

# American Boy (feat. Kanye West) [TS7 Remix]

Estelle

Just another one champion sound  
Me and Estelle about to 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 ya  
I just met this five foot seven 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'ma like what's underneath it  
And no I ain't been to MIA  
I heard that Cali never rains and New York heart awaits  
First let's see the west end  
I'll show you to my brethren.  
I'm like 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 Can we get away this weekend  
Take me to Broadway  
Let's go shopping baby maybe then we'll go to a cafe  
Let's go on the subway  
Take me to your hood  
I neva been to Brooklyn and I'd like to see what's good  
Dress in all your fancy clothes  
Sneaker's looking 'fresh to def' I'm lovin' those shell toes  
Walkin' that walk  
Talk that slick talk  
I'm likin' 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 Let them know agwan blud Who killin' 'em in the U-K  
Everybody gonna to say you K,  
Reluctantly, because most of this press don't fuck wit me  
Estelle once said to me, cool down down don't act a fool now now

I always act a fool ow ow  
Ain't nothing new now now  
He crazy, I know what ya thinkin'  
Ribena I know what your drinkin'  
Rap singer, chain blinger  
Holla at the next chick soon as you're blinkin'  
What's you're persona, about this American 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 pea coat, 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 ca-a-a-sh  
Cause a lot wags want to hear it  
And I'm feelin' like Mike at his baddest  
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  
Could be mine would you be my love my love, could be mine  
Could you be my love, my love  
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 Fransico Bay  
I really want to come kick it with you  
You'll be my American Boy  
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

Songwriters

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