

American Boy

Estelle

Just another one champion sound
Yeah, Estelle, we 'bout to get down, get down.
Who the hottest in the world right now.
Just touched down in London town.
Bet they give me a pound.
Tell them put the money in my hand right now.
Tell the promoter we need more seats,
We just sold out all the floor seats

Take me on a trip, I'd like to go some day.
Take me to New York, I'd love to see LA.
I really want to come kick it with you.
You'll be my American boy.

He said "Hey, Sister.
It's really, really nice to meet you."
I just met this 5 foot 7 guy who's just my type.
I like the way he's speaking, his confidence is peaking.
Don't like his baggy jeans but I'mma like what's underneath them.
And no I ain't been to MIA
I heard that Cali never rains and New York's heart awaits.
First let's see the west end.
I'll show you to my brethren.
I'm liking this American boy, American boy

Take me on a trip, I'd like to go some day
Take me to New York, I'd love to see LA.
I really want to come kick it with you.
You'll be my American boy, American boy

Can we get away this weekend?
Take me to Broadway.
Let's go shopping, baby, then we'll go to a café.
Let's go on the subway.
Take me to your hood.
I never been to Brooklyn and I'd like to see what's good.
Dress in all your fancy clothes.
Sneakers looking fresh to death, I'm loving those Shell Toes.
Walking that walk.
Talk that slick talk.
I'm liking this American boy, American boy.

Take me on a trip, I'd like to go some day
Take me to New York, I'd love to see LA.
I really want to come kick it with you.
You'll be my American boy

Tell 'em wagwan blud

Who killing 'em in the UK.
Everybody gonna say, "You, K."
Reluctantly 'cause most of this press don't fuck with me.
Estelle once said to me, "Cool down, down, don't act a fool now, now."
I always act a fool oww oww.
Ain't nothing new now now.
He crazy, I know what ya thinking.
Ribena I know what you're drinking.

Rap singer. Chain blinger.
Holla at the next chick soon as you're blinking.
What's your persona.
About this Americana Brama.
Am I shallow 'cause all my clothes designer.
Dressed smart like a London Bloke.
Before he speak his suit bespoke.
And you thought he was cute before.
Look at this peacoat, tell me he's broke.
And I know you ain't into all that.
I heard your lyrics I feel your spirit.
But I still talk that CASH.
'Cause a lot wags wanna hear it.
And I'm feeling like Mike at his Baddest.
Like The Pips at they Gladys.
And I know they love it.
So to hell with all that rubbish

Would you be my love, my love?
Would you be mine?
Would you be my love, my love?
Would you be mine?
Could you be my love, my love?
Ooh, would you be my American boy, American boy?

Take me on a trip, I'd like to go some day
Take me to Chicago, San Francisco Bay.
I really want to come kick it with you.
You'll be my American boy, American boy
You'll be my American boy.
Be my American boy!
American boy.

La la lala la lalala
La la lala la lalala