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Cheryl Cole "Ghetto Baby"

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You got a face like the Madonna crying tears of gold Been pumping gas at the Texaco, road to road Youâ \in [™] re on the run Oh baby, yeah youâ \in [™] re on the run Oh baby

l' m not a trick, boy, l' m a trick for you
You give me butterflies, heart skipping one two
I know you' re sick boy,
I wanna get the flu
l' 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 heart' s 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 $\hat{a} \in \mathbb{T}^m$ m feeling you boy, you liking me too $\hat{a} \in \mathbb{T}^m$ m clocking chicks left and right just to get to you Youâ $\in \mathbb{T}^m$ 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 â€~em If they don' t think we' re good together, baby just forget â€~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
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Come on over ghetto baby
(He said show me what you got girl)
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