

(We just, club is on fire) Enrique, holla at them like

[Verse 1: Enrique Iglesias]

Girl, please excuse me if I'm coming too strong

But tonight is the night we can really let it go

My girlfriend's out of town and I'm all alone

Your boyfriend's on vacation and he doesn't have to know

[Pre-Chorus: Enrique Iglesias]

No, oh-oh, oh-oh

No one can do the things I'm gonna wanna do to you

No, oh-oh, oh-oh

Shout it loud, scream it loud, let me hear you go

[Chorus: Enrique Iglesias]

Baby, I like it

The way you move on the floor

Baby, I like it

Come on and give me some more

Oh yes, I like it

Screaming like never before

Baby, I like it

I-I-I like it

[Refrain: Lionel Richie]

Party, Karamu, *Fiesta*, Forever

[Verse 2: Enrique Iglesias]

Girl, please excuse me if I'm misbehaving, oh

I'm tryna keep my hands off, but you're begging me for more

'Round, 'round, 'round, give a low, low, low

Let the time time pass cause we're never getting old

[Pre-Chorus: Enrique Iglesias]

No, oh-oh, oh-oh

No one can do it better, turn around, I'll give you more

No, oh-oh, oh-oh

Shout it loud, scream it loud, let me hear you, go!

[Chorus: Enrique Iglesias]

Baby, I like it

The way you move on the floor

Baby, I like it

Come on and give me some more

Oh yes, I like it

Screaming like never before

Baby, I like it

I-I-I like it

[Verse 3: Pitbull]

Go DJ, that's my DJ

I'm a Miami Boy, you know how we play I ain't playing with you, but I wanna play with you

Give me, got me good, now watch me It's a different species, get me in DC

Let's party on the White House lawn

Tiger Woods times Jesse James

Equals Pitbull all night long

Pick up Barack and Michelle and let them know that it's on
Pa' fuera, pa' la calle

Dale mamita, tirame ese baile

Dale mamita, tirame ese baile

I see you watching me, you see me watching you

I love the way you move, I like them things you do, like

[Bridge: Enrique Iglesias]

Don't stop, baby, don't stop, baby

Just keep on shaking along

I won't stop, baby, won't stop, baby

Until you get enough

[Refrain: Lionel Richie]
Party, Karamu, Fiesta, Forever

[Chorus: Enrique Iglesias]
Baby, I like it
The way you move on the floor
Baby, I like it
Come on and give me some more
Oh yes, I like it
Screaming like never before
Baby, I like it
I-I-I like it
Baby, I like it

The way you move on the floor
Baby, I like it
Come on and give me some more
Oh yes, I like it
Screaming like never before
Baby, I like it
I-I-I like it
[Outro: Lionel Richie & Enrique Iglesias]
Party, Karamu, *Fiesta*, Forever
Oh yes, I like it, oh yes, I like it
Party, Karamu, *Fiesta*, Forever
Oh yes, I like it

DJ Got us Fallin' in Love » Usher Featuring Pitbull (2010)

[Intro: Usher]
Usher, Usher, Usher
Yeah, man

[Verse 1: Usher]
So we back in the club
With our bodies rockin' from
Side to side, side-side to side, uh
Thank God the week is done
I feel like a zombie
Gone back to life, back-back to life

[Pre-Chorus 1: Usher]
Hands up, uh
And suddenly, we all got our hands up, uh
No control of my body
Ain't I seen you before?
I think I remember those eyes, eyes, eyes
Eyes, eye-eyes

[Chorus: Usher]
'Cause baby, tonight
The DJ got us falling in love again (Love again)
Yeah, baby, tonight
The DJ got us falling in love again (L-love again-gain)
So dance, dance like it's the last, last night
Of your life, life, gon' get you right
'Cause baby, tonight
The DJ got us falling in love again (L-love again-gain)

[Verse 2: Usher]
Keep downin' drinks like there's no tomorrow
There's just right, now, now, now
Now, now, now, now
Gon' set the roof on fire
Gonna burn this motherf***** down,
down, down
Down, down, down, down (Come on)

[Pre-Chorus 2: Usher]
Hands up, uh
When the music drops, we both put our hands up
Put your hands on my body
Swear I've seen you before
I think I remember those eyes, eyes, eyes
Eyes, eye-eyes

[Chorus: Usher]
'Cause baby, tonight
The DJ got us falling in love again (Love again)
Yeah, baby, tonight
The DJ got us falling in love again (L-love again-gain, oh yeah)
So dance, dance like it's the last, last night
Of your life, life, gon' get you right
'Cause baby, tonight
The DJ got us falling in love again (L-love again-gain)(Ohh)

[Verse 3: Pitbull]
Usher, don't lie! Haha
Hear no evil, I speak no evil, I see no evil

Get it, baby, Hope you catch that like T.O
That's how we roll
My life is a movie and you just TiVo, ha
Mami got me twisted like a dreadlock
She don't wrestle, but I got her in a
headlock
Yabba-dabba-doo, make her bed rock
Mami on fire, pshh, red hot
Bada bing, bada boom
Mr. Worldwide as I step in the room
I'm a hustler, baby, but that you knew
And tonight it's just me and you, dale

[Chorus: Usher, Pitbull]
'Cause baby, tonight
The DJ got us falling in love again
(Mr. Worldwide, yeah, yeah, let's take
over the world, haha)
Yeah, baby, tonight (Hahahaha, yeah
man)
The DJ got us falling in love, falling in
love, o-oh
(Dale) (Let go)
So dance, dance like it's the last, last night

Of your life, life, gon' get you right
(Woo!)
(Come on, come on)
'Cause baby, tonight
The DJ got us falling in love again
Yeah (Love again)
Yeah, baby, tonight
(Yeah, somebody get the DJ's up,
somebody get the DJ's up)
The DJ got us falling in love again (L-love
again-gain)
(Somebody get the hands up, get the
hands up, get your hands up, aw, come
on)
So dance, dance like it's the last, last night
Of your life, life, Gon' get you right
'Cause baby, tonight
The DJ got us falling in love again (L-love
again-gain)

[Outro: Usher, Pitbull]
Hahaha...
Yeah
Thank you, DJ, haha

Alejandro » Lady Gaga (2010)

[Intro]
I know that we are young, and I know that
you may love me
But I just can't be with you like this
anymore
Alejandro...

[Verse 1]
She's got both hands in her pocket
And she won't look at you, won't look at
you
She hides true love, *en su bolsillo*
She's got a halo around her finger, around
you

[Pre-Chorus]
You know that I love you, boy
Hot, like Mexico, rejoice
At this point, I've gotta choose
Nothing to lose

[Chorus]
Don't call my name, don't call my name,
Alejandro

I'm not your babe, I'm not your babe,
Fernando
Don't wanna kiss, don't wanna touch
Just smoke my cigarette and hush
Don't call my name, don't call my name,
Roberto
Alejandro, Alejandro
Ale-Alejandro, Ale-Alejandro
Alejandro, Alejandro
Ale-Alejandro, Ale-Alejandro
[Interlude]
Stop, please, just let me go
Alejandro, just let me go

[Verse 2]
She's not broken
She's just a baby
But her boyfriend's like her dad, just like
her dad
And all those flames that burned before
him
Now he's gotta firefight, gotta cool the bad

[Pre-Chorus]

You know that I love you, boy
Hot, like Mexico, rejoice
At this point, I've gotta choose
Nothing to lose

[Chorus]
Don't call my name, don't call my name,
Alejandro
I'm not your babe, I'm not your babe,
Fernando
Don't wanna kiss, don't wanna touch
Just smoke my cigarette and hush
Don't call my name, don't call my name,
Roberto
Alejandro, Alejandro
Ale-Alejandro, Ale-Alejandro
Alejandro, Alejandro
Ale-Alejandro, Ale-Alejandro
[Bridge]
Don't bother me, don't bother me
Alejandro
Don't call my name, don't call my name
Bye, Fernando
I'm not your babe, I'm not your babe
Alejandro
Don't wanna kiss
Don't wanna touch

Fernando
Don't call my name, don't call my name
Alejandro
I'm not your babe, I'm not your babe
Fernando
Don't wanna kiss, don't wanna touch
Just smoke my cigarette and hush
Don't call my name, don't call my name
Roberto

[Outro]
Alejandro, Alejandro
Ale-Alejandro, Ale-Alejandro
Alejandro, Alejandro
Ale-Alejandro, Ale-Alejandro
(Don't call my name, don't call my name)
Alejandro, Alejandro
(I'm not your babe, I'm not your babe)
Ale-Alejandro, Ale-Alejandro (Fernando)
(Don't wanna kiss, don't wanna touch)
Alejandro, Alejandro
Ale-Alejandro, Ale-Alejandro (Just smoke
my cigarette and hush)
(Don't call my name, don't call my name)
Alejandro, Alejandro
Ale-Alejandro, Ale-Alejandro (Roberto)
Alejandro

2011

Give Me Everything » Pitbull con Ne-Yo, Afrojack & Nayer (2011)

[Intro: Pitbull]
Me not workin' hard? Yeah right
Picture that with a Kodak
Or, better yet, go to Times Square
Take a picture of me with a Kodak
Took my life from negative to positive
I just want y'all to know that
And tonight, let's enjoy life
Pitbull, Nayer, Ne-Yo, tell us right

[Chorus: Ne-Yo & Nayer]
Tonight, I want all of you tonight
Give me everything tonight
For all we know, we might not get
tomorrow
Let's do it tonight
Don't care what they say
Or what games they play

Nothing is enough
Till they handle love
Let's do it tonight
I want you tonight
I want you to stay
I want you tonight

[Post-Chorus: Ne-Yo]
Grab somebody sexy, tell 'em hey (Hey)
Give me everything tonight
[Verse 1: Pitbull]
Take advantage of tonight (Yeah)
'Cause tomorrow I'm off to Dubai to
perform for a princess
But tonight, I can make you my queen

And make love to you endless (Yeah)
This is insane: the way the name growin'
Money keep flowin', hustlers move aside
So, I'm tiptoein', to keep flowin'
I got it locked up like Lindsay Lohan
(Woo)
Put it on my life, baby
I'll make you feel right, baby
Can't promise tomorrow, but I promise
tonight (*Dale*)

[Pre-Chorus: Pitbull]
Excuse me (Excuse me)
And I might drink a little more than I
should tonight (Tonight)
And I might take you home with me if I
could tonight (Tonight)
And baby, I'ma make you feel so good,
tonight
'Cause we might not get tomorrow

[Chorus: Ne-Yo & Nayer]
Tonight, I want all of you tonight
Give me everything tonight
For all we know, we might not get
tomorrow
Let's do it tonight
Don't care what they say
Or what games they play
Nothing is enough
Till they handle love
Let's do it tonight
I want you tonight
I want you to stay
I want you tonight
[Post-Chorus: Ne-Yo]
Grab somebody sexy, tell 'em hey (Hey)
Give me everything tonight (Hey)
Give me everything tonight (Hey)
Give me everything tonight (Hey)
Give me everything tonight

[Verse 2: Pitbull]
Reach for the stars, and if you don't grab
them
At least you'll fall on top of the world
Think about it, 'cause if you slip, I'm gon'
fall on top your girl, haha
What I'm involved with is deeper than the
Masons, baby

Baby, and it ain't no secret
My granny's from Cuba, but I'm an
American Idol
Gettin' money like Seacrest
Put it on my life, baby (Baby)
I'll make you feel right, baby (Baby)
Can't promise tomorrow, but I promise
tonight (*Dale*)

[Pre-Chorus: Pitbull]
Excuse me (Excuse me)
And I might drink a little more than I
should tonight (Tonight)
And I might take you home with me if I
could tonight (Tonight)
And, baby, I'ma make you feel so good,
tonight
'Cause we might not get tomorrow
[Chorus: Ne-Yo & Nayer]
Tonight, I want all of you tonight
Give me everything tonight
For all we know, we might not get
tomorrow
Let's do it tonight
Don't care what they say
All the games they play
Nothing is enough
Till they handle love
Let's do it tonight
I want you tonight
I want you to stay
I want you tonight

[Post-Chorus: Ne-Yo]
Grab somebody sexy, tell 'em hey (Hey)
Give me everything tonight (Hey)
Give me everything tonight (Hey)
Give me everything tonight (Hey)
Give me everything tonight

[Outro: Pitbull]
Excuse me (Excuse me)
But I might drink a little bit more than I
should tonight
And I might take you home with me if I
could tonight
And I think you should let me 'cause I
look good tonight
'Cause we might not get tomorrow
(Tomorrow, tomorrow, tomorrow)

On the Floor » Jennifer Lopez featuring Pitbull (2011)

[Intro: Pitbull & Jennifer Lopez]
JLo!
Ya tú sabes, no es más nada
It's a new generation
Mr. Worldwide!
Of party people
Yeah, get on the floor, dale
Get on the floor, RedOne
Let me introduce you to my party people
in the club, ha!

[Verse 1: Pitbull]
I'm loose (I'm loose)
And everybody knows I get off the chain
Babe, it's the truth (It's the truth)
I'm like Inception, I play with your brain
So I don't sleep or snooze (Snooze)
I don't play no games so d-d-don't-don't-
don't get it confused, no
'Cause you will lose, yeah
Now, now pu-pu-pu-pump it up
And back it up, like a Tonka truck, *dale!*

[Verse 2: Jennifer Lopez, Pitbull & Both]
If you go hard, you gotta get on the floor
(Hey)
If you're a party freak, then step on the
floor (Yeah)
If you're an animal, then tear up the floor
Break a sweat on the floor, yeah, we work
on the floor (Ah)
Don't stop, keep it moving, put your
drinks up (Woo!)
Pick your body up and drop it on the floor
(Hey)
Let the rhythm change your world on the
floor (Hahaha)
You know we're running shit tonight on
the floor
Brazil, Morocco, London to Ibiza
Straight to L.A., New York, Vegas to
Africa (Ah)

[Chorus: Jennifer Lopez & Pitbull]
Dance the night away
Live your life, and stay young on the floor
(Hahaha)
Dance the night away

Grab somebody, drink a little more
*Así mismo, así me gusta, así me gusta, así
me gusta*
La-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la
Tonight, we gon' be it on the floor (Woo!)
La-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la
Tonight, we gon' be it on the floor (Let's
rock)

[Verse 3: Jennifer Lopez, Pitbull & Both]
I know you got it, clap your hands on the
floor (Hey)
And keep on rocking, rock it up on the
floor (Yeah)
If you're a criminal, kill it on the floor
Steal it quick on the floor, on the floor
(Yeah)
Don't stop, keep it moving, put your
drinks up (Woo!)
It's getting ill, it's getting sick on the floor
(Hey)
We never quit, we never rest on the floor
(Yeah)
If I am not wrong, we'll probably die on
the floor
Brazil, Morocco, London to Ibiza
Straight to L.A., New York, Vegas to
Africa (*Dale*)

[Chorus: Jennifer Lopez & Pitbull]
Dance the night away
Live your life, and stay young on the floor
(Ha, dale, *así me gusta*)
Dance the night away
Grab somebody, drink a little more
Dale, *así me gusta, así me gusta, así me
gusta*
La-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la
Tonight, we gon' be it on the floor (Let's
rock)
La-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la
Tonight, we gon' be it on the floor (Let's
rock)
La-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la
Tonight, we gon' be it on the floor (Woo!)
La-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la
Tonight, we gon' be it on the floor
La-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la
Tonight, we gon' be it on the floor (Woo!)

[Verse 4: Pitbull]

That badonkadonk is like a trunk full of bass on an old school Chevy
Seven-trey donkey donk (Yeah)
All I need is some vodka and some chonky Coke
And watch, shit gon' get Donkey Konged (Hahaha)
Baby, if you're ready for things to get heavy
I get on the floor and act a fool if you let me, dale
Don't believe me, just bet me (Hahaha)
My name ain't Keith, but I see why you sweat me (Hahaha)
L.A., Miami, New York
Say no more, get on the floor (Woo)

[Chorus: Jennifer Lopez & Pitbull]

Dance the night away
Live your life, and stay young on the floor
Dance the night away
Grab somebody, drink a little more
La-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la
(Let's rock)
Tonight, we gon' be it on the floor
La-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la
(Let's rock)
Tonight, we gon' be it on the floor
La-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la
(Woo!)
Tonight, we gon' be it on the floor
La-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la
(Let's rock)
Tonight, we gon' be it on the floor (Woo!)

Hey Baby (Drop It To The Floor) » Pitbull featuring T-Pain (2010)

[Intro: Pitbull & (T Pain)]

Mr. Worldwide, T- Pain
El que no vale consejo, no llega viejo
So listen up
Let her go, la-la-la-la
Baby girl wanna play, let her go (Ah-ha)
Said let her go, la-la-la-la
Baby girl wanna play, let her go (Ah-ha)
Said let her go, la-la-la-la (Ah-ha)
Baby girl wanna play, let her go (Ah-ha)
Said let her go, la-la-la-la
Baby girl, wanna play, let her go (Ah-ha)
Got it Pain?

[Refrain: T-Pain]

Hey, baby girl, what you doing tonight?
I wanna see what you got in store (Hey, hey baby)
You're giving it your all when you're dancing on me
I wanna see if you can give me some more (Hey, hey baby)
You can be my girl, I can be your man
And we can pump this jam however you want (Hey, hey baby)
Pump it from the side, pump it upside down
Or we can pump it from the back and the front (Hey, hey baby)

[Chorus: Pitbull & T-Pain]

Ooh, baby, baby la-la-la-la (Ah-ha)
Ooh, baby, baby la-la-la-la (Ah-ha)
Ooh, baby, baby la-la-la-la (Ah-ha)
Ooh, baby, baby la-la-la-la (Hey, hey, baby)
Ooh, drop it to the floor
Make me wanna say hey, baby
(You can have whatever you want)
Yeah, you can shake some more
Make me wanna say hey baby
(You can have whatever you like)
Ooh, you got it, 'cause you make me wanna say hey baby
(You're the one that I want)
Ooh, don't stop it (I want you tonight)
[Verse 1: Pitbull]
I'm a Dade county, self paid, self-made millionaire
I used to play around the world
Now I'm around the world, getting paid
Girl problems, no problems
Don't hate the game that won't solve it
I want to get with you, mami
Now let me see where the Lord split you (Dale)

[Refrain: T-Pain]

Hey, baby girl, what you doing tonight?

I wanna see what you got in store (Hey,
hey baby)
You're giving it your all when you're
dancing on me
I wanna see if you can give me some more
(Hey, hey baby)
You can be my girl, I can be your man
And we can pump this jam however you
want (Hey, hey baby)
Pump it from the side, pump it upside
down
Or we can pump it from the back and the
front (hey, hey baby)

[Chorus: Pitbull & T-Pain]
Ooh, baby, baby la-la-la-la-la (Ah-ha)
Ooh, baby, baby la-la-la-la-la (Ah-ha)
Ooh, baby, baby la-la-la-la-la (Ah-ha)
Ooh, baby, baby la-la-la-la-la (Hey, hey,
baby)
Ooh, drop it to the floor
Make me wanna say hey, baby (You can
have whatever you want)
Yeah, you can shake some more
Make me wanna say hey baby
(You can have whatever you like)
Ooh, you got it, 'cause you make me
wanna say hey baby
(You're the one that I want)
Ooh, don't stop it, 'cause you make me
wanna say
(I want you tonight)
[Verse 2: Pitbull]
Make money, make money
This *chica* right here gotta eat, baby
Scared money don't make money
That's how it goes in the street, baby
But enough with the nonsense
Baby girl, take a shot to clear your
conscience

Not a goon or a God, I'm a monster
'Cause I hit all baddest woman in the
world, gangsta

[Chorus: Pitbull & T-Pain]
Ooh, baby, baby (La-la-la-la-la-la)
Ooh, baby, baby (La-la-la-la-la-la)
Ooh, baby, baby (La-la-la-la-la-la)
Ooh, baby, baby (La-la-la-la-la-la) (Hey,
hey baby)

[Breakdown: T-Pain]
Ooh, drop it to the floor
Make me wanna say hey baby (Hey, hey
baby)
Yeah, you can shake some more
Make me wanna say hey baby (Hey, hey
baby)
Ooh, you got it 'cause you Make me
wanna say hey baby
(hey, hey babY)
Ooh, don't stop it, 'cause you make me
wanna say

[Chorus: Pitbull & T-Pain]
Ooh, baby, baby (La-la-la-la-la) (Ah-ha)
Ooh, baby, baby (La-la-la-la-la) (Ah-ha)
Ooh, baby, baby (La-la-la-la-la) (Ah-ha)
Ooh, baby, baby (La-la-la-la-la-la) (Hey,
hey baby)
Ooh, drop it to the floor
Make me wanna say hey, baby
(You can have whatever you want)
Yeah, you can shake some more
Make me wanna say hey baby
(You can have whatever you like)
Ooh you got it cause you make me wanna
say hey baby
(You're the one that I want)
Ooh, don't stop it (I want you tonight)

2012

The Motto » Drake (2011)

[Verse 1: Drake]

I'm the fuckin' man, y'all don't get it, do ya?
Type of money, everybody acting like they knew ya
Go Uptown, New York City, bitch
Them Spanish girls love me like I'm *aventura*
Tell Uncle Luke I'm out in Miami, too
Clubbing hard, fucking women, there ain't much to do
Wrist bling, got a condo up in Biscayne
Still getting brain from a thang, ain't shit changed
How you feel, how you feel, how you feel?
25, sitting on 25 mill', uh
I'm in the building and I'm feeling myself
Rest in peace, Mac Dre, I'ma do it for the Bay
Okay, getting paid, we'll holler whenever that stop
My team good, we don't really need a mascot
Tell Tune, "Light one, pass it like a relay"
YMCMB, you niggas more YMCA
Me, Franny, and Mally Mall at the crib-o
Shout goes out to Niko, J and Chubbs, shouts to Gibbo
We got Santa Margherita by the liter
She know even if I'm fucking with her, I don't really need her
Aww, that's how you feel, man? That's really how you feel?
'Cause the pimpin' ice cold, all these bitches wanna chill
I mean maybe she won't but then again maybe she will
I can almost guarantee she know the deal, real nigga, what's up?

[Chorus: Drake]

Now she want a photo, you already know, though
You only live once: that's the motto, nigga, YOLO
And we bout it every day, every day, every day

Like we sittin on the bench, nigga, we don't really play
Every day, every day, fuck what anybody say
Can't see 'em 'cause the money in the way, real nigga, what's up?

[Verse 2: Lil Wayne]

One...time? Fuck one time
I'm calling niggas out like the umpire
Seven...grams in the blunt
Almost drowned in her pussy so I swam to her butt
It's Eastside, we in this bitch
Wish a nigga would, like a tree in this bitch
And if a leaf fall put some weed in that bitch
That's my MO, add a B to that shit
I'm fucked up, tore down
I'm twisted: doorknob
Talk stupid? Off with your head!
Nigga, money talks, and Mr. Ed, yeah
I'm so Young Money
Got a drum on the gun, Energizer bunny
Funny how honey ain't sweet like sugar
Ain't shit sweet? Niggas on the street like hookers
I tongue kiss her other tongue
Skeet skeet skeet: water gun
Oh my God, Becky, look at her butt!
Tunechi

[Chorus: Drake]

Now she want a photo, you already know, though
You only live once: that's the motto, nigga, YOLO
And we bout it every day, every day, every day
Like we sittin on the bench, nigga, we don't really play
Every day, every day, fuck what anybody say
Can't see 'em 'cause the money in the way, real nigga, what's up?
Now she want a photo, you already know, though

You only live once: that's the motto,
nigga, YOLO
And we bout it every day, every day,
every day
Like we sittin on the bench, nigga, we
don't really play

Every day, every day, fuck what anybody
say
Can't see 'em 'cause the money in the way,
real nigga, what's up?

Rack City » Tyga (2011)

[Intro]

Rack rack city, bitch
Rack rack rack city, bitch
Rack, rack rack rack city, bitch
Mustard on the beat

[Verse 1]

Rack city, bitch, rack rack city, bitch
Ten, ten, ten, twenty on yo titties, bitch
100 deep VIP, no guest list
T-Raw, you don't know who you fuckin
with
Got my other bitch fuckin' with my other
bitch
Fuckin' all night, nigga we ain't celibate
Niggas say I'm too dope, I ain't sellin' it
Raw fresher than a motherfuckin'
peppermint
Gold Lettermans, Last King killin' shit
Y-Young Money, Young Money yeah, we
gettin' rich
Got ya grandma on my dick (haha)
Girl you know what it is

[Hook]

Rack city bitch, rack rack city bitch
Rack city bitch, rack rack city bitch
Rack city bitch, rack rack city bitch
Ten, ten, ten, twenties and them fifties
bitch
Rack city bitch, rack rack city bitch
Rack city bitch, rack rack city bitch
Rack city bitch, rack rack city bitch
Ten, ten, ten, twenties and them fifties
bitch

[Verse 2]

I'm a muthafuckin' star (star)
Look at the paint on the car (car)
Too much rim make the ride too hard
Tell that bitch hop out, walk the boulevard
I need my money pronto

Get it in the morning like Alonzo
Rondo, green got cheese like a *nacho*
If you don't got no ass, bitch, wear a
poncho
Head honcho got my seat back
Nigga staring at me, don't get bapped
Got my shirt off, the club too packed
It's too turnt going up like gas
Goddamn, pulled out my rags
Mike, Mike Jackson, nigga yeah I'm Bad
Rat-tat-tat-tat, tatted up on my back
All the hoes love me, you know what it is

[Hook]

Rack city bitch, rack rack city bitch
Rack city bitch, rack rack city bitch
Rack city bitch, rack rack city bitch
Ten, ten, ten, twenties and them fifties
bitch
Rack city bitch, rack rack city bitch
Rack city bitch, rack rack city bitch
Rack city bitch, rack rack city bitch
Ten, ten, ten, twenties and them fifties
bitch

[Bridge]

Throwing hundreds, hundreds
Hundreds, hundreds
Throwing hundreds, hundreds
Rack city bitch, rack rack city bitch
Hundreds, hundreds
Throwing hundreds, hundreds
Hundreds, hundreds
Rack city bitch, rack rack city bitch

[Hook]

Rack city bitch, rack rack city bitch
Rack city bitch, rack rack city bitch
Rack city bitch, rack rack city bitch
Ten, ten, ten, twenties and them fifties
bitch
Rack city bitch, rack rack city bitch

Rack city bitch, rack rack city bitch
Rack city bitch, rack rack city bitch
Ten, ten, ten, twenties and them fifties
bitch

[Bridge]
Throwing hundreds, hundreds

Hundreds, hundreds
Throwing hundreds, hundreds
Rack city bitch, rack rack city bitch
Hundreds, hundreds
Throwing hundreds, hundreds
Hundreds, hundreds
Rack city bitch, rack rack city bitch

International Love » Pitbull featuring Chris Brown (2011)

[Verse 1: Pitbull]
You can't catch me, boy (Can't catch me, boy)
I'm overseas and about a hundred G's per show
Don't test me, boy (Don't test me, boy)
'Cause I rap with the best for sure
305 'til the death of me, cremate my body and let the ocean have what's left of me
But for now, forget about that
Blow the whistle, baby, you're the referee, *dalé*

[Chorus: Chris Brown & Pitbull]
You put it down like New York City, I never sleep (Yeah)
Wild like Los Angeles, my fantasy (Chris Brown, woo!)
Hotter than Miami, I-I-I feel the heat (oh, yeah)
Oh, girl, it's, it's international love, oh, oh, oh, yeah, it's international love (woo!)

[Verse 2: Pitbull]
I don't play football, but I've touched down everywhere
(Everywhere? Everywhere)
I don't play baseball, but I've hit a home run everywhere (Everywhere?
Everywhere) (*Dale*)
I've been to countries and cities I can't pronounce and the places on the globe I didn't know existed (Yeah)
In Romania, she pulled me to the side and told me, "Pit, you can have me and my sister"
In Lebanon, yeah, the women are bomb And in Greece, you've guessed it the women are sweet
Been all around the world, but I ain't gon' lie

There's nothing like Miami's heat (*Dalé*)
[Chorus: Chris Brown & Pitbull]
You put it down like New York City, I never sleep (Yeah)
Wild like Los Angeles, my fantasy (Uh-huh, woo!)
Hotter than Miami, I-I-I feel the heat (oh, yeah) (woo!)
Oh, girl, it's, it's international love, oh, oh, oh, yeah, it's international love (We're international, let's rise)

[Verse 3: Pitbull]
Down in DR they looking for visas
I ain't talking credit cards, if you know what I mean
En Cuba, la cosa esta dura, but the women get down, if you know what I mean
In Columbia the women got everything done, but they some of the most beautiful women I've ever seen
In Brazil, they freaky with big ol' boobs and they thongs, blue yellow and green
En L.A., tengo la Mexicana
En New York, tengo la boricua
Besitos para todas las mujeres en Venezuela, muah
Y en Miami tengo a cualquiera

[Chorus: Chris Brown & Pitbull]
You put it down like New York City, hey, I never sleep
Wild like Los Angeles (oh, whoa), my fantasy (Woo!)
Hotter than Miami (You're hotter than Miami), I-I-I feel the heat
Oh, it's international love, oh, oh, oh, yeah, it's international love (All around the world, international, woo!)

[Bridge: Chris Brown & Pitbull]
There's not a place that your love don't
affect me, baby
So don't ever change
I crossed the globe when I'm with you,
baby
Hey, oh, whoa
Chris Brown, this for the women
worldwide, lets ride (woo!)
[Chorus: Chris Brown & Pitbull]
You put it down like New York City, I
never sleep (Woo)
Wild like Los Angeles, my fantasy (Ayy,
ayy)
Hotter than Miami (You're hotter than
Miami), I-I-I feel the heat (305)
Oh, yeah, it's international love, oh, oh,
oh, yeah, it's international love (Woo!
Let's ride)
You put it down like (Down) New York
City, I never sleep (Down) (woo!)

Wild like Los Angeles (Los Angeles), my
fantasy
Hotter than Miami, I-I-I feel the heat, oh,
yeah (305)
Oh, oh, it's international love, oh, oh, oh,
it's international love (Woo!)

[Outro: Chris Brown & (Pitbull)]
Oh, oh, oh
(You're international, so international)
Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa
International love (Surrounded by
beautiful girls)
Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa
International love

Back in Time » Pitbull (2012)

[Intro]
Let's, excuse me, baby
Go, yeah you, baby
Back, oh you groovy, baby
In, let's make a movie, baby
Time, excuse me, baby
Let's, yeah you, baby
Go, oh you groovy, baby
Back in, let's make a movie, baby
Time

[Interlude]
It's Mr Worldwide, Agent A, reporting
live
From Cape Canaveral, MK, Big Syphe,
let's ride
Back, back, in, in, time

[Chorus]
Baby
Ohhh, baby
Ohhh, baby
My sweet baby
You're the one

[Verse 1]
Miami equals
Black mask, black clothes
With a little bit of rope to tie, I flipped it
Black suits, white shirts, black glasses
with a matching tie
Like Agent J or Agent K, and I wish the
whole world would
Ok, I'm tryin' make a billion out of 15
cents
Understand, understood
I'm a go-getter, mover, shaker, culture
Bury a boarder, record-breaker, won't cha
Give credit where credit is due, don't cha
Know that I don't give a number two
Y'all just halfway thoughts
Not worth the back of my mind
But to understand the future
We have to go back in time

[Chorus]
Baby
Ohhh, baby
Ohhh, baby
My sweet baby
You're the one

[Verse 2]

I got the globe, yeah, in the palm of my hand
Wherever I spin it, that's where I land
Let's save the world
Men In Black, I know you understand
Stop the movement, they can try if they want to
Ignorar lo latino, si, they can try if they want to
What Pit solves is a bit raw
Took like jigsaw and built it all
Despite a big loss, I'd bet it all
And fought blind against the world, Ray Charles
Y'all just halfway thoughts
Not worth the back of my mind
But to understand the future
We have to go back in time

[Chorus]
Baby

Ohhh, baby

Ohhh, baby

My sweet baby

You're the one

[Interlude]

Let's, excuse me, baby

Go, yeah, you, baby

Back, oh you groovy, baby

In, let's make a movie, baby

Time, excuse me, baby

Let's, yeah you, baby

Go, oh you groovy, baby

Back in, let's make a movie, baby

Time

[Chorus]

Baby

My sweet baby

My sweet baby

My sweet baby

You're the one

So Good » B.o.B (2012)

[Verse 1]

Drinking a German beer, with a Cuban cigar
In the middle of Paris with a Dominican broad
Great head on her shoulders, she probably studied abroad
She transferred to Harvard from King's College in March
She says that I'm her favorite 'cause she admires the art
Michelangelo with the flow, Picasso with the bars
She's well put together like a piece by Gershwin
Renaissance style, tonight is picture perfect, so smile
And pack your bags real good, baby
'Cause you'll be gone for a while, while, while

[Pre-Chorus]

Girl, tell me how you feel, what's your fantasy oh
I see us on a beach down in Mexico
You can put your feet up, be my *señorita*

We ain't gotta rush just take it slow
You'll be in the high life, soaking up the sunlight
Anything you want is yours
I'll have you living life like you should
You say you never had it so good

[Chorus]

La, la la, la la, la la, la la la

You never had it so good

La, la la, la la, la la, la la la

[Verse 2]

Suffering from first class cabin fever
Five hour layovers from Norway to Egypt
I'm to the point like the pyramids of Giza
Still I'm to the left like the tower out in Pisa

I'm feeling single baby, I could use a feature

Swagger like Caesar, I'll get you a visa
We can go to Italy and maybe see the Colosseum

I'll be Da Vinci if you'll be my Mona Lisa,
now smile
So pack your bags real good, baby

'Cause you'll be gone for a while, while,
while

[Pre-Chorus]

Girl, tell me how you feel, what's your
fantasy oh
I see us on a beach down in Mexico
You can put your feet up, be my *señorita*
We ain't gotta rush just take it slow
You'll be in the high life, soaking up the
sunlight
Anything you want is yours
I'll have you living life like you should
You say you never had it so good

[Chorus]

La, la la, la la, la la, la, la la
You never had it so good
La, la la, la la, la la, la, la la
You never had it so good

[Verse 3]

Well I been feeling singular, how 'bout
let's make it plural
Spin the globe, wherever it lands that's
where we'll go
We'll hit up Europe, yep, and spend some
Euros
And maybe visit Berlin, the walls with the
murals

This is your month baby, sign of the Virgo
Private reservations, glasses full of Merlot
A Rosé, a Burgundy, traveling like turbo
Brush up on your *Español*, we're
Barcelona-bound, so smile
So pack your bags real good, baby
'Cause you'll be gone for a while, while,
while

[Pre-Chorus]

Girl, tell me how you feel, what's your
fantasy oh
I see us on a beach down in Mexico
You can put your feet up, be my *señorita*
We ain't gotta rush just take it slow
You'll be in the high life, soaking up the
sunlight
Anything you want is yours
I'll have you living life like you should
You say you never had it so good

[Chorus]

La, la la, la la, la la, la, la la
You never had it so good
La, la la, la la, la la, la, la la
You never had it so good

We Run the Night » Havana Brown con Pitbull (2011)

Intro: Pitbull & Havana Brown]

Havana Brown
RedOne
Mr Worldwide
From Miami, Morocco, to Australia
To the world, *Dale!*
Run 'em like, run 'em, run 'em
Woop!
Run 'em like, run 'em, run 'em
Woop!

[Verse 1: Havana Brown]

When the sun goes down, down, down,
down
Boy, are you afraid of the dark, dark?
And when the lights go out, out, out, out
Tell me, do you know where to start,
start?

And when the bass gets loud, loud, loud
That is when I feel a part, part
And when the world sleeps sound, sound,
sound, sound
Well, the sound is the key to my heart,
heart

[Chorus: Havana Brown]

We run, yes, we run the night (Night,
night, night, night)
We run, yes, we run the night
(We, we, we run, we, we, we run)
We run, yes, we run the night (The night)
Run 'em like, run 'em, run 'em, woop!
Run 'em like, run 'em, run 'em, woop!
Run 'em like, run 'em, run 'em, woop!
[Verse 2: Pitbull]

From the bottom of the map, Miami
 To the land down under, Australia
 You feel my draft, see my vision, and hear
 my hunger (My hunger)
 As my money gets older (Older), their's
 get younger (Younger)
 They sell their soul, but the devil knows I
 have no number
 I'm global, baby (Hey!)
 Official, baby (Hey!)
 Go, go, baby (Hey!)
 Oh, oh, baby (Hey!)
 No, no, baby (Hey!)
 Yeah, yeah, baby
 Now jiggle it, baby
 Let me tickle it, baby
 I know I'm lost; it's gonna be hard to save
 me
 I'm sorry; that's how Dade County raised
 me
 Ya heard me, right? We run the night
 Now fuck you, pay me (Woo!)

[Chorus: Havana Brown]

We run, yes, we run the night (Night,
 night, night, night)
 We run, yes, we run the night
 (We, we, we run, we, we, we run)
 We run, yes, we run the night (The night)
 Run 'em like, run 'em, run 'em, woop!
 Run 'em like, run 'em, run 'em, woop!
 Run 'em like, run 'em, run 'em, woop!
 [Verse 3: Havana Brown]
 Feeling like a rush, rush, rush
 Brushing past me, all over my skin, skin
 I can't get enough, 'nough, 'nough
 'Cause the beat keep pullin' me in (In)
 Takin' me so high up, up, up
 A place that I've never been, ohhh
 Party, party all night, night, night
 Sleep all day, then do it again, 'gain

[2x Chorus: Havana Brown]

We run, yes, we run the night (Night,
 night, night)
 Run 'em like, run 'em, run 'em, woop!

2013

Harlem Shake » Baauer (2012)

[Pre-Chorus]
Con los terroristas, -tas, -tas, -tas
 -tas -tas -tas -tas, -tas -tas -tas -tas -tas

[Chorus]
 Then do the Harlem Shake (Shake!)
 Ey (Shake!), con los terroristas
 Ey (Shake!), ey (Shake!)
 Ey (Shake!), ey (Shake!)
 Ey (Shake!), ey (Shake!)

[Pre-Chorus]
 (Shake!) -tas, (Shake!) -tas, -tas, (Shake!)
 -tas, -tas, -tas, -tas
 -tas, -tas, (Shake!) -tas, -tas, (Shake!) -tas,

[Chorus]
 Then do the Harlem Shake (Shake!)
 Ey (Shake!), *con los terroristas*
 Ey, (Shake!) ey (Shake!)

[Outro]
 Shake, shake
 Shake, ey (Shake!)
 Ey (Shake!), ey (Shake!)
 Ey (Shake!)

Feel This Moment » Pitbull con Christina Aguilera (2013)

[Intro: Pitbull]

Ask for money, and get advice
Ask for advice, get money twice
I'm from the dirty, but that chico nice
Y'all call it a moment, I call it life

[Chorus: Christina Aguilera]

One day when the light is glowin'
I'll be in my castle golden
But until the gates are open
I just wanna feel this moment
Whoa-oh, I just wanna feel this moment
Whoa-oh, I just wanna feel this moment

[Interlude: Pitbull & (Christina Aguilera)]

Mr. Worldwide
Christina Aguilera
Oye, mamita, come on!
Dalé, que la cosa está rica (I just wanna
feel this moment)

[Beat Break]

[Pitbull]

Woo!
Feel this moment!
[Verse 1: Pitbull]
Reporting live from the tallest building in
Tokyo
Long ways from them hard ways
Bills and Os and oh-yays
Dade County always, 305 all day
Now, baby, we can parlay or, baby, we
can party
She read books, especially about red
rooms and tie-ups (Yeah)
I got it hooked, 'cause she seen me in a
suit with the red tie tied up
Christian Gris, nice to meet ya
But time is money, only difference is I
own it
Now let's stop time and enjoy this moment

[Chorus: Christina Aguilera & (Pitbull)]
One day when the light is glowin'

I'll be in my castle golden
But until the gates are open
I just wanna feel this moment
Whoa-oh (C'mon), I just wanna feel this
moment
Whoa-oh (C'mon), I just wanna feel this
moment

[Beat Break]

[Post-Chorus: Pitbull]

Woo!
Come on, feel this moment!

[Verse 2: Pitbull]

I see the future but live for the moment
Make sense, don't it? Hah
Now make dollars, I mean billions (Yeah)
I'm a genius, I mean brilliant (Brilliant)
This street is what schooled him
(Schooled him)
And made him slicker than Slick Rick the
Ruler (Yeah)
I've lost a lot and learned a lot
But I'm still undefeated like Shula
I'm far from cheap
I break down companies with all my
peeps (That's right)
Baby, we can travel the world
And what I can give you is all you can see
Time is money, only difference is I own it
Like a stopwatch, let's stop time and enjoy
this moment, *dalé*

[Chorus: Christina Aguilera & (Pitbull)]

One day when the light is glowin'
I'll be in my castle golden
But until the gates are open
I just wanna feel this moment
Whoa-oh (C'mon), I just wanna feel this
moment
Whoa-oh, I just wanna feel this moment
(Woo)
(Come on, feel this moment!)
Whoa-oh, I just wanna feel this moment
Whoa-oh, I just wanna feel this moment

2014

Talk Dirty » Jason Derulo Featuring 2 Chainz (2013)

Intro: Jason Derulo & Rie Abe]

(Jason, haha

Jason Derulo)

Haha, get Jazzy on 'em

[Verse 1: Jason Derulo]

I'm that flight that you get on,

international

First-class seat on my lap, girl, riding
comfortable (oh yeah)

Ha 'cause I know what da girl dem need,
New York to Haiti

I got lipstick stamps on my passport, you
make it hard to leave

[Pre-Chorus: Jason Derulo]

Been around the world, don't speak the
language (uh-huh)

But your booty don't need explaining (uh-
huh)

All I really need to understand is when
you (uh-huh)

Talk dirty to me

[Chorus: Jason Derulo]

Talk dirty to me (what?)

Talk dirty to me

Talk dirty to me (what?)

Get Jazzy on 'em

[Verse 2: Jason Derulo]

You know the words to my songs, *no
habla inglés* (oh)

Our conversations ain't long, but you
know what is

I know what the girl dem want, London to
Taiwan

I got lipstick stamps on my passport, I
think I need a new one

[Pre-Chorus: Jason Derulo]

Been around the world, don't speak the
language (uh-huh)

But your booty don't need explaining (uh-
huh)

All I really need to understand is when
you (uh-huh)

Talk dirty to me

[Chorus: Jason Derulo]

Talk dirty to me (what?)

Talk dirty to me

Talk dirty to me (what?)

[Bridge: Jason Derulo & (2 Chainz)]

Uno: met a friend in Rio

Dos: she was all on me-o

Tres: we could ménage à three-o

Cuatro, oh, yeah (2 Chainz)

[Verse 3: 2 Chainz, w/ Jason Derulo,
Jason Derulo]

Dos Cadenas, close to genius

Sold out arenas, you can suck my penis
(ooh)

Gilbert Arenas, guns on deck (Deck)

Chest to chest, tongue on neck (neck)

International oral sex

Every picture I take, I pose a threat (Yeah)
Bought a jet, what do you expect?

Her pussy so good I bought her a pet (oh,
oh, oh, oh)

Anyway, every day I'm trying to get to it
Got her saved in my phone under "Big
Booty" (ha-ha)

Anyway, every day I'm trying to get to it
Got her saved in my phone under "Big
Booty"

[Pre-Chorus: Jason Derulo]

Been around the world, don't speak the
language (uh-huh)

But your booty don't need explaining (uh-
huh)

All I really need to understand is when
you (uh-huh)

Talk dirty to me

[Chorus: Jason Derulo]

You do

Talk dirty to me (what?)

Yeah, yeah

Talk dirty to me

Bailando » Enrique Iglesias (2014)

[Intro: Alexander & Randy Marcos]

Jejeje

Enrique Iglesias (¡One love, One love!)

¡Gente De Zona!

Descemer

[Verso 1: Enrique Iglesias & Randy Marcos]

Yo te miro y se me corta la respiración
Cuando tú me miras se me sube el corazón
Me palpita lento el corazón
Y en un silencio tu mirada dice mil palabras (Uh)
La noche en la que te suplico que no salga el sol

[Coro: Alexander & Randy Marcos]

Bailando (Bailando)
Bailando (Bailando)
Tú cuerpo y el mío
Llenando el vacío
Subiendo y bajando (Subiendo y bajando)
Bailando (Bailando)
Bailando (Bailando)
Ese fuego por dentro
Me va enloqueciendo
Me va saturando

[Post-Coro: Enrique Iglesias & Alexander]

Con tu física y tu química
También tu anatomía
La cerveza y el tequila
Y tu boca con la mía
Ya no puedo más (Ya no puedo más)
Ya no puedo más (Ya no puedo más)
Con esta melodía
Tu color, tu fantasía
Con tu filosofía
Mi cabeza está vacía
Y ya no puedo más (Ya no puedo mas)
Ya no puedo más (Ya no puedo mas)

[Refrán: Enrique Iglesias & Descemer Bueno]

Yo quiero estar contigo
Vivir contigo, bailar contigo
Tener contigo una noche loca (Una noche loca)

Ay, besar tu boca (Y besar tu boca)

Yo quiero estar contigo

Vivir contigo, bailar contigo

Tener contigo una noche loca

Con tremenda nota

[Armonización: Randy Marcon]

Oh-oh-oh-oh

Oh-oh-oh-oh

Oh-oh-oh, oh

Oh-oh-oh-oh

[Verso 2: Enrique Iglesias & Randy Marcon]

Tú me miras y me llevas a otra dimensión
(Estoy en otra dimensión)
Tus latidos aceleran a mi corazón
(Tus latidos aceleran a mi corazón)
Qué ironía del destino no poder tocarte
(¡Wuh!)
Abrazarte, y sentir la magia de tu olor

[Coro: Alexander & Randy Marcos]

Bailando (Bailando)
Bailando (Bailando)
Tú cuerpo y el mío
Llenando el vacío
Subiendo y bajando (Subiendo y bajando)
Bailando (Bailando)
Bailando (Bailando)
Ese fuego por dentro
Me va enloqueciendo
Me va saturando

[Post-Coro: Enrique Iglesias & Alexander]

Con tu física y tu química
También tu anatomía
La cerveza y el tequila
Y tu boca con la mía
Ya no puedo más (Ya no puedo más)
Ya no puedo más (Ya no puedo más)
Con esta melodía

Tu color, tu fantasía
Con tu filosofía
Mi cabeza está vacía
Y ya no puedo más (Ya no puedo mas)
Ya no puedo más (Ya no puedo mas)
[Refrán: Enrique Iglesias & Descemer Bueno]

Yo quiero estar contigo
Vivir contigo, bailar contigo
Tener contigo una noche loca (Una noche loca)
Ay, besar tu boca (Y besar tu boca)

Yo quiero estar contigo
Vivir contigo, bailar contigo
Tener contigo una noche loca
Con tremenda nota

Don'T Tell 'Em » Jeremih con YG (2014)

[Hook: Jeremih]

Rhythm is a dancer, I need a companion
Girl I guess that must be you
Body like the summer, fuckin' like no other
Don't you tell 'em what we do
Don't tell 'em, don't tell 'em, you ain't even
Don't tell 'em, don't tell 'em
You ain't even, you ain't even gotta tell 'em
Don't tell 'em, don't tell 'em
You ain't even, don't tell 'em, don't tell 'em
You ain't even, you ain't even even gotta tell 'em
Don't tell 'em, don't tell 'em

[Verse 1: Jeremih]

Know you say you down with it
Won't tell em how you hit the ground with it
Girl, you know I'm from Chicago
I act a fool, Bobby Brown with it (in it)
Nobody take me out, though
You got gifts, bring 'em down the South Pole
Marathon doll gon' put in miles
Don't you worry 'bout him, I gon' work it out
[Pre-Hook: Jeremih]
Only is you got me feeling like this
Oh why, why, why, why
Loving while grabbing the rhythm of your hips
That's right, right, right, right, right

[Hook: Jeremih]

Rhythm is a dancer, I need a companion
Girl, I guess that must be you
Body like the summer, fuckin' like no other
Don't you tell 'em what we do
Don't tell 'em, don't tell 'em, you ain't even
Don't tell 'em, don't tell 'em

You ain't even, you ain't even gotta tell 'em

Don't tell 'em, don't tell 'em
You ain't even, don't tell 'em, don't tell 'em
You ain't even, you ain't even even gotta tell 'em
Don't tell 'em, don't tell 'em

[Verse 2: Jeremih]

Girl, he fufu with it
But you know I know what to do with it
I'll give you that, girl, I'm talking laps
As if you got a pool in it
And she say she ain't with your best friends
Then let me be your diamond
You know you feeling, how your boy press play
Just keep that ass rewinding'
[Pre-Hook: Jeremih]
Only is you got me feeling like this
Oh why, why, why, why
Loving while grabbing the rhythm of your hips
That's right, right, right, right, right

[Hook: Jeremih]

Rhythm is a dancer, I need a companion
Girl, I guess that must be you
Body like the summer, fuckin' like no other
Don't you tell 'em what we do
Don't tell 'em, don't tell 'em, you ain't even
Don't tell 'em, don't tell 'em
You ain't even, you ain't even gotta tell 'em
Don't tell 'em, don't tell 'em
You ain't even, don't tell 'em, don't tell 'em
You ain't even, you ain't even even gotta tell 'em
Don't tell 'em, don't tell 'em

[Verse 3: YG]

3-1-0 9-3-4 8-6-1-6

I got a missed call from your bitch
She been plottin' on me for a cool minute
She wanna' suck my dick, and I'm cool
with it
I like girls in the shower, when it's winter
fresh
It's some Twitter pussy, I met on the
Internet
On my late-night thirsty, 'cause it was
late-night and I was thirsty
Girl, I been to that county girl, I ain't
tellin'
Handcuff me to the bed, girl it ain't no
bailin'
I keep a stack of hundreds, I can keep a
secret
If anything you was explorin', you wasn't
cheating
She got my number stored under fake
names
Her nigga think she faithful, but she
runnin' game
YOLO, so take me out these Polos
And we can fuck from Uno to Ocho

[Pre-Hook: Jeremih]

Only is you got me feeling like this
Oh why, why, why, why, why
Loving while grabbing the rhythm of your
hips
That's right, right, right, right, right

[Hook: Jeremih (YG)]

Rhythm is a dancer, I need a companion
Girl, I guess that must be you
Body like the summer, fuckin' like no
other
(I keep it on the D.L, and creep like TL
Just tell me them details, just hand me)
Don't you tell 'em what we do
Don't tell 'em, don't tell 'em, you ain't even
Don't tell 'em, don't tell 'em
You ain't even, you ain't even gotta tell
'em
Don't tell 'em, don't tell 'em
You ain't even, don't tell 'em, don't tell 'em
You ain't even, you ain't even even gotta
tell 'em
Don't tell 'em, don't tell 'em (no)

2015

Coco » O.T. Genasis (2014)

[Chorus]

I'm in love with the coco (Coco)
I'm in love with the coco (Coco)
I got it for the low, low
I'm in love with the coco (Coco)
I'm in love with the coco (*Cocaina*)
I'm in love with the coco (Coco)
I got it for the low, low (Turn up!)
I'm in love with the coco

[Verse 1]

Hit my plug, that's my *cholo* (*Mi amigo*)
Cause he got it for the low, low
If you snitchin' I go *loco* (Go crazy)
Hit you with that treinta ocho (Pah, pah)
Niggas thinkin' that I'm solo
Fifty deep, they like, "Oh, no" (No, no,
no, please, no)
Heard the feds takin' photos
I know nothin', fuck the po-po

[Refrain]

Bakin' soda, I got bakin' soda
Bakin' soda, I got bakin' soda
Whip it through the glass, nigga (Woo,
woo, woo, woo)
I'm blowin' money fast, nigga (Woo, woo,
woo, woo)

[Chorus]

I'm in love with the coco (Coco)
I'm in love with the coco (Coco)
I got it for the low, low
I'm in love with the coco (Coco)

I'm in love with the coco (*Cocaina*)
I'm in love with the coco (Coco)
I got it for the low, low (Turn up!)
I'm in love with the coco

[Verse 2]

36, that's a kilo (Aqui)
Need a brick, miss my free throw (They
white)
I'm in love, just like Ne-Yo
Bustin' shots, now he Neo (*Matrix*)
Free my homies, fuck the C.O. (*Puto*)
Fuck the judge, fuck my P.O. (*Puto*)
All this coke, like I'm *Nino*
Water whip, like I'm Nemo

[Refrain]

Bakin' soda, I got bakin' soda
Bakin' soda, I got bakin' soda
Whip it through the glass, nigga (Woo,
woo, woo, woo)
I'm blowin' money fast, nigga (Woo, woo,
woo, woo)
[Chorus]
I'm in love with the coco (Coco)
I'm in love with the coco (Coco)
I got it for the low, low
I'm in love with the coco (Coco)
I'm in love with the coco (*Cocaina*)
I'm in love with the coco (Coco)
I got it for the low, low (Turn up!)
I'm in love with the coco

Ayo » Chris Brown & Tyga (2015)

Intro: Mila J

I need you, I need you
I need you, I need you
I need you, I need you (Lemme see)
I need you, I need you

[Chorus: Chris Brown]
We poppin' like ayo

All my bitches got real hair chillin' with
the top down
Screamin' like ayo
I'ma take her ass down if she bring her
friend around
Fuck 'em both like ayo
I'm a bougie ass nigga, left the roof at
home

We poppin' like ayo
Ayo, ayo
But don't be actin' like I need you

[Verse 1: Tyga]

Ha!

Ayy, babe, this my new shit (Shit)
I'm the black Richie Rich with the roof missin' (Missin')
If it don't make dollars, don't make sense (Sense)
Z (Z), wake up like I gotta get it (Get it)
And I got an engine full of trunk space
I get money three ways, fuckin' bitches three ways
Seven different foreigns, plus she's *no hablé*
But I make that bitch walk for some cheesecake (Cheesecake)
Yeah, I'm the coldest nigga, icy
Lookin' in the mirror like I wish I can be me
She too into me, I'm more into money
My hobby's her body, that pussy's my lobby
I'm eat it (Eat it), I'm eat it (Eat it)
I don't lie, hold my dick, too conceited
Uh, told her she's my wife for the weekend (For the weekend)
But don't be actin' like I need you
[Chorus: Chris Brown, Tyga & Both]
'Cause we poppin' like ayo (Ha! Yeah)
All my bitches got real hair chillin' with the top down
Screamin' like ayo
I'ma take her ass down if she bring her friend around
Fuck 'em both like ayo
I'm a bougie ass nigga, left the roof at home
We poppin' like ayo
Ayo, we poppin' like ayo
But don't be actin' like I need you

[Verse 2: Chris Brown]

I'm in the Rolls, you don't roll right (Roll right)
My chain shine brighter than a strobe light (Yeah)
I'm tryna fuck Coco, this don't concern Ice

If I motorboat, she gon' motorbike (Ha!)
A nigga ain't worried about nothin'
Rehabilitation just had me worried about fuckin'
Money, decision-makin', only worried 'bout stuntin'
She worried 'bout me, her nigga worried 'bout cuffin'
I wanna see her body (Body)
Then she said, "Get inside of me
I wanna feel you, baby" (Yeah)
Just bring the animal right out of me
We lovin', she love it
Especially when I go down on her
Now we fuckin', she thuggin'
Gettin' loud
[Chorus: Chris Brown, Tyga & Both]
'Cause we poppin' like ayo
All my bitches got real hair chillin' with the top down
Screamin' like ayo
I'ma take her ass down if she bring her friend around
Fuck 'em both like ayo
I'm a bougie ass nigga, left the roof at home
We poppin' like ayo
Ayo (Huh, look), we poppin' like ayo
But don't be actin' like I need you
(Alright)

[Verse 3: Chris Brown & Tyga]

Now, now I can spot your bitch from a mile away ('way)
Valentine in that pussy, it's a holiday
Uh, you losin' money, I win mills, Dr. J (J)
She gon' to follow my lead, Simon Says
Paper, paper, I'm ridin' 'scrapers in California ('fornia)
Car smell like ammonia, we got that stank on us
Never been a Outkast, that stank on ya
From the ghetto but my bitch like Apollonia
We in the hood, tatted like a Mexican
Car too fast, give a fuck about pedestrians
Uh, and my section less niggas, more lesbians
Got your bitch, I'm that nigga

[Chorus: Chris Brown, Tyga & Both]
Yeah, we poppin' like ayo (Ha! Yeah)
All my bitches got real hair chillin' with
the top down (Yeah)
Screamin' like ayo
I'ma take her ass down if she bring her
friend around
Fuck 'em both like ayo

I'm a bougie ass nigga, left the roof at
home
We poppin' like ayo
Ayo, ayo
But don't be actin' like I need you

Budapest » George Ezra (2013)

[Hook]
My house in Budapest, my
My hidden treasure chest
Golden grand piano
My beautiful *castillo*

[Refrain]
You, ooh, you, ooh
I'd leave it all

[Verse 1]
My acres of a land
I have achieved
It may be hard for you to
Stop and believe

But for you, ooh, you, ooh
I'd leave it all
Oh, for you, ooh, you, ooh
I'd leave it all

[Chorus]
Give me one good reason
Why I should never make a change
And baby, if you hold me
Then all of this will go away

[Verse 2]
My many artifacts
The list goes on
If you just say the words, I'll
I'll up and run

Oh, to you, ooh, you, ooh
I'd leave it all
Oh, for you, ooh, ooh
I'd leave it all

[Chorus]

Give me one good reason
Why I should never make a change
And baby, if you hold me
Then all of this will go away
Give me one good reason
Why I should never make a change
And baby, if you hold me
Then all of this will go away

[Post-Chorus]
A-ooh
A-ooh
[Verse 3]
My friends and family
They, don't understand
They fear they'll lose so much
If you take my hand

But for you, ooh, you, ooh
I'd lose it all
Oh, for you, ooh, you, ooh
I'd lose it all

[Chorus]
Give me one good reason
Why I should never make a change
And baby, if you hold me
Then all of this will go away
Give me one good reason
Why I should never make a change
And baby, if you hold me
Then all of this will go away

[Hook]
My house in Budapest, my
My hidden treasure chest
Golden grand piano
My beautiful *castillo*

El Perdón (forgiveness) » Nicky Jam & Enrique Iglesias (2015)

[Verse 1: Enrique & Nicky]

I know you moved on
I heard you're doing better without me
Girl this is driving me crazy
Can't you see what you're doing to me
She let go
She killed me when she said it was over
Now I'm in the middle of nowhere
And got no space to breathe

[Pre-Chorus: Enrique & Nicky]

I'm missing you baby
Up all night going crazy
Now my angel can't save me
Oh no
I'm missing you baby
Up all night going crazy
Drinking my pain away

[Chorus: Enrique & Nicky]

Girl I'm not with you
You're not with me
And I don't like the way this feels
Esto no me gusta
Esto no me gusta
Girl I'm not with you
You're not with me
And I don't like the way this feels
Esto no me gusta
Esto no me gusta

[Verse 2: Enrique & Nicky]

Can't take the pain
Can't take the hurt
I wish that I could turn back time and say
I love you
I'd do anything to make it work, oh
'Cause even through the times they tried to
hate on us
The only thing that mattered to me was
our love
Never will I stop, I'll never get enough

[Pre-Chorus: Enrique & Nicky]

I'm missing you baby
Up all night going crazy
Now my angel can't save me

Oh no

I'm missing you baby
Up all night going crazy
Drinking my pain away

[Chorus: Enrique & Nicky]

Girl I'm not with you
You're not with me
And I don't like the way this feels
Esto no me gusta
Esto no me gusta
Girl I'm not with you
You're not with me
And I don't like the way this feels
Esto no me gusta
Esto no me gusta

[Verse 3: Enrique & Nicky]

I know they say that you're moving on
But I'm begging you please don't go
No, I don't wanna let you go, oh no
Yeah you know that I want you back
Baby I love you to the max
From here to the moon and back

[Chorus: Enrique & Nicky]

Girl I'm not with you
You're not with me
And I don't like the way this feels
Esto no me gusta
Esto no me gusta
Girl I'm not with you
You're not with me
And I don't like the way this feels
Esto no me gusta
Esto no me gusta

[Outro: Nicky]

Dicen que no sabe lo que tiene
Hasta que lo pierde pero
Vale la pena luchar por lo que uno quiere
Y hacer el intento
N.I.C.K
Nicky Jam
Enrique Iglesias
Haciendo historia
Y te pido perdon

2016

Panda » Desiigner (2015)

[Intro]

This what they all been waitin' for
I guess so
They been waitin' for this shit for a long
time didn't they
I'ma give it everythin' I got
Ayo Dougie park that X6 around the
corner
Ayy I'm just feelin' my vibe right now
I'm feelin' myself

[Bridge]

Panda, Panda
Panda, Panda, Panda, Panda, Panda

[Chorus]

I got broads in Atlanta
Twistin' dope, lean, and the Fanta
Credit cards and the scammers
Hittin' off licks in the bando
Black X6, Phantom
White X6 look like a panda
Goin' out like I'm Montana
Hundred killas, hundred hammers
Black X6, Phantom
White X6, panda
Pockets swole, Danny
Sellin' bar, candy
Man I'm the *macho* like Randy
The choppa go Oscar for Grammy
Bitch nigga pull up ya panty
Hope you killas understand me
I got broads in Atlanta
Twistin' dope, lean, and the Fanta
Credit cards and the scammers
Hittin' off licks in the bando
Black X6, Phantom
White X6 look like a panda
Goin' out like I'm Montana
Hundred killas, hundred hammers
Black X6, Phantom
White X6, panda
Pockets swole, Danny
Sellin' bar, candy
Man I'm the *macho* like Randy
The choppa go Oscar for Grammy

Bitch nigga pull up ya panty

Hope you killas understand me

[Bridge]

Hey
Panda, Panda
Panda, Panda, Panda, Panda, Panda,
Panda, Panda, Panda

[Verse]

I got broads in Atlanta
Twistin' dope, lean, and shit, sippin' Fanta
Credit cards and the scammers
Wake up Versace shit, life Desiigner
Whole bunch of lavish shit
They be askin' 'round town who be
clappin' shit
I be pullin' up stuff in the Phantom ship
I got plenty of stuff of Bugatti whip look
how I drive this shit
Black X6, Phantom
White X6, killin' on camera
Pop a Perc, I can't stand up
Gorilla, they come and kill you with
bananas
Four fillas, they finna pull up in the
Phantom
Know niggas, they come and kill you on
the camera
Big Rollie, it dancin' bigger than a Pandie
Go Oscar for Grammy, bitch pull up ya
panty
Fill up I'ma flip it, I got bitches pull up
and they get it
I got niggas that's countin' for digits
Say you make you a lot of new money
Know some killas pull off and they in the
Wraith
CTD, pull up in the killa Bape
Call up Phillip-Phillip, gon' fill the bank
Niggas up in the bank, we gon' drill the
bank
Fuck we gon' kill the bank, get it
I got broads, yea I get it
I get cards yea I shitted
This how I live it
Did it all for a ticket

Now Flex drop bombs when he spin it
And Bobby gon' trend it
Jeff The Don doin' business
Zana Ray fuckin' up shit and she doin' her business
I be gettin' to the chicken
Countin' to the chicken
And all of my niggas gon' split it
[Bridge]
Panda, Panda
Panda, Panda, Panda, Panda, Panda

[Chorus]
I got broads in Atlanta
Twistin' dope, lean, and the Fanta
Credit cards and the scammers
Hittin' off licks in the bando
Black X6, Phantom
White X6 look like a panda
Goin' out like I'm Montana
Hundred killas, hundred hammers
Black X6, Phantom
White X6, panda
Pockets swole, Danny

Sellin' bar, candy
Man I'm the *macho* like Randy
The choppa go Oscar for Grammy
Bitch nigga pull up ya panty
Hope you killas understand me
I got broads in Atlanta
Twistin' dope, lean, and the Fanta
Credit cards and the scammers
Hittin' off licks in the bando
Black X6, Phantom
White X6 look like a panda
Goin' out like I'm Montana
Hundred killas, hundred hammers
Black X6, Phantom
White X6, panda
Pockets swole, Danny
Sellin' bar, candy
Man I'm the *macho* like Randy
The choppa go Oscar for Grammy
Bitch nigga pull up ya panty
Hope you killas understand me

My House » Flo Rida (2015)

[Intro]
Open up the champagne, pop!
It's my house, come on, turn it up

[Verse 1]
Hear a knock on the door and the night begins
'Cause we done this before, so you come on in
Make yourself at my home, tell me where you been
Pour yourself something cold, baby, cheers to this

[Pre-Chorus]
Sometimes you gotta stay in
And you know where I live
Yeah, you know what we is
Sometimes you gotta stay in, in

[Chorus]
Welcome to my house
Baby, take control now

We can't even slow down
We don't have to go out
Welcome to my house
Play that music too loud
Show me what you do now
We don't have to go out
Welcome to my house
Welcome to my house
[Verse 2]
Morning comes and you know that you wanna stay
Close the blinds, let's pretend that the time has changed
Keep our clothes on the floor, open up champagne
Let's continue tonight, come on, celebrate
(That's how we do)

[Pre-Chorus]
Sometimes you gotta stay in
And you know where I live
Yeah, you know what we is
Sometimes you gotta stay in, in

[Chorus]
Welcome to my house
Baby, take control now
We can't even slow down
We don't have to go out
Welcome to my house
Play that music too loud
Show me what you do now
We don't have to go out
Welcome to my house
Welcome to my house

[Verse 3]
Welcome to my duck off the crib, the spot, the pad
But my house is your house if you throwin' it back
Excuse me if my home's draining the sad
Soon as these happy faces land you can run with the cash
Homerun, slam dunk, touchdown pass

Mi casa es tu casa so it ain't no holding back
Another shot of vodka, you know what's in my glass
It's my house, just relax
[Chorus]
Welcome to my house
Baby, take control now
We can't even slow down
We don't have to go out
Welcome to my house
Play that music too loud
Show me what you do now
We don't have to go out
Welcome to my house
Welcome to my house
Welcome to my house
It's my house

Work From Home » Fifth Harmony con Ty Dolla \$ign (2016)

[Verse 1: Camila]
I ain't worried 'bout nothin', I ain't wearin'
na-nada
I'm sittin' pretty, impatient, but I know you gotta
Put in them hours, I'ma make it harder
I'm sending pic after picture, I'ma get you fired

[Pre-Chorus: Normani]
I know you're always on the night shift
But I can't stand these nights alone
And I don't need no explanation
Cause baby, you're the boss at home

[Chorus: Lauren]
You don't gotta go to work, work, work, work
Work, work, work
But you gotta put in work, work, work, work
Work, work, work
You don't gotta go to work, work, work, work
Work, work, work

Let my body do the work, work, work,
work
Work, work, work
We can work from home, oh, oh, oh-oh
We can work from home, oh, oh, oh-oh

[Verse 2: Ally]
Let's put it into motion, I'ma give you a promotion
I'll make it feel like a vacay, turn the bed into an ocean
We don't need nobody, I just need your body
Nothin' but sheets in between us, ain't no getting off early
[Pre-Chorus: Dinah + Camila]
I know you're always on the night shift
But I can't stand these nights alone
And I don't need no explanation
Cause baby, you're the boss at home

[Chorus: Lauren]
You don't gotta go to work, work, work, work
Work, work, work

But you gotta put in work, work, work,
work
Work, work, work
You don't gotta go to work, work, work,
work
Work, work, work
Let my body do the work, work, work,
work
Work, work, work
We can work from home, oh, oh, oh-oh
We can work from home, oh, oh, oh-oh

[Verse 3: Ty Dolla \$ign]
Oh yeah, girl go to work for me (Work for
me)
Can you make it clap, no hands for me?
Take it to the ground, pick it up for me
Look back at it all over me (Oh yeah)
Put in work like my timesheet
She ride it like a '63
I'ma buy her new Céline
Let her ride in a foreign with me
Oh, she the bae, I'm her boo

And she down to break the rules
Ride or die, she gon' go
I'm gon' juug, she finessin'
I pipe her, she take that
Put in overtime on your body

[Chorus: Lauren, Camila & Dinah]
You don't gotta go to work, work, work,
work
Work, work, work (You ain't gotta go to
work, no oh oh)
But you gotta put in work, work, work,
work
Work, work, work (No..., oh yeah)
You don't gotta go to work, work, work,
work
Work, work, work
Let my body do the work, work, work,
work
Work, work, work (No, no, no, no, no,
no!)

We can work from home, oh, oh, oh-oh
We can work from home, oh, oh, oh-oh

Don't Mind » Kent Jones (2016)

[Intro]
Hola, holana

[Pre-Chorus]
Keep telling me this and telling me that
You said once you take me with you, I'll
never go back
Now I got a lesson, that I want to teach
I'ma show you that where you from don't
matter to me

[Chorus]
She said "*Hola, ¿Cómo estás?*", she said
"*Konnichiwa*"
She said "Pardon my French", I said
"*Bonjour Madame*"
Then she said "Sak pase" and I said "N'ap
boule"
No matter where I go, you know I love
'em all
She said "*Hola, ¿Cómo estás?*", she said
"*Konnichiwa*"
She said "Pardon my French", I said
"*Bonjour Madame*"

Then she said "Sak pase" and I said "N'ap
boule"
No matter where I go, you know I love
'em all

[Verse 1]
African American for sho
I told her, "Baby come and ride the rodeo"
Every time I come around man, I go for
broke
She gives me desktop til' I overload
Now baby you gon' go where you pos to
go
'Cause I ain't got time for you every day
She said she got a man keep it on the low
I said he don't speak English, fuck he gon'
say (aye)
[Pre-Chorus]
Telling me this and telling me that
You said once you take me with you, I'll
never go back
Now I got a lesson that I want to teach ya
Ima show you that where you from don't
matter to me

[Chorus]

She said "Hola, ¿Cómo estás?", she said "Konnichiwa"
She said "Pardon my French", I said "Bonjour Madame"
Then she said "Sak pase" and I said "N'ap boule"
No matter where I go, you know I love 'em all
She said "Hola, ¿Cómo estás?", she said "Konnichiwa"
She said "Pardon my French", I said "Bonjour Madame"
Then she said "Sak pase" and I said "N'ap boule"
No matter where I go, you know I love 'em all

[Verse 2]

She from Africa but she fuck me like she Haitian
Ass black, but the eyes looking Asian
I give her the can in Kansas
I got it on tape, she on Candid Camera
Okay see, I forgot we met in Oklahoma
I use to smoke Regina, she from Arizona
Then I met a girl in Cali I never disowned her
She got that high grade, her weed come with diplomas
I want her but she keep

[Pre-Hook]

Telling me this and telling me that
You said once you take me with you, I'll never go back
Now I got a lesson that I want to teach ya
I'ma show you that where you from don't matter to me

[Hook]

She said "Hola, ¿Cómo estás?", she said "Konnichiwa"
She said "Pardon my French", I said "Bonjour Madame"
Then she said "Sak pase" and I said "N'ap boule"
No matter where I go, you know I love 'em all
She said "Hola, ¿Cómo estás?", she said "Konnichiwa"
She said "Pardon my French", I said "Bonjour Madame"
Then she said "Sak pase" and I said "N'ap boule"
No matter where I go, you know I love 'em all
She said "Hola, ¿Cómo estás?", she said "Konnichiwa"
She said "Pardon my French", I said "Bonjour Madame"
Then she said "Sak pase" and I said "N'ap boule"
No matter where I go, you know I love 'em all
She said "Hola, ¿Cómo estás?", she said "Konnichiwa"
She said "Pardon my French", I said "Bonjour Madame"
Then she said "Sak pase" and I said "N'ap boule"
No matter where I go, you know I love 'em all
She said "Hola, ¿Cómo estás?", she said "Konnichiwa"
She said "Pardon my French", I said "Bonjour Madame"
Then she said "Sak pase" and I said "N'ap boule"
No matter where I go, you know I love 'em all

For Free » DJ Khaled Featuring Drake (2016)

[Verse 1: Drake]

Yeah, I go on and on
Can't understand how I last so long
I must have the superpowers
Last two-hundred twenty-three thousand hours
And it's 'cause I'm off of CC
And I'm off the Hennessy

And like your boy from Compton said
You know this dick ain't free
I got girls that I shoulda made pay for it
Got girls that I shoulda made wait for it
I got girls that'll cancel a flight back home
Stay another day for it
You got attitude on na-na
And your pussy on agua

And your stomach on flat-flat
And your ass on "What's that?"
And, yeah, I need it all right now
Last year I had drama, girl, not right now
I was never gon' chat what we talkin'
about
You the only one I know could fit it all in
her— man

[Chorus: Drake]

I always wonder if you ask yourself (Ask
yourself)
Is it just me? (Just me)
Is it just me?
Or is this sex so good I shouldn't have to
fuck for free?
Oh, is it just me?
Yeah, is it just me?
Or is this sex so good I shouldn't have
to—

[Verse 2: Drake]

Fuck for free
I know you workin' day and night to get a
college degree
Bet nobody that you've been with even
know you a freak, right?
You know you only do that with me,
right?
Yeah, double checkin' on you
You know I never put the pressure on you
You know that you make your own mind
up
You knew what it was when you signed
up
Now you gotta run it up
I be out of words, tryna sum it up

Girl, you throw it back like one love
Even let me slash on the tour bus
Yeah, I talk to her but she don't do enough
Even though you in the hood, I'm still
pullin' up
Dip, dip, straight to your doorstep
This the real thing, can you feel the force
yet?

[Chorus: Drake & Complexion]

I always wonder if you ask yourself (Ask
yourself)
Is it just me? (Just me)
Is it just me?
Or is this sex so good I shouldn't have to
fuck for free?
Oh, is it just me?
Yeah, is it just me?
Is this sex so good I shouldn't have to—
Would you fuck me for free?

[Outro: DJ Khaled]

Another one (Another one)
They don't want me to have another
anthem
So I made sure I got another anthem
(Another anthem)
It's We The Best OVO
Summer's ours
It always has been
Don't ever play yourself (Haha, haha)
One time for Future the Prince
One time for 40
One time for Drake
Yeah, another one
Bless up

White Iverson » Post Malone (2015)

[Chorus]
Saucin', saucin', I'm saucin' on you
I'm swaggin', I'm swaggin', I'm swaggin',
oh-ooh (Swaggin')
I'm ballin', I'm ballin', Iverson on you
(Swish, ooh, ayy)
Watch out, watch out, watch out, yeah
That's my shot, that's my shot, that's my
shot, yeah
Spendin', I'm spendin' all my fuckin' pay

[Verse 1]

I got me some braids and I got me some
hoes
Started rockin' the sleeve, I can't ball with
no Joes
You know how I do it, Concords on my
toes
(This shit is hard), ooh
I ain't rich yet, but you know I ain't broke,
I (I ain't broke, I)
So if I see it, I like it, buy that from the
store, I (That from the store, I)

I'm with some white girls and they lovin'
the *coca* (*Coca*)
Like they OT
Double OT like I'm KD, smokin' OG
(Smokin' OG)
And you know me, in my 2-3s and my
gold teeth (And my gold teeth)
Bitch, I'm smiling, bet you see me from
the nosebleeds (Nosebleeds)
I'm a new three and I change out to my
new 3s (To my new 3s)

[Pre-Chorus]
White Iverson
When I started ballin', I was young
You gon' think about me when I'm gone
I need that money like the ring I never
won, I won

[Chorus]
Saucin', saucin', I'm saucin' on you
I'm swaggin', I'm swaggin', I'm swaggin',
oh-oooh
I'm ballin', I'm ballin', Iverson on you (On
you, on you)
Watch out, watch out, watch out, yeah
That's my shot, that's my shot, that's my
shot, yeah
Spendin', I'm spendin' all my fuckin' pay

[Verse 2]
Ooh, Stoney
Cigarettes and a headband
Commas, commas in my head, man
Slumped over like a dead man

Red and black, 'bout my bread, man
I'm the answer, never question
Lace up, learn a lesson
Bitch, I'm saucin' (Wow), I do this often,
don't do no talkin' (No)
My options right when I walk in, jump all
them Jordans (Ooh)
I'm ballin', money jumpin'
Like I'm Davis from New Orleans
Or bitch I'm Harden, I don't miss nothin'
Fuck practice, this shit just happens, know
y'all can't stand it (Ayy)
I have it, I never pass it, I work my magic
High average, ball on these bastards, it
makes me happy
It's tragic, I make it happen, and all y'all
Shaqtin'

[Pre-Chorus]
White Iverson
When I started ballin' I was young
You gon' think about me when I'm gone
I need that money like the ring I never
won, I won

[Chorus]
Saucin', saucin', I'm saucin' on you
I'm swaggin', I'm swaggin', I'm swaggin',
oh-oooh
I'm ballin', I'm ballin', Iverson on you
Watch out, watch out, watch out, yeah
That's my shot, that's my shot, that's my
shot, yeah
Spendin', I'm spendin' all my fuckin' pay

[Chorus]
Don't you open up that window
Don't you let out that antidote (Yeah)
Poppin' pills is all we know (Ooh)
In the hills is all we know (Hollywood)
Don't go through the front door (Through
the back)
It's lowkey at the night show (Ooh)
So, don't you open up that window (Ooh)
Don't you let out that antidote, yeah

[Verse 1]

Party on a Sunday (That was fun)
Do it all again on Monday (One more
time)
Spent a check on a weekend (Oh my God)
I might do it all again (That's boss shit)
I just hit a three peat (Ooh)
Fucked three hoes I met this week (Robert
Horry)
I don't do no old hoes (Oh, no, no)
My nigga, that's a no-no (Straight up)
She just want the *coco* (*Cocaina*)
I just want *dinero* (Paper hunt) (Where?)

Who that at the front door? (Who that is?)
If it's the feds, oh, no, no, no (Don't let 'em
in, shhh)

[Chorus]

Don't you open up that window (Yah)
Don't you let out that antidote (Yah, ooh)
Poppin' pills is all we know (Yeah)
In the hills is all we know (Hollywood)
Don't go through the front door (In the
back)
It's lowkey at the night show (Ooh)
[Bridge]
Yeah, ooh, ooh
At the night show (Ooh-ooh-ooh, ahh)
At the night show (Higher)
At the night show (Ooh-ooh-ooh, ahh)
Ooh, at the night show (Get lit, my nigga)
Ooh, at the night show (Yeah)

[Verse 2]

Anything can happen at the night show
Everything can happen at the night show
(Ooh-ooh-ooh, ahh)
Ooh, at the night show
Anything can happen at the night show
Ooh, at the night show
Ooh, your bitch not at home, she at the
night show
Ooh (Straight up) fuckin' right, ho
Ooh, had to catch a flight for the night
show
Ooh (Let's go), let's get piped though
Bottles got us right though, we ain't
sippin' light, no
(Erw!) (La Flame) I ain't got no type
though
Only got one night though, we can do it
twice though

[Bridge]

(Erw!, it's lit!) At the night show, ooh
At the night show (Ooh, ooh)
At the night show
Ooh, at the night show
Yeah, at the night show
Everything can happen at the night show
Ooh, at the night show
Anything can happen at the night show,
ooh

[Verse 3]

Stackin' up day to day, young nigga
You know you gotta go get it, go get it,
my nigga
They hatin', they stankin', they waitin'
Don't be mistaken, we dyin', they stayin'
Lord, I'm on fire, they think that I'm Satan
Callin' me crazy on different occasions
Kickin' the cameraman off of my stages
'Cause I don't like how he snappin' my
angles
I'm overboard and I'm over-impatient
Over my niggas and these kids my ages
Dealin' with Mo' shit that's more
complicated
Like these two bitches that might be
related
H-Town, you got one, and you Bun B like
a number one
It's late night, got a late show
If you wanna roll, I got a place where, ahh

[Chorus]

Poppin' pills is all we know (Ooh)
In the hills is all we know (Hollywood)
Don't go through the front door (Through
the back)
It's lowkey at the night show (Ooh)
So don't you open up that window (Ooh)
(Don't you let out that antidote)

2017

Despacito » Luis Fonsi & Daddy Yankee Featuring Justin Bieber (2017)

[Intro: Justin Bieber]

Comin' over in my direction
So thankful for that, it's such a blessin',
yeah
Turn every situation into heaven, yeah
Oh-oh, you are
My sunrise on the darkest day
Got me feelin' some kind of way
Make me wanna savor every moment
slowly, slowly
You fit me tailor-made, love how you put
it on
Got the only key, know how to turn it on
The way you nibble on my ear, the only
words I wanna hear
Baby, take it slow so we can last long

[Verso 1: Luis Fonsi & Daddy Yankee]
*¡Oh! Tú, tú eres el imán y yo soy el metal
Me voy acercando y voy armando el plan
Sólo con pensarlo se acelera el pulso (Oh,
yeah)
Ya, ya me está gustando más de lo normal
Todos mis sentidos van pidiendo más
Esto hay que tomarlo sin ningún apuro*

[Coro: Justin Bieber & Luis Fonsi, Daddy Yankee]

*Despacito
Quiero respirar tu cuello despacito
Deja que te diga cosas al oído
Para que te acuerdes si no estás conmigo
Despacito
Quiero desnudarte a besos despacito
Firmo en las paredes de tu laberinto
Y hacer de tu cuerpo todo un manuscrito
(Sube, sube, sube
Sube, sube)*

[Post-Coro: Luis Fonsi & Daddy Yankee]
*Quiero ver bailar tu pelo, quiero ser tu
ritmo (Woah, woah)
Que le enseñas a mi boca (Woah, woah)
Tus lugares favoritos (Favorito, favorito,
baby)
Déjame sobreponer tus zonas de peligro
(Woah, woah)
Hasta provocar tus gritos (Woah, woah)*

Y que olvides tu apellido

[Verso 2: Daddy Yankee]

*Si te pido un beso, ven, dámelo, yo sé que
estás pensándolo
Llevo tiempo intentándolo, mami, esto es
dando y dándolo
Sabes que tu corazón conmigo te hace
bom, bom
Sabes que esa beba está buscando de mi
bom, bom
Ven, prueba de mi boca para ver cómo te
sabe
Quiero, quiero, quiero ver cuánto amor a
ti te cabe
Yo no tengo prisa, yo me quiero dar el
viaje
Empecemos lento, después salvaje*

[Pre-Coro: Daddy Yankee & Justin Bieber, Daddy Yankee]

*Pasito a pasito, suave suavecito
Nos vamos pegando, poquito a poquito
Cuando tú me besas con esa destreza
Veo que eres malicia con delicadeza
Pasito a pasito, suave suavecito
Nos vamos pegando, poquito a poquito
Y es que esa belleza es un rompecabezas
Pero pa' montarlo aquí tengo la pieza
¡Oye!*

[Coro: Justin Bieber & Luis Fonsi, Daddy Yankee]

*Despacito
Quiero respirar tu cuello despacito
Deja que te diga cosas al oído
Para que te acuerdes si no estás conmigo
Despacito
Quiero desnudarte a besos despacito
Firmo en las paredes de tu laberinto
Y hacer de tu cuerpo todo un manuscrito
(Sube, sube, sube
Sube, sube)*

[Post-Coro: Luis Fonsi & Daddy Yankee]
*Quiero ver bailar tu pelo, quiero ser tu
ritmo (Woah, woah)
Que le enseñas a mi boca (Woah, woah)*

*Tus lugares favoritos (Favorito, favorito, baby)
Déjame sobrepasar tus zonas de peligro (Woah, woah)
Hasta provocar tus gritos (Woah, woah)
Y que olvides tu apellido*

[Puente: Luis Fonsi]

Despacito

This is how we do it down in Puerto Rico
I just wanna hear you screaming, "¡Ay, Bendito!"

I can move forever *cuan*do esté contigo

¡Báilalo!
[Post-Coro: Daddy Yankee, Luis Fonsi & Justin Bieber]
Pasito a pasito, suave suavecito
Nos vamos pegando, poquito a poquito
Que le enseñes a mi boca
Tus lugares favoritos
(Favorito, favorito, baby)
Pasito a pasito, suave suavecito
Nos vamos pegando, poquito a poquito
Hasta provocar tus gritos (Fonsi)
Y que olvides tu apellido (D.Y.)
Despacito

That's What I Like » Bruno Mars (2016)

[Verse 1]

Hey, hey, hey
I got a condo in Manhattan
Baby girl, what's hatnin'?
You and your ass invited
So gon' and get to clappin'
So pop it for a player
Pop, pop it for me
Turn around and drop it for a player
Drop, drop it for me
I'll rent a beach house in Miami (-ami)
Wake up with no jammies (Nope)
Lobster tail for dinner
Julio serve that scampi (Julio!)
You got it if you want it
Got, got it if you want it
Said you got it if you want it
Take my wallet if you want it now

[Pre-Chorus]

Jump in the Cadillac, girl, let's put some miles on it
Anything you want, just to put a smile on it
You deserve it baby, you deserve it all
And I'm gonna give it to you

[Chorus]

Gold jewelry shining so bright
Strawberry champagne on ice
Lucky for you, that's what I like, that's what I like
Lucky for you, that's what I like, that's what I like
Sex by the fire at night

Silk sheets and diamonds all white
Lucky for you, that's what I like, that's what I like
Lucky for you, that's what I like, that's what I like
[Verse 2]
I'm talkin' trips to Puerto Rico
Say the word and we go (Say it)
You can be my freaka (Brrrt!)
Girl, I'll be a fleeko
Mamacita
I will never make a promise that I can't keep
I promise that your smile ain't gon' never leave
Shopping sprees in Paris
Everything 24 karats
Take a look in that mirror
Now tell me who's the fairest
Is it you? (Is it you?) Is it me? (Is it me?)
Say it's us (Say it's us) and I'll agree, baby

[Pre-Chorus]

Jump in the Cadillac, girl, let's put some miles on it
Anything you want, just to put a smile on it
You deserve it baby, you deserve it all
And I'm gonna give it to you

[Chorus]

Gold jewelry shining so bright
Strawberry champagne on ice
Lucky for you, that's what I like, that's what I like

Lucky for you, that's what I like, that's what I like
 Sex by the fire at night
 Silk sheets and diamonds all white
 Lucky for you, that's what I like, that's what I like
 Lucky for you, that's what I like, that's what I like
 [Bridge]
 If you say you want a good time
 Well here I am baby, here I am baby
 Talk to me, talk to me, talk to me
 Tell me what's on your mind (What's on your mind)
 If you want it, girl come and get it
 All this is here for you

Tell me baby, tell me, tell me baby
 What you tryna do
 [Chorus]
 Gold jewelry shining so bright
 Strawberry champagne on ice
 Lucky for you, that's what I like, that's what I like
 Lucky for you, that's what I like, that's what I like
 Sex by the fire at night
 Silk sheets and diamonds all white
 Lucky for you, that's what I like, that's what I like
 Lucky for you, that's what I like, that's what I like

Mi Gente » J Balvin & Willy William Featuring Beyoncé (2017)

[Verso 1: J Balvin & Beyoncé]
*Si el ritmo te lleva a mover la cabeza ya
 empezamos cómo es
 Mi música no discrimina a nadie así que
 vamos a romper
 Con lo mío todos se mueven
 La fiesta la llevo en mis genes
 Yo soy la reina de los nenes
 Mi gente no se detiene, aquí nadie se
 quiere ir
 Si el ritmo está en tu cabeza
 Ahora suéltate y mueve los pies
 Me encanta cuando el bajo suena
 Empezamos a subir de nivel
 Toda mi gente se mueve
 La fiesta la llevo en mis genes
 Yo soy la reina de los nenes
 Mi musica los tiene fuerte bailando y se
 baila así*

[Verso 2: Willy William & Beyoncé]
*Tamo' rompiendo la discoteca
 La fiesta no para, apenas comienza
 C'est comme-ci, c'est comme-ça
 Ma chérie, la la la la la
 Francia, Colombia, Houston (Freeze)
 J Balvin, Willy William, Beyoncé
 (Freeze)
 Los DJ's no mienten, le gusta a mi gente y
 eso se fue mundial (Freeze)
 No le bajamos, más nunca paramos es
 otro palo y ¡Blam!*

[Pre-Coro: J Balvin, Willy William, Beyoncé]
*¿Y dónde está mi gente?
 Mais fais bouger la tête
 Azul, are you with me
 Say yeah, yeah, yeah
 Un, dos, tres, leggo*
 [Verso 3: Beyoncé]
 He say my body stay wetter than the ocean
 And he say that Creole in my body is like a potion
 I can be a beast or I can give you emotion
 But please don't question my devotion
 I been giving birth on these haters 'cause I'm fertile
 See these double Cs on this bag, murda
 Want my double Ds in his bed, Serta
 If you really love me make an album about me, word up
 Soon as I walk in
 Boys start they talkin
 Right as that booty sway (Freeze)
 Slay
 Lift up your people
 From Texas, Puerto Rico
 Dem' islands to México (Freeze)

[Pre-Coro: J Balvin, Willy William, Beyoncé]

*¿Y dónde está mi gente? (Yeah, yeah,
yeah)
Mais fais bouger la tête (Yeah, yeah,
yeah)
¿Y dónde está mi gente? (Yeah, yeah,
yeah)
Say yeah, yeah, yeah
Un, dos, tres, leggo
(Ay yeah, yeah, yeah)*

[Verso 4: J Balvin & Beyoncé]
*Esquina a esquina, de ahí no' vamo' (de
ahí no' vamo')*
*El mundo es grande pero lo tengo en mis
manos*

*Estoy muy duro, sí, ok, ahí vamos
Y con el tiempo nos seguimos elevando
Que seguimos rompiendo aquí
Esta fiesta no tiene fin
Botellas para arriba, sí
Mi gente no se detiene, aquí nadie se
quiere ir*

[Pre-Coro]

*¿Y dónde está mi gente?
Mais fais bouger la tête
Azul, are you with me
Say yeah, yeah, yeah
*Un, dos, tres, leggo**

Rockstar » Post Malone con 21 Savage (2017)

[Chorus: Post Malone]
I've been fuckin' hoes and poppin' pillies
Man, I feel just like a rockstar (Star, ayy,
ayy)
All my brothers got that gas
And they always be smokin' like a Rasta
('Sta)
Fuckin' with me, call up on a Uzi
And show up, man, them the shottas ('Tas)
When my homies pull up on your block
They make that thing go grrra-ta-ta-ta (Ta,
pow, pow, pow, ayy, ayy)

[Verse 1: Post Malone]
Switch my whip, came back in black
I'm startin' sayin', "Rest in peace to Bon
Scott" (Scott, ayy)
Close that door, we blowin' smoke
She ask me light a fire like I'm Morrison
(Son, ayy)
Act a fool on stage
Prolly leave my fuckin' show in a cop car
(Car, ayy)
Shit was legendary
Threw a TV out the window of the
Montage
Cocaine on the table, liquor pourin', don't
give a damn
Dude, your girlfriend is a groupie, she just
tryna get in
Sayin', "I'm with the band" (Ayy, ayy)
Now she actin' outta pocket, tryna grab up
on my pants

Hundred bitches in my trailer say they
ain't got a man
And they all brought a friend (Yeah, ayy,
ayy, ayy)

[Chorus: Post Malone]
I've been fuckin' hoes and poppin' pillies
Man, I feel just like a rockstar (Star, ayy,
ayy)
All my brothers got that gas
And they always be smokin' like a Rasta
('Sta)
Fuckin' with me, call up on a Uzi
And show up, man, them the shottas ('Tas)
When my homies pull up on your block
They make that thing go grrra-ta-ta-ta (Ta,
pow, pow, pow)

[Verse 2: 21 Savage]
I've been in the Hills fuckin' superstars
Feelin' like a popstar (21, 21, 21)
Drankin' Henny, bad bitches jumpin' in
the pool
And they ain't got on no bra (Bra)
Hit her from the back, pullin' on her tracks
And now she screamin' out, "*¡No más!*"
(Yeah, yeah, yeah)
They like, "Savage, why you got a 12 car
garage
And you only got six cars?" (21)
I ain't with the cakin', how you kiss that?
(Kiss that?)
Your wifey say I'm lookin' like a whole
snack (Big snack)

Green hundreds in my safe, I got old racks
(Old racks)
L.A. bitches always askin', "Where the coke at?" (21, 21)
Livin' like a rockstar, smash out on a cop car
Sweeter than a Pop-Tart, you know you are not hard
I done made the hot chart, 'member I used to trap hard
Livin' like a rockstar, I'm livin' like a rockstar (Ayy)

[Chorus: Post Malone & 21 Savage]
I've been fuckin' hoes and poppin' pillies
Man, I feel just like a rockstar (Star, ayy, ayy)
All my brothers got that gas
And they always be smokin' like a Rasta ('Sta, yeah, yeah, yeah)
Fuckin' with me, call up on a Uzi
And show up, man, them the shottas ('Tas)
When my homies pull up on your block
They make that thing go grrra-ta-ta-ta (Ta, grrra-ta-ta-ta-ta)

Broccoli » D.R.A.M. con Lil Yachty (2016)

[Intro: D.R.A.M.]
Ain't no tellin' what I'm finna be on, ayy,
ayy
I'm beyond all that fuck shit, hey

[Verse 1: Lil Yachty]
Hey, lil' mama, would you like to be my sunshine?
Nigga, touch my gang, we gon' turn this shit to Columbine
Ice on my neck, cost me ten times three
Thirty thousand dollars for a nigga to get flee
I just hit Rodéo and I spent like ten Gs
I just did a show and spent the check on my mama
When I go on vacay I might rent out the Bahamas
And I keep like ten phones, damn, I'm really never home
All these niggas clones, tryna copy what I'm on (what I'm on)
Nigga, get your own, tryna pick a nigga bone
Word to brother, Skip, boy, I had a good day
Metro PCS, trappin', boy, I'm makin' plays
Fifty Shades of Grey, beat that pussy like Hulk Hogan
I know you know my slogan, if it ain't 'bout guap, I'm gone
Niggas hatin' 'cause I'm chosen from the concrete, I had rose
Shawty starin' at my necklace 'cause my diamonds really froze

Put that dick up in her pussy, bet she feel it in her toes
I'm a real young nigga from the six throwin' 'bows
I'm a real young nigga from the six throwin' 'bows
Real young nigga from the six throwin' 'bows
[Chorus: D.R.A.M.]
In the middle of the party, bitch, get off me (goddamn)
In the cut, I'm rollin' up my broccoli (goddamn)
Yeh, I know your baby mama fond of me (goddamn)
All she want to do is smoke that broccoli (goddamn)
Whispered in my ear, she tryna leave with me (goddamn)
Tell her I can get that pussy easily (goddamn)
Tell her I can hit that shit so greasily (goddamn)
I'm a dirty dog, I did it sleazily (damn)

[Bridge: D.R.A.M.]
Ain't no tellin' what I'm finna be on, ayy,
ayy
I'm beyond all that fuck shit, ayy
Ain't no tellin' what I'm finna, hey I'm beyond, ayy, ayy
Said I'm beyond all that fuck shit, ayy

[Verse 2: D.R.A.M.]
I got companies and Pesos
I got people on my payroll

She don't do it 'less I say so
 I don't smoke if it ain't *fuego*
 I should sauce 'em up like Prego
 Fettucini with Alfredo
 All I wanted was the fame and every game
 they made on Sega
 I was five or six years old when I had told
 myself, "Okay you're special"
 But I treat you like my equal never lesser
 I was twenty-six years old when we had
 dropped this one amazing record
 Had the world steppin'
 That's what I call epic
 Couple summers later I got paper
 I acquired taste for salmon on a bagel
 With the capers on a square plate
 At the restaurant with the "why you got to
 stare" face
 To know I either ball or I record over the
 snare and bass
 Rapper face, dread headed
 Golden diamond teeth wearin'

They just mad 'cause I got that cheese,
 bitch, I keep dairy
 Turnt up in the party, gettin' lit to Yachty
 With a Spanish Barbie, word to my mami
 [Chorus: D.R.A.M.]
 In the middle of the party, bitch, get off
 me (off me)
 In the cut, I'm rollin' up my broccoli
 (my weed, my weed)
 Yeah, I know your baby mama fond of me
 (she fond of me)
 All she want to do is smoke that broccoli
 (the weed, the weed)
 Whispered in my ear she trying to leave
 with me
 (she runnin' for)
 Said that I can get that pussy easily
 (she fallin' for)
 Said I can hit that shit so greasily (oh
 yeah, oh yeah)
 I'm a dirty dog, I did it sleazily (yeah)

Havana » Camila Cabello con Young Thug (2017)

[Chorus: Camila Cabello & Pharrell Williams]
 Havana, ooh na-na (Ayy)
 Half of my heart is in Havana, ooh na-na
 (Ayy, ayy)
 He took me back to East Atlanta, na-na-na, ah
 Oh, but my heart is in Havana (Ayy)
 There's somethin' 'bout his manners (Uh-huh)
 Havana, ooh na-na (Uh)

[Verse 1: Camila Cabello & Pharrell Williams]
 He didn't walk up with that "how you doin'?" (Uh)
 When he came in the room
 He said there's a lot of girls I can do with (Uh)
 But I can't without you
 I knew him forever in a minute (Hey)
 That summer night in June
 And *papa* says he got *malo* in him (Uh)
 He got me feelin' like...

[Pre-Chorus: Camila Cabello & Pharrell Williams]
 Ooh, ooh-ooh-ooh-ooh-ooh-ooh-ooh
 (Ayy)
 I knew it when I met him (Ayy), I loved
 him when I left him
 Got me feelin' like, ooh, ooh-ooh-ooh-ooh-ooh
 And then I had to tell him, I had to go
 Oh na-na-na-na-na (Woo)

[Chorus: Camila Cabello & Pharrell Williams]
 Havana, ooh na-na (Ayy, hey)
 Half of my heart is in Havana, ooh na-na
 (Ayy, ayy, uh-huh)
 He took me back to East Atlanta, na-na-na
 Oh, but my heart is in Havana (Huh)
 My heart is in Havana (Ayy)
 Havana, ooh na-na

[Verse 2: Young Thug]
 (Jeffery)
 Just graduated, fresh on campus, mmm

Fresh out East Atlanta with no manners,
damn (Fresh out East Atlanta)
Bump on her bumper like a traffic jam
Hey, I was quick to pay that girl like
Uncle Sam (Here you go, ayy)
Back it on me (Back it up)
Shawty cravin' on me, get to eatin' on me
(On me)
She waited on me (And what?)
Shawty cakin' on me, got the bacon on me
(Wait up)
This is history in the makin', homie
(Homie)
Point blank, close range, that B (Tah, tah)
If it cost a million, that's me (That's me)
I was gettin' mula, baby

[Chorus: Camila Cabello & Pharrell Williams]
Havana, ooh na-na (Ayy, ayy)
Half of my heart is in Havana, ooh na-na
(Oh, ayy, ayy, uh-huh)
He took me back to East Atlanta, na-na-na
(Oh, no)
Oh, but my heart is in Havana (Huh)
My heart is in Havana (Ayy)
Havana, ooh na-na

[Bridge: Starrah & Camila Cabello]
Ooh na-na, oh, na-na-na (Ooh, ooh-ooh-ooh-ooh-ooh)
Take me back, back, back like...
Ooh na-na, oh, na-na-na (Yeah, babe)
Take me back, back, back like...
Ooh na-na, oh, na-na-na (Yeah, yeah)
Take me back, back, back like...
Ooh na-na, oh, na-na-na (Yeah, babe)
Take me back, back, back
Hey, hey...
Ooh, ooh-ooh-ooh-ooh-ooh-ooh
(Hey)
Ooh, ooh-ooh-ooh-ooh-ooh-ooh
(Hey)
Take me back to my Havana...

[Chorus: Camila Cabello & Pharrell Williams]
Havana, ooh na-na
Half of my heart is in Havana, ooh na-na
(Oh, yeah)
He took me back to East Atlanta, na-na-na
(Ayy, ayy)
Oh, but my heart is in Havana
My heart is in Havana (Ayy)
Havana, ooh na-na (Uh-huh)

2018

I Like It » Cardi B, Bad Bunny & J Balvin (2018)

[Verse 1: Cardi B]
Now I like dollars, I like diamonds
I like stuntin', I like shinin' (Yeah)
I like million dollar deals
Where's my pen? Bitch I'm signin'
(Signin')
I like those Balenciagas (Those)
The ones that look like socks
I like going to the jeweler
I put rocks all in my watch (Cha-ching)
I like texts from my exes when they want
a second chance (What?)
I like proving niggas wrong
I do what they say I can't
They call me Cardi Bardi, banging body
Spicy mami, hot tamale
Hotter than a Somali, fur coat, Ferrari
(Rrr, woo)

Hop out the stu', jump in the coupe
(Coupe)
Big Dipper on top of the roof
Flexing on bitches as hard as I can
Eating halal, driving the Lam'
Told that bitch I'm sorry though (Sorry
though)
'Bout my coins like Mario (Mario)
Yeah, they call me Cardi B
I run this shit like cardio
Woo, facts

[Chorus: Cardi B]
Diamond district in the chain, chain (I said
I like it like that)
Certified, you know I'm gang, gang, gang,
gang (I said I like it like—woo)
Drop the top and blow the brains, woo
(Woo, I said I like it like that)

Oh, he's so handsome, what's his name?
Yeah (Woo, bags, I said I like it)
Oh, I need the dollars, cha-ching (I said I like it like that)
Beat it up like *piñatas* (I said I like it like—; uh)
Tell the driver, close the curtains (I said I like it like that, skrrt)
Bad bitch make you nervous (I said I like it)
Cardi B

[Verse 2: Bad Bunny]
*Chambean, chambean, pero no jalan
(¡Jalan!)*
Tú compras to'a las Jordan, bo, a mí me las regalan (Jeje)
I spend in the club what you have in the bank (¡Wuh; ¡yeh!)
This is the new religion bang in Latino gang, gang, ¡yeh!
Trato de hacer dieta, pero es que en el closet tengo mucha grasa (¡Yeh!; ¡wuh!)
Ya mudé la' Gucci pa' dentro de casa, yeh (¡Wuh!)
Cabrón, a ti no te conocen ni en Plaza (No)
El Diablo me llama, pero Jesucristo me abraza (Amén)
Guerrero como Eddie, que viva la raza, yeh
Me gustan boricuas, me gustan cubanas
Me gusta el acento de las colombianas (¿Qué hubo pues?)
Como mueve el culo la dominicana (¿Qué lo que?)
Lo rico que me chingan las venezolanas (¡Wuh!)
Andamos activos, Perico Pin Pin (Wuh)
Billetes de cien en el maletín (¡Ching!)
Que retumbe el bajo, Bobby Valentín, yeh (¡Buh!)
Aquí es prohibido amar, diles, Charytí
Que pa'l picor les tengo Claritín
Yo llego a la disco y se forma el motín (¡Rrrah!)
[Chorus: Cardi B, Bad Bunny]
Diamond district in the chain (I said I like it like that)
Bad Bunny baby, *bebé, bebé*

Certified, you know I'm gang, gang, gang, gang (I said I like it like—woo)
Drop the top and blow the brains, woo (Woo, I said I like it like that)
Oh, he's so handsome, what's his name?
Yeah (Woo, yeh, I said I like it)
Oh, I need the dollars, cha-ching (I said I like it like that)
Beat it up like *piñatas* (I said I like it like—)
Tell the driver, close the curtains (I said I like it like that, skrrt)
Bad bitch make you nervous (I said I like it, that)

[Verse 3: J Balvin]
Como Celia Cruz tengo el azúcar (Azúca')
Tu jefa me vio y se fue de pecho como Jimmy Snuka (Ah)
Te vamos a tumbar la peluca
Y arranca pa'l carajo, cabrón, que a ti no te vo'a pasar la hookah (Hookah, hookah)
Mis tenis Balenciaga me reciben en la entrada (Wuh)
Pa-Pa-Paparazzi like I'm Lady Gaga (Wuh)
Y no te me hagas (Eh)
Que en cover de Billboard tú has visto mi cara (Eh)
No salgo de tu mente (Wuh)
Donde quieras que viajes has escuchado "Mi Gente"
Yo no soy hype, soy como el Testarossa (Hype; 'rossa)
Yo soy el que se la vive y también el que la goza (Goza, goza)
Es la cosa, mami es la cosa (Cosa, cosa)
El que mira sufre y el que toca goza (Goza, goza, goza)

[Bridge: J Balvin, Cardi B]
I said I like it like that
I said I like it like that (Rrr)
I said I like it like that (Woo)
I said I like it like that

[Chorus: Cardi B]
Diamond district in the chain (I said I like it like that)

Certified, you know I'm gang, gang (I said
I like it like—)
Drop the top and blow the brains, woo (I
said I like it like that)

MotorSport » Migos, Nicki Minaj & Cardi B (2017)

[Chorus: Quavo]
Motorsport, yeah, put that thing in sport
(Skrrt, skrrt)
Shawty bad (Bad), pop her like a cork
(Pop it)
You a dork, never been a sport (Dork,
yeah)
Pull up, woo, woo, jumpin' out the court
(Jump)
Cotton candy (Drink), my cup tastes like
the fair (Cotton)
Straight up there (Where?), we didn't take
the stairs (Where?)
Faced my fears (My fears), gave my
mama tears (Mama)
Shiftin' gears (Shift), on the Nawf, get
serious (Serious)

[Verse 1: Quavo]
Face all your fears, then get at me
Hit so many donuts on them backstreets
Sit so high in the nosebleeds (Yeah)
Feel like I can fly, yeah
Xans, Perky, check (Yeah), Bill Belichick
Take the air out the ball (Ooh), just so I
can flex
Take the air out the mall, walk in with the
sacks
Take the air out your broad (Hey), now
she can't go back (E)
Xans, Perky, check (Yeah), Bill Belichick
Take the air out the ball (Yeah), just so I
can flex
Take the air out the mall (Hey), walk in
with the sacks
Take the air out your broad (Woo, woo,
woo, E)
[Verse 2: Offset]
Offset!
Uh, the coupe came imported (Hey)
This season's Off-White come in snorted
(White)
Green Lamborghini a tortoise (Lambo)
No human being, I'm immortal (No)

Oh, he's so handsome, what's his name?
Yeah (I said I like it)

Patek and A.P. full of water (Patek)
Hundred K, I spend on my *señora* (Racks)
My pinky on margarine, butter
(Margarine)
And my ears got McDonald's nuggets
(Ayy)
Soon, as I land on the Lear (Whew)
Piguet, they wet, tears ('Guets)
488, hit the gears (488)
Suicide doors, Britney Spears
I'm boujee, so, bitch, don't get near
(Boujee)
Criss Angel, make dope disappear (Voilà)
Hit the gas, it got flames out the rears
(Skrrt)
It's a race to the bag, get the mills (Hey)

[Verse 3: Cardi B]
Ride the dick like a BMX
No nigga wanna be my ex (No)
I love when he go on tour
'Cause he cum more, when I see him less
I get up set off
I turn Offset on
I told him the other day
Man, we should sell that porn
Yeah, Cardi B, I'm back, bitches
I don't wanna hear I'm actin' different
(Yeah)
Same lips that be talkin' 'bout me
Is the same lips that be ass kissin'
These hoes ain't what they say they are
And their pussy stink, they catfishin'
(Stank)
Same hoes that was sendin' shots
They reachin' out like they back itchin'
(Whoo)
Why would I hop in some beef (Why?)
When I could just hop in a Porsche?
You heard she gon' do what from who?
That's not a reliable source, no
So tell me, have you seen her?
Let me wrap my weave up
I'm the trap Selena

[Dame más gasolina! Skrrt!

[Chorus: Quavo]

Motorsport, yeah, put that thing in sport
(Skrrt, skrrt)
Shawty bad (Bad), pop her like a cork
(Pop it)
You a dork, never been a sport (Dork,
yeah)
Pull up, woo, woo, jumpin' out the court
(Jump)

[Verse 4: Nicki Minaj]

Uh, yo, watch your man, then you should
watch your mouth
Bitches is pressed, administer mouth to
mouth
You see them stats, you know what I am
about
I am the champ, I'm Iron Mike in a bout
Attention, I'ma need you to face front
You don't want smoke with me, this is a
laced blunt
Rap's Jackie Chan, we ain't pullin' them
fake stunts
My crown won't fit on your bum-ass lace
fronts (Uh)
You bitches catchin' a fade, shout out my
nigga Lil Boosie
All of your friends'll be dead, you can get
hit with that Uzi
I call him Ricky, he say he love me like
Lucy
Get you a straw nigga, you know this
pussy is juicy
This Givenchy is custom made, now you
can't get it at Saks though
I don't work in no office, but they copyin'
and that's facts though
I ain't tryna be violent, but if Nicki on it, it
slaps, ho
Get you lined for that paper like a loose
leaf when that strap blow
I'm with a couple bad bitches that'll rip the
party
If Quavo the QB, I'm Nick Lombardi
Pull up in the space coupe, I done linked
with Marty
I can actually afford to get a pink Bugatti

"Ayo, Nick, didn't you just do a hit with
Gotti?"

That too, but my niggas send hits like
Gotti
It's a wrap, like the things on the head of a
Saudi
Bitch, you my son, go and sit on the potty
(Rrrrrr)
[Verse 5: Takeoff]
Brand new Chanel (Chanel)
I scuffed 'em runnin' from 12 (12)
Ain't make no commitment with none of
you bitches
'Cause money is treatin' me well (Uh-uh)
If Nicki should show me her titty
Right hand on the Bible, I swear I won't
tell (Swear)

If I get to play with that kitty
I wonder how many platinums we gon'
sell (Albums)
Pop a Perc and catch a feel (I pop one)
Now I cannot feel the wheel (Woah)
My chest bad, give me chills (Ice)
And the left hand on Richard Mille (Ice)
Not the watch, but the price on the ice
If you don't know what that is (Huh)
Motorsport, motorville
Abort the mission, that's a kill (Pew, pew,
brrr)

[Chorus: Quavo]

Motorsport, yeah, put that thing in sport
(Skrrt, skrrt)
Shawty bad (Bad), pop her like a cork
(Pop it)
You a dork, never been a sport (Dork,
yeah)
Pull up, woo, woo, jumpin' out the court
(Jump)
Cotton candy (Drink), my cup tastes like
the fair (Cotton)
Straight up there (Where?), we didn't take
the stairs (Where?)
Faced my fears (My fears), gave my
mama tears (Mama)
Shiftin' gears (Shift), on the Nawf, get
serious (Serious)

Be Careful » Cardi B (2018)

[Verse 1]

I wanna get married, like the Currys,
Steph and Ayesha shit
But we more like Belly—Tommy and
Keisha shit
Gave you TLC, you wanna creep and shit
Poured out my whole heart to a piece of
shit
Man, I thought you would've learned your
lesson
'Bout likin' pictures, not returnin' texts
I guess it's fine, man, I get the message
You still stutter after certain questions
You keep in contact with certain exes
Do you, though, trust me, nigga, it's cool,
though
Said that you was workin', but you out
here chasin' *culo*
And *putas*, chillin' poolside, livin' two
lives
I could've did what you did to me to you a
few times
But if I did decide to slide, find a nigga
Fuck him, suck his dick, you would've
been pissed
But that's not my M.O., I'm not that type
of bitch
And karma for you is gon' be who you end
up with
You make me sick, nigga

[Chorus]

The only man, baby, I adore
I gave you everything, what's mine is
yours
I want you to live your life of course
But I hope you get what you dyin' for
Be careful with me, do you know what
you doin'?
Whose feelings that you're hurtin' and
bruising'?
You gon' gain the whole world
But is it worth the girl that you're losin'?
Be careful with me
Yeah, it's not a threat, it's a warnin'
Be careful with me
Yeah, my heart is like a package with a
fragile label on it

Be careful with me

[Bridge]
Care for me, care for me
Always said that you'd be there for me,
there for me
Boy, you better treat me carefully,
carefully, look

[Verse 2]

I was here before all of this
Guess you actin' out now, you got an
audience
Tell me where your mind is, drop a pin,
what's the coordinates?
You might have a fortune, but you lose
me, you still gon' be misfortunate, nigga
Tell me, this lust got you this fucked up in
the head
You want some random bitch up in your
bed?
She don't even know your middle name,
watch her 'cause she might steal your
chain
You don't want someone who loves you
instead? I guess not though
It's blatant disrespect, you nothin' like the
nigga I met
Talk to me crazy and you quick to forget
You even got me trippin', you got me
lookin' in the mirror different
Thinkin' I'm flawed because you
inconsistent
Between a rock and a hard place, the mud
and the dirt
It's gon' hurt me to hate you, but lovin'
you's worse
It all stops so abrupt, we started switchin'
it up
Teach me to be like you so I can not give
a fuck
Free to mess with someone else, I wish
these feelings could melt
'Cause you don't care about a thing except
your mothafuckin' self
You make me sick, nigga
[Chorus]
The only man, baby, I adore

I gave you everything, what's mine is yours
 I want you to live your life of course
 But I hope you get what you dyin' for
 Be careful with me, do you know what you doin'?
 Whose feelings that you're hurtin' and bruisin'?

You gon' gain the whole world
 But is it worth the girl that you're losin'?
 Be careful with me
 Yeah, it's not a threat, it's a warnin'
 Be careful with me
 Yeah, my heart is like a package with a fragile label on it
 Be careful with me

Te Boté » Casper Magico, Nio Garcia, Darell, Nicky Jam, Ozuna & Bad Bunny (2018)

[Intro: Darell & Ozuna]
 Wo-oh
 Oh-oh (Oh-oh)
 Wo-oh, yeh (Yeh-yeh)
 Este e' el verdadero remix, ¡baby! (Na-na)
 Eso e' así (Ozuna)
 Paso mucha' noche' pensándote
 Yo no sé ni cómo ni cuándo fue (Eh)
 Pero sólo sé que yo recordé (Eh-eh)
 Cómo te lo hacía yo aquella vez (Oh-oh)
 Sí, yo no puedo seguir solo (Jeje)
 Pero sé que te boté (Pero sé; que te boté)

Odio saber que en ti una ve' má' yo confié
 Odio to' lo' "te amo" que mil vece' te
texteé
 Baby, mejor que tú, ahora tengo como die'
 Lo nuestro iba en un Bugatti y te quedaste
 a pie

[Estribillo: Ozuna]
 De mi vida te boté, yeh, y te boté (Oh-oh)
 Te di banda y te solté, yo te solté (Oh-oh)
 Pal' carajo usté' se fue, y usté' se fue (Na-na)
 De mi vida te boté, yo te boté, yeh, yeh,
 mami (Ozuna)

[Estribillo: Bad Bunny]
 Yo te boté; te di banda y te solté, yo te
 solté
 Pal' carajo te mandé, yo te mandé
 Y a tu amiga me clavé, me la clavé
 Fuck you, hijo 'e puta, yeh (!Huh!)

[Verso 1: Bad Bunny]
 Baby, la vida e' un ciclo (Wuh)
 Y lo que no sirve yo no lo reciclo (No)
 Así que de mi vida muévete
 Que si te lo meto e' pa' recordar un T.B.T.,
 yeh (Yeh)
 Ya yo me cansé de tus mentira'
 Ahora hay una más dura que me tira (Yeh)
 Todo tiene su final, todo expira (Yeh)
 Tú ere' pasado y el pasado nunca vira
 Arranca pal' carajo (!Wuh!), mi cuerpo no
 te necesita (No)
 Lo que pide e' un perreo sucio en La
 Placita
 No creo que lo nuestro se repita
 Dale, prende un Phillipie, deja uno ready pa'
 ahorita, yeh (!Brr!)
 [Pre-Estribillo: Bad Bunny]

[Verso 2: Darell]
 (Esta e' la verdadera vuelta, ¿oíste, baby?)
 Bebé, yo te boté (!Ja!)
 Y desde que te di esa' botá', las gata' son
 de tre' en tre' (Eso e' así)
 Si tú quiere', pregunta, si no me cree'
 (Baby)
 Que ya no tengo estré', pa' completar las
 filas son express (!Ja-ja!)
 ¿Tú viste cómo el mundo se te fue al
 revé'?
 Y yo con ella en R.D. (Jajajaja), que me
 enamoró el día que la probé
 Ya yo no creo que vuelva y te dé, mami,
 porque el servicio te lo cancelé
 Si no respondo (!Ja!) el problema va a
 tocar fondo
 Mami, respira hondo mientras' te lo
 esconde (Eso e' así)
 Contigo obliga'o hoy yo me pongo el
 condón
 Pero postea'o a media cancha, *baby*, como
 Rondón (!Ja!)
 Yo a ti te di una sepultura dura (Eso e' así)

Yo sé que con el tiempo la herida se cura
(Por ley)
E' que en verdá' que tú no está' a esa altura
(¡Ja!)
Te lo juro por Dio' aunque por Dio' no se
jura (¡Ra-ta-ta-tá!)

[Estrillo: Darell & Nio García]
Bebé, yo te boté (E' que bebé yo te boté)
Te di banda y te solté (Te di banda y te
solté; pa' que sepa')
Pa'l carajo te mandé, eh, eh (¿Tú me está'
entendiendo lo que te estamo' queriendo
decir?; pa'l carajo te mandé)
De mi vida te saqué, eh, eh (Esta es la
verdadera vuelta; *Real G4 Life, my nigga,*
¡huh!)

[Verso 3: Casper Mágico]
(Nosotro' somos Los Mágicos, bebé;
¡Casper!)
Pa'l carajo te boté (Pa'l carajo te boté;
¡wouh!)
Yo sin ti me siento bien (Yo sin ti me
siento bien; ah)
Ya no sufro por amore', ahora rompo
corazone'
Y sobran las paca' de cien (Las paca' de
cien)
Tú me rompiste el corazón (Tú me
rompiste el corazón; ¡wuh!)
Sin sentido y sin razón (Sin sentido y sin
razón; ah)
Pero tengo un culo nuevo que me da
mucho cariño
Y me chinga bien cabrón (Bien cabrón)

[Estrillo: Casper Mágico]
No te lo vo'a negar que te sufrió, la pasé
mal
Pero te superé y de mi vida te boté (Yo te
boté)
Y te di banda y te solté (Y te solté)
Y de ti no quiero saber (Quiero saber)
Y pa'l carajo te mandé, hoy me voy a
beber (Me voy a beber)

[Verso 4: Ozuna]
Ozuna

De mi vida te boté y yo sé que no ere'
cualquiera
Me pasaré la vida entera preguntando a
dónde fue
Pero tu amiga me textea siempre que ella
me desea
Se tira una foto conmigo y me dice: "Pa'
que tú la veas"

[Refrán: Ozuna]
Prendo pa' ver si me olvido
De tu nombre, tus beso', tu cuerpo, tus
gemido' (Oh)
Lo hacíamo' en el carro, me gritaba al
oído
Cierro los ojo' y pienso en todo lo que
hicimo', baby (*Oh-oh, baby*)
Prendo pa' ver si me olvido
De tu nombre, tus beso', tu cuerpo, tus
gemido' (Oh-oh)
Lo hacíamo' en el carro, me gritaba al
oído
Cierro los ojo' y pienso en todo lo que
hicimo', baby (Oh)

[Verso 5: Nio García]
¡Nio!
Yo te di confianza y me fallaste
Te burlaste de mí y me humillaste
Lejo' de aquí te fuiste y ni explicaste
Viste mi película y viraste
¿Ahora quiere' saber lo que pienso de tí?
Me siento cabrón porque no estás aquí
Así como viniste tú te puedes ir (Te
puedes ir; ¡uh-yeh!)

[Estrillo: Nio García]
No te voy a negar que te sufrió, la pasé mal
Pero me superé y de mi vida te boté, y te
boté
Te di banda y te solté, yo te solté
Pa'l carajo te mandé, yo te mandé
Y de mi vida te saqué, yo te saqué
Bebé, yo te boté

[Verso 6: Nicky Jam]
Miento si digo que no me hace falta
cuando me rozaba tu piel
(Rozaba tu piel)

Miento si digo que no me hace falta que
llames al amanecer
(Al amanecer)
Pidiéndome que te agarre bien duro en la
cama y te haga mi mujer
(Te haga mi mujer)
Aprovecho el remix con Ozu' para
mandarte pa'l carajo también
(Carajo también)

[Puente: Nicky Jam]
No quiero mentira' ni tu falsedad
Me voy pa' la calle esta noche a rumbear

Me bebo dos trago' y te voy a olvidar
Me voy con las babys que quieran jugar
No quiero mentira' ni tu falsedad
Me voy pa' la calle esta noche a rumbear
Me bebo dos trago' y te voy a olvidar
Me voy con las *babys* que quieran jugar

[Estríbillo: Nicky Jam]
Bebé, yo te boté, te boté
Te di banda y te solté, yo te solté (Solté)
Pa'l carajo te mandé, yo te mandé
Y de mi vida te saqué, yo te saqué (Yo te
saqué)

X » Nicky Jam x J Balvin (2018)

[Intro: Nicky Jam]
Aquel día te vi y tu energía sentí
Desde eso no te quiero lejos de mí (Lejos
de mí)
Sé que no sabes de mí (De mí)
Y no te puedo mentir
Lo que dicen en la calle sobre mí (Sobre
mí)

[Coro: Nicky Jam & J Balvin]
Y no te voy a negar
Estamos claro' y ya (Y ya, y ya)
No te lo voy a negar (Jaja, no te lo puedo
negar)
Estamos claro' y ya (Jaja, que estamos
claro', que estamos claro')

[Verso 1: J Balvin & Nicky Jam]
Sólo deja que yo te agarre, *baby*
Besos en el cuello pa' calmar la sed
Mi mano en tu cadera pa' empezar como e'
No le vamo' a bajar más nunca, mamá
(No)
Ba-Ba-Ba-Baila
Plakata, plakata
Como ella lo mueve, sin para', sin para'
Las ganas de comerte, ahora son más
fuerte'
Quiero tenerte
[Coro: Nicky Jam & J Balvin]
Y no te voy a negar (Vente pa' 'cá)

Estamos claro' y ya
No te lo voy a negar
Estamos claro' y ya

[Verso 2: Nicky Jam]
Lo que he visto de ti, mami, no me es
normal (Normal)
Pero no te preocupes que soy anormal (-
normal)
Sé que a tus amigas no les debo gustar, eh
Pero ve y cuéntale' parte por parte
Como tenemos sex y tequito el estrés
Dale otra vez

[Coro: Nicky Jam]
Y no te voy a negar (Voy a negar, voy a
negar)
Estamos claro' y ya (Y ya, y ya)
No te lo voy a negar (A negar, negar)
Estamos claro' y ya (Y ya, y ya)

[Puente: Nicky Jam & J Balvin]
¡No!
Ba-Ba-Ba-Baila
Plakata, plakata
Como ella lo mueve, sin para', sin para'
Las ganas de comerte ahora son más
fuerte'
Quiero tenerte
Y no te voy a negar (Ah, ah)

Dura » Daddy Yankee (2018)

[Pre-Coro]

Cuando yo la vi
Dije, "Si esa mujer fuera para mí"
Perdóname, te lo tenía que decir

[Coro]

'Tás dura, dura
Dura, dura, dura
Que estás dura, mano arriba porque tú te
ves bien
'Tás dura, mamacita, te fuiste de nivel
Dura, mira como brilla tu piel
'Tás dura, dímelo, dímelo, ¿cómo es que
e'?
'Tás dura, yo te doy un veinte de diez
'Tás dura, dura, dura

[Verso 1]

Tú eres la máquina, la máquina de baile
Si no tiene' a nadie vente pa' mi' brazos,
caile
Ese perfume se siente en el aire
Algo como Argentina, tú me traes los
Buenos Aires
'Tá poderosa, media escandalosa
Habrán muchas mujeres pero tú eres otra
cosa
Si fuera un delito eso de que estás
hermosa
Te arresto en mi cama y te pongo las
esposas

Tienes el toque, toque, toque
Miren el material, edición especial
Tienes el toque, toque, toque
Perdóname, te lo tenía que decir

[Coro]

'Tás dura, dura
Dura, dura, dura
Que estás dura, mano arriba porque tú te
ves bien
'Tás dura, mamacita, te fuiste de nivel
Dura, mira como brilla tu piel
'Tás dura, dímelo, dímelo, ¿cómo es que
e'?
'Tás dura, yo te doy un veinte de diez
'Tás dura, dura, dura

[Puente]

Me gusta como mueve ese ram-pam-pam
Mi mente maquineando en un plan-plan-
plan

Si me deja, en esa curva le doy pam-pam
Cuál es tu receta no sé, 'tás pa' comerte
bien

Me gusta como mueve ese ram-pam-pam
Mi mente maquineando en un plan-plan-
plan

Si me deja, en esa curva le doy pam-pam
Tu belleza retumba, las otras pa' la tumba

[Verso 2]

Uno, dos y tres, vamo' a darle, la envidia
que se calle
Saludos a to'as las nenas que paralizan la
calle

¿Cómo tú te llamas? ¿de dónde tú eres?
Dame el número pa' entrar contigo en
detalles

Y tienes el toque, toque, toque
Pareces una estrella formando el alboroto
Tienes el toque, toque, toque
Se cae el internet cuando subes una foto

[Pre-Coro]

Cuando yo la vi (Dímelo, baby girl)
Dije: "Si esa mujer fuera para mí" (Pa' mí
esa baby)
Perdóname, te lo tenía que decir

[Coro]

'Tás dura, dura
Dura, dura, dura
Que estás dura, mano arriba porque tú te
ves bien
'Tás dura, mamacita, te fuiste de nivel
Dura, mira como brilla tu piel
'Tás dura, dímelo, dímelo, ¿cómo es que
e'?
'Tás dura, yo te doy un veinte de diez
'Tás dura, dura, dura

[Post-Coro]

Tú tienes el size, otra como tú mami no
hay
Pégate, dale boom bye bye
Que tú tienes el size, otra como tú mami
no hay

Pégate, dale boom *bye bye*
Que tú tienes el size, otra como tú mami
no hay
Pégate, dale boom *bye bye*
Que tú tienes el *size*, otra como tú mami
no hay
Pégate, dale boom *bye bye, yep, yeah*

[Outro]
Retumbando las bocinas de seguro
Dirili-Daddy Yankee y el Disco Duro
Urba & Rome
Que pa' esta liga no se asomen
Dura, dura, dura
DY
Blaze

2019

Senorita » Shawn Mendes & Camila Cabello (2019)

[Chorus: Camila Cabello]
I love it when you call me *señorita*
I wish I could pretend I didn't need ya
But every touch is ooh-la-la-la
It's true, la-la-la
Ooh, I should be runnin'
Ooh, you keep me coming for ya

[Verse 1: Shawn Mendes]
Land in Miami
The air was hot from summer rain
Sweat drippin' off me
Before I even knew her name, la-la-la
It felt like ooh-la-la-la, yeah, no
Sapphire moonlight
We danced for hours in the sand
Tequila Sunrise
Her body fit right in my hands, la-la-la
It felt like ooh-la-la-la, yeah

[Chorus: Camila Cabello & Shawn Mendes, Camila Cabello]
I love it when you call me *señorita*
I wish I could pretend I didn't need ya
But every touch is ooh-la-la-la
It's true, la-la-la
Ooh, I should be runnin'
Ooh, you know I love it when you call me *señorita*
I wish it wasn't so damn hard to leave ya
But every touch is ooh-la-la-la
It's true, la-la-la
Ooh, I should be runnin'
Ooh, you keep me coming for ya
[Verse 2: Camila Cabello with Shawn Mendes]
Locked in the hotel

There's just some things that never change
You say we're just friends
But friends don't know the way you taste,
la-la-la (La, la, la)
'Cause you know it's been a long time
coming
Don't ya let me fall, oh
Ooh, when your lips undress me, hooked
on your tongue
Ooh, love, your kiss is deadly, don't stop

[Chorus: Both, Camila Cabello & Shawn Mendes]
I love it when you call me *señorita*
I wish I could pretend I didn't need ya
But every touch is ooh-la-la-la
It's true, la-la-la
Ooh, I should be runnin'
Ooh, you know I love it when you call me *señorita*
I wish it wasn't so damn hard to leave ya
(So damn hard to leave ya)
But every touch is ooh-la-la-la
It's true, la-la-la (True la-la)
Ooh, I should be runnin'
Ooh, you keep me coming for ya

[Outro:]
All along, I've been coming for ya (For
you)
And I hope it meant something to you
(Oh)
Call my name, I'll be coming for ya
(Coming for you)
Coming for ya (Coming for you)
For ya
For ya (Oh, she loves it when I call)

Please me - Cardi B & Bruno Mars (2019)

[Chorus: Bruno Mars & Cardi B]

Please me, baby

Turn around and just tease me, baby

You know what I want and what I need,
baby

(Let me hear you say)

Please

(Let me hear you say)

Please (Woo)

Please me, baby

Turn around and just tease me, baby

You know what I want and what I need,
baby

(Let me hear you say)

Please

(Let me hear you say)

Please (Woo)

[Verse 1: Cardi B]

Lollipoppin' (Poppin'), twerkin' in some
J's (Ooh)

On the dance floor (Uh-huh), no panties in
the way (Nope)

I take my time with it (Ow), bring you
close to me (Ow)

Don't want no young dumb shit

Better fuck me like we listenin' to Jodeci

I was tryna lay low (Low), takin' it slow
(Slow)

When I'm fuckin' again (Ayy)

Gotta celebrate, do you man look good?

Better put him away

If you can't sweat the weave out, you
shouldn't even be out

Dinner reservations like the pussy, you
gon' eat out

[Pre-Chorus: Cardi B & Bruno Mars]

I'm gonna ride it, do it just how you like it

Tonight and after that

Let's do it one more time

Girl, I ain't one for beggin', but now you
got me beggin'

[Chorus: Bruno Mars & Cardi B]

Please me, baby

Turn around and just tease me, baby

You know what I want and what I need,
baby

(Let me hear you say)

Please

(Let me hear you say)

Please (Woo)

Please me, baby

Turn around and just tease me, baby

You know what I want and what I need,
baby

(Let me hear you say)

Please

(Let me hear you say)

Please (Woo)

[Verse 2: Cardi B]

Booty so round (Round), booty so soft

(Soft)

Bet you wanna smack it again (Ayy)

Let me demonstrate

Hit it one time, make it levitate

Titties out like blaka (Blaka)

Broke bitches watch out now (Watch out)

Your pussy *basura* (Basura)

My pussy *horchata* (Oh)

[Pre-Chorus: Cardi B & Bruno Mars]

I'm gonna ride it, do it just how you like it
Tonight and after that (Ooh)

Let's do it one more time

Girl, I ain't one for beggin', but now you
got me beggin'

[Chorus: Bruno Mars & Cardi B]

Please me, baby

Turn around and just tease me, baby

You know what I want and what I need,
baby

(Let me hear you say)

Please

(Let me hear you say)

Please (Woo)

[Bridge: Bruno Mars & Cardi B]

Come on

Come on, back it up for me

Come on

Ooh, twerk it on me slowly

Come on

Girl, let me put this lovin' on you

You better say that shit (Uh)

Cardi don't play that shit (Yeah)
Do my back like I do these records, break
that shit
[Chorus: Bruno Mars & Cardi B]
Please me, baby (Uh)
Turn around and tease me, baby (Uh, ooh)
You got what I want and need, baby (Yes)
(Let me hear you say)
Please

(Let me hear you say)
Please (Woo)
Please me, baby
Turn around and tease me, baby
You got what I want and need, baby
(Let me hear you say)
Please
(Let me hear you say)
Please (Woo)

You need to calm down - Taylor Swift (2019)

[Verse 1]

You are somebody that I don't know
But you're takin' shots at me like it's
patrón
And I'm just like, damn, it's 7 AM
Say it in the street, that's a knock-out
But you say it in a Tweet, that's a cop-out
And I'm just like, "Hey, are you okay?"

[Pre-Chorus]

And I ain't tryna mess with your self-expression
But I've learned a lesson that stressin' and
obsessin' 'bout somebody else is no fun
And snakes and stones never broke my
bones

[Chorus]

So oh-oh, oh-oh, oh-oh, oh-oh, oh-oh
You need to calm down, you're being too
loud
And I'm just like oh-oh, oh-oh, oh-oh, oh-
oh, oh-oh (Oh)
You need to just stop, like can you just not
step on my gown?
You need to calm down

[Verse 2]

You are somebody that we don't know
But you're comin' at my friends like a
missile
Why are you mad when you could be
GLAAD? (You could be GLAAD)
Sunshine on the street at the parade
But you would rather be in the dark ages
Makin' that sign must've taken all night

[Pre-Chorus]

You just need to take several seats and
then try to restore the peace
And control your urges to scream about
all the people you hate
'Cause shade never made anybody less
gay

[Chorus]

So oh-oh, oh-oh, oh-oh, oh-oh, oh-oh
You need to calm down, you're being too
loud
And I'm just like oh-oh, oh-oh, oh-oh, oh-
oh, oh-oh (Oh)
You need to just stop, like can you just not
step on his gown?
You need to calm down

[Bridge]

And we see you over there on the internet
Comparing all the girls who are killing it
But we figured you out
We all know now we all got crowns
You need to calm down

[Chorus]

Oh-oh, oh-oh, oh-oh, oh-oh, oh-oh
You need to calm down (You need to
calm down)
You're being too loud (You're being too
loud)
And I'm just like oh-oh, oh-oh, oh-oh, oh-
oh, oh-oh (Oh)
You need to just stop (Can you stop?)
Like can you just not step on our gowns?
You need to calm down

MÍA - Bad Bunny & Drake (2018)

[Intro: Bad Bunny & Drake]

Bad Bunny, *baby*, bebé

Yeh-yeh-yeh-yeh

Yeah

Todos están pendiente' a ti (¡Woo!)

Pero tú puesta pa' mí (Ajá)

Haciendo que me odien más (Yeh-yeh-yeh)

[Pre-Coro: Drake & Bad Bunny]

Porque todos te quieren probar (Ah)

Lo que no saben es que no te dejas llevar de cualquiera

Y todos te quieren probar (Nah)

Lo que no saben es que hoy yo te voy a buscar (Yeh-yeh)

[Coro: Drake & Bad Bunny]

Dile que tú eres mía, mía

Tú sabe' que eres mía, mía

Tú misma lo decías

Cuando yo te lo hacía (Yeh)

Dile que tú eres mía, mía

Tú sabe' que eres mía, mía

Tú misma lo decías

Cuando yo te lo hacía

(Yeah-yeah-yeah-yeah)

[Verso 1: Bad Bunny]

Bebé, yo soy fan de tu caminar (¡Wouh!)

Te doy todo lo mío, hasta mi respirar

(Yeh)

Contigo veo todo como en espiral (Yeh)

Quiero tirarnos fotos y que se hagan viral (Ja)

Tus ojos me concentran como Adderall (¡Wouh!)

Contigo me sube *el overall* (Yeh)

Te toco y hasta el mundo deja de girar (¡Wouh-wouh!)

A nosotros ni la muerte nos va a separar (Wah)

Bebé, yo soy tuyo na' más (Na' más)

Diles que conmigo te vas (¡Wouh!)

Que dejen de tirarte (Rrr)

Que a tí nadie va a tocarte

[Coro: Bad Bunny]

Dile que tú eres mía, mía

Tú sabe' que eres mía, mía

Tú misma lo decías (Tú misma lo decías)

Cuando yo te lo hacía (Cuando yo te lo hacía, yeh)

Dile que tú eres mía, mía

Tú sabe' que eres mía, mía

Tú misma lo decías (Tú misma lo decías)

Cuando yo te lo hacía (Cuando yo te lo hacía)

[Verso 2: Bad Bunny]

Yo soy tu Romeo, pero no Santo' (No)

A estos bobos con la *forty* los espanto (Plo-plo)

Muchas me quieren desde que yo canto (Ja)

Pero yo soy tuyo na' más (¡Wouh!)

Yo soy tu Romeo, pero no Santo (Yeh)

A estos bobos con la *forty* los espanto

Muchas me quieren desde que yo canto (Ajá)

Pero yo soy tuyo na' más (¡Buh!)

Dile que tú eres mía desde la *high* (Desde la high, yeh)

El yerno favorito de tu mai' (De tu mai')

El capo que tenía to' las Jordans y las Nike (Y las Nike; ¡wouh-wouh!)

Dile a estos bobos que dejen de darte *like* (De darte like)

Quiero esta noche entera

Pa' recordar los tiempos en la escalera (La escalera)

Dile que yo no soy cualquiera

Yo soy tu primero, tú eres mi primera (Yah-yah-yah)

[Pre-Coro: Bad Bunny]

Porque todos te quieren probar (Ajá)

Lo que no saben es que no te dejas llevar de cualquiera (No-no-no-no)

Y todos te quieren probar (¡Wouh!)

Lo que no saben es que hoy yo te voy a buscar (Yeh-yeh, ¡rrrrrrah!)

[Coro: Drake & Bad Bunny]

Dile que tú eres mía, mía

Tú sabe' que eres mía, mía

Tú misma lo decías (Tú misma lo decías)

Cuando yo te lo hacía

Dile que tú eres mía, mía
Tú sabe' que eres mía, mía

Tú misma lo decías (Tú misma lo decías)
Cuando yo te lo hacía (Cuando yo te lo hacía)

Taki Taki - DJ Snake con Selena Gomez, Ozuna & Cardi B (2018)

[Coro: Ozuna]

*Báilame como si fuera la última vez (Oh)
Y enséñame ese pasito que no sé (Yeah-yeah)
Un besito bien suavecito, bebé
Taki taki, taki taki, ¡rumba!
Wo-oh, oh-oh
Hi Music Hi Flow (Snake; jaja)
Báilame como si fuera la última vez (Oh-oh)
Y enséñame ese pasito que no sé (Oh-oh)
Un besito bien suavecito, bebé
Taki taki (Oh-oh)
Taki taki (Yeah-yeah)*

[Verso 1: Ozuna]

*Taki taki, quiere un besito o un ñaqui
Booty explota como Nagasaki (-aki)
Prende los motores Kawasaki (Kawasaki)
Que la disco está llena y llegaron los Anunnakis (Eh-eh)
No le bajes*

[Pre-Coro: Ozuna]

*El booty sobresale de tu traje
No trajo pantisito pa' que el nene no trabaje
Es que yo me sé lo que ella cree que ella se sabe
Cuenta que no quiere pero me tiene espionaje, eh-eh
El booty sobresale de tu traje
No trajo pantisito pa' que el nene no trabaje
Es que yo me sé lo que ella cree que ella se sabe
Cuenta que no quiere pero me tiene espionaje, eh-eh*

[Coro: Ozuna]

*Báilame como si fuera la última vez
Y enséñame ese pasito que no sé
Un besito bien suavecito, bebé
Taki taki, taki taki, ¡rumba!
Wo-oh, oh-oh
Hi Music Hi Flow*

[Verso 2: Cardi B]

*Bardi (Cardi)
He said he wanna to touch it, and tease it, and squeeze it
Well, my piggy bank is hungry, my nigga, you need to feed it
If the text ain't freaky, I don't wanna read it
And just to let you know, this punani is undefeated, ayy
He said he really wanna see me more
I said, "We should have a date—where?
At the Lamborghini store"
I'm kinda scary, hard to read, I'm like a Ouija board
But I'm a boss bitch, who you gonna leave me for?
You hoes got no class, you bitches is broke still
I be talking cash, shit, while I'm popping my gold grill
I'm a whole rich bitch, and I work like I'm broke still
But the love be so fake, but the hate be so real, uh*

[Pre-Coro: Cardi B]

*El booty sobresale de mi traje
No traje pantisito pa' que el nene no trabaje
E' que yo me sé lo que tú cree' que tú no sabe'
Dice que no quiere, pero se quiere comer el equipaje*

[Coro: Ozuna & Selena Gomez]

*Báilame como si fuera la última vez
Y enséñame ese pasito que no sé
Un besito bien suavecito, bebé
Taki taki, taki taki, ¡rumba!
Wo-oh, oh-oh (DJ Snake)*

[Verso 3: Selena Gomez]

*Careful when you come through my way
My body already know how to play*

Work it, keep it tight everyday
 And I, I, I know you need a taste
 When I ooh, you're fallin' in love
 Give a little ooh-ooh, get it well done
 Dancing on my ooh, make your girl
 wanna run
 We keep moving 'til the sun come up
 Porque I am the party, *yo soy fiesta*
 Blow out your candles, *have a siesta*
 They can try, *pero* no one can stop me
 What my taki taki wants, yeah, my taki
 taki gets, uh

[Coro: Selena Gomez & Ozuna]
Báilame como si fuera la última vez
Y enséñame ese pasito que no sé
Un besito bien suavecito, bebé
Taki taki, taki taki, ¡rumba!
 Wo-oh, oh-oh
 Hi Music Hi Flow
 Taki taki
 Taki taki

Con calma - Daddy Yankee & Katy Perry con Snow (2019)

[Verso 1: Katy Perry]
¿Cómo te llamas, baby?
 A little mezcal got me feelin' spicy
 I know that we don't speak the same
 language
 But I'm gonna let my body talk for me
 (Talk for me)
Hola, me llamo Katy
 A little mezcal got me feelin' naughty
 (Let's go)
 I know that we don't speak the same
 language (Woo)
 So I'm gonna let my body talk for me
 (Talk for me)

[Estrillo: Daddy Yankee]
Con calma, yo quiero ver como ella lo
menea
Mueve ese poom-poom, girl
Es un asesina, cuando baila quiere que to'
el mundo la vea
 I like your poom-poom, girl (*Sube, sube*)
Con calma, yo quiero ver como ella lo
menea
Mueve ese poom-poom, girl
Tiene adrenalina, en medio 'e la pista,
vente, hazme lo que sea (¡Woo!)
 I like your poom-poom, girl (*¡Hey!*)

[Verso 2: Katy Perry]
 Dress up with my girls, on the hunt
 tonight
 Got a feelin' I'ma catch a wild one

And I know that I'm not typically your
 type
 But you never had this kind of stimulation
 All eyes on me when I light up the room
 You play the right vibe and my body will
 move
 Easy baby, I see you're in the mood
 Me too (*¡Woo!*)

[Estrillo: Katy Perry]
Con calma
 I see you're lovin' the way I work the floor
 now
 I got the poom-poom, boy
 You could be my Puerto Rican dream, and
 I'll be your California gurl now
 I got the poom-poom, boy
Con calma
 I see you're lovin' the way I work the floor
 now
 I got the poom-poom, boy
 You could be my Puerto Rican dream, and
 I'll be your California gurl now
 I got the poom-poom, boy

[Verso 3: Daddy Yankee, Katy Perry &
 Both]
Tú tiene' candela y yo tengo la vela
Llama el 911, se están quemando las
suela'
Me daña cuando la faldita esa me la
modela (¡Ja!)
Mami, estás enferma, pero tu show no lo
cancela'

*Te llaman a ti la reina del party
Mucha sandunga tiene ese body
Tírate un paso, no-no-no pare (¡Woo!)
¡Wow! Dale, dale (Yo')
Somos dos bandido' entre la rumba y
romance
Y zúmbale DJ, otra ve' pa' que dance
Échale, échale, échale pa'trás
Échale, échale, pa'lante y pa'trás (Hey, eh,
hey)*

[Estrillo: Daddy Yankee & Katy Perry]
*Con calma, yo quiero ver como ella lo
menea (Con calma)
Mueve ese poom-poom, girl (Girl)
Es un asesina, cuando baila quiere que to'
el mundo la vea
I like your poom-poom, girl
Oh, con calma
I see you're lovin' the way I work the floor
now
I got the poom-poom, boy
You could be my Puerto Rican dream, and
I'll be your California gurl now
I got the poom-poom, boy (¡Woo!)*

[Verso 4: Snow & Katy Perry]
Come with a nice young lady (Let's go)
Intelligent, yes, she gentle and irie
(¡Fuego!)
Everywhere me go me never lef her at all-
ie (¡Dile! ¡Ja!)
Yes-a Daddy Snow me are the roam dance
man-a (Ay, Papi!) (Snow)
Roam between-a dancin' in-a in-a nation-a
(Prr-prr-prr)

You never know say daddy me Snow me
are the boom shakata (¡Ja! ¿Qué-qué-qué-
qué?)

Me never lay-a down flat in-a one
cardboard box-a (¡Sube, sube!)
Yes-a Daddy Yankee me-a go reachin' out
da top (Hey!) (Ra!)

[Estrillo: Daddy Yankee & Katy Perry]
*Con calma, yo quiero ver como ella lo
menea (Menea)*

*Mueve ese poom-poom, girl (¡Woo! Girl)
Es un asesina, cuando baila quiere que to'
el mundo la vea (Oh, yeah)
I like your poom-poom, girl
Con calma
I see you're lovin' the way I work the floor
now
I got the poom-poom, boy
You could be my Puerto Rican dream, and
I'll be your California gurl now
I got the poom-poom, boy*

Anotación

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Palabras claves: Spanglish, inglés, español, contacto lingüístico, bilingüismo, canciones populares

Descripción:

El tema de la presente tesis son las tendencias del cambio de código español-inglés, a menudo llamado Spanglish, en la música popular en EE. UU. durante un período de dos décadas, desde 2000 hasta 2019. Como la fuente de datos ha sido elegido el *Billboard hot 100 chart*, debido a que demuestra la popularidad que las canciones han obtenido en los Estados Unidos a lo largo de un año determinado y, por lo tanto, su aceptación por parte de la sociedad estadounidense. En la parte teórica nos dedicamos al tema del contacto y cambio lingüístico, al Spanglish y su evolución histórica, y, además, su función dentro del discurso tanto hablado como escrito. En el marco práctico efectuamos un análisis lingüístico cualitativo de las canciones del *Billboard hot 100 chart*, enfocándonos en los fenómenos lingüísticos que forman el *Spanglish* y en las funciones sociopragmáticas que cumple el cambio de código.

Annotation

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Description:

This thesis deals with the trends of Spanish-English code-switching, also known as Spanglish, in popular music over a period of two decades, from 2000 to 2019. As a source was chosen the Billboard hot 100 chart, because it indicates the popularity that each song has obtained in the United States in a given year, and thus its acceptance by US society. The theoretical part examines the linguistic contact and code-switching in general, then the term Spanglish and its historical origin, and, moreover, it focuses on its function in the discourse, both spoken and written. The practical part of the thesis consists of a linguistic analysis of songs from the Billboard hot 100 chart, aiming to Spanglish and its linguistic phenomena that forms it, same as the sociopragmatic role that code-switching accomplishes.