

American Boy (Feat. Kanye West)

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

KANYE WEST, ESTELLE SWARAY, JOHN STEPHENS, WILL ADAMS, CALEB SPEIR, JOSHUA
LOPEZ, KWELI WASHINGTON, KEITH HARRIS Published by

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