

Estelle f/ Kanye West

"American Boy"

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[Kanye West]

This another number one champion sound
Yeah, Estelle we 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

[Chorus 1]

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

[Estelle]

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
Like the way he's speaking, his confidence is peaking
Don't like his baggy jeans but I might like what's
underneath them.
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
bedroom
I'm liking this American boy, American boy

[Chorus 1]

[Estelle]

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
Dressed in all your fancy clothes
Sneaker's 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

[Chorus 1]

[Kanye West]

Who killing them in the UK, everybody going 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 oww, oww, ain't nothing new now,
now

"He crazy", I know what you thinking,

Ribena I know what you're drinking

Rap singer, chain blinger

holler at the next chick soon as you're blinking

What's you're persona about this Americana rhymer?

Am I shallow cuz 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 CAAASH cuz a lot wags want to hear it

And I'm feeling like Mike at his +Bad+dest

Like the Pips at their Gladys/gladiest

And I know they love it

So to hell with all that rubbish

[Estelle]

Would you be my love, my love (could you be mine)

Would you be my love, my love (could you be mine)

Would you be my love, my love

Would you be my American boy, American boy

[Chorus 2]

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

[Chorus 1]

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