Ghetto Baby

Cheryl Cole

You got a face like the Madonna crying tears of gold

Been pumping gas at the Texaco, road to road

Youre on the run

Oh baby, yeah youre on the run

Oh babyIm not a trick, boy, Im a trick for you

You give me butterflies, heart skipping one two

I know youre sick boy,

I wanna get the flu

Im running temperatures thinking of your love, booBrooklyn 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)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, youre so fun

B-baby you are too much fun

B-babyMy local rock star, The Willy B. crew

Im feeling you boy, you liking me too

Im clocking chicks left and right just to get to you

Youre 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 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) Were a match made in heaven, if theyre gonna talk let em

If they dont think were good together, baby just forget em

When hes bad, hes bad

But when hes good, no ones better

'Cause were a match made in heaven and this kind of loves foreverBrooklyn 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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