

An Immigrant

Jon Bellion

Woke up in London with you next to me
Made love in Brixton with both hands around your neck
I'm back in New York on British ecstasy
So I feel like an immigrant in America
Yes I am just an immigrant in America

Cigar and cigarette ashes
As I open all my luggage up
I still speak my native language
But I only want your foreign tongue

Remember?
When you spilled coffee on my J
Coffee on my J Dilla vinyl
I didn't even mind
Didn't even mind
Crazy
When you spilled coffee on my J
Coffee on my J Dilla vinyl
I didn't even mind
Didn't even mind
Baby

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South London, born in Columbia
Texts in Spanish that she's all alone
She said she's found an apartment
I'm in Harlem screaming take me home

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