

Ghetto Baby

Cheryl Cole

You got a face like the Madonna crying tears of gold
Been pumping gas at the Texaco, road to road
You're on the run
Oh baby, yeah you're on the run
Oh baby I'm not a trick, boy, I'm a trick for you
You give me butterflies, heart skipping one two
I know you're sick boy,
I wanna get the flu
I'm running temperatures thinking of your love, boo Brooklyn move my soul like this
Kissing my stilettos move your mouth up to my lips
Come on over ghetto baby
(He said show me what you got girl)
Come on over ghetto baby
(Drop it like it's hot girl) I know your lips say that you wanna, but your hearts a no
But boy your hips say that you're gonna when you hold me,
Hold me, you're so fun
B-baby you are too much fun
B-baby My local rock star, The Willy B. crew
I'm feeling you boy, you liking me too
I'm clocking chicks left and right just to get to you
You're out there on the grind, now come home to your queen, boo Brooklyn move my soul like this
Kissing my stilettos, move your mouth up to my lips
Come on over ghetto baby
(He said show me what you got girl)
Come on over ghetto baby
(Drop it like it's hot girl) Brooklyn move my soul like this
Kissing my stilettos, move your mouth up to my lips
Come on over ghetto baby
(He said show me what you got girl)
Come on over ghetto baby
(Drop it like it's hot girl) We're a match made in heaven, if they're gonna talk let 'em
If they don't think we're good together, baby just forget 'em
When he's bad, he's bad
But when he's good, no one's better
'Cause we're a match made in heaven and this kind of love's forever Brooklyn move my soul like this
Kissing my stilettos, move your mouth up to my lips
Come on over ghetto baby
(He said show me what you got girl)
Come on over ghetto baby

(Drop it like its hot girl) Brooklyn move my soul like this
Kissing my stilettos, move your mouth up to my lips
Come on over ghetto baby
(He said show me what you got girl)
Come on over ghetto baby
(Drop it like its hot girl)

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