

# American Boy (feat. Kanye West)

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 Would you 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 C-A-A-S-H  
'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?  
Oh, 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  
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

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