# Staszek Karpiel-Bułecka, Livin' la Vida Loca | Dan

She had it goin on, red bone, fresh out of Bayamon
In the calle long, Dona Ana throwin at her corazon
I should of know she was a cachatera
Always watching novelas with her abuela
Gossiping that bonchinchera
Thought that she was better
Cause she was pure boricuan
I was New Yorican, the Bronx
Pledging my true allegiance
But now you're leaving me
See I lost out before
See you in my next life, adios mi amor
Mi amor

She's into superstitions
Black cats and voodoo dolls
I feel a premonition
That girl's gonna make me fall

She'll make you take your clothes off
Going dancing in the rain
She'll make you live her crazy life
The girl will drive you right insane

Upside, inside out
She's livin' la vida loca
She'll push and pull you down
Livin' la vida loca
Her lips are devil red
And her skin's the color of mocha
She will wear you out
Livin' la vida loca

Woke up in New York City
In a funky, cheap hotel
She took my heart and she took my money
She must have slip me a sleeping pill

She never drinks the water
Makes you order French champagne
Once you've had a taste of her
You're guaranteed to go insane

Upside, inside out
She's livin' la vida loca
She'll push and pull you down
Livin' la vida loca
Her lips are devil red
And her skin's the color of mocha
She will wear you out
Livin' la vida loca