

Estelle "American Boy"

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(Feat. Kanye West)

[Kanye West:]

Dis is da numba one champion sound
Yeah, Estelle we 'bout to get down
We da hottest in the world right now.
Just touched down in London town.
Bet they give me a pound.
Better put the money in my hand right now.
Tell the promoter we need more seats,
We just sold out all the floor seats.

[Chorus: Estelle]

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 pick 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 5 foot 7 guy who's just my type.
Like the way he speak here, his confidence is peaking.
Don't like his baggy jeans but I'm a like what's
underneath them.
And no I ain't been to MIA
I heard that Cali never rains and New York's wide
awake.
But first let's see the west end.
I'll show you to my bedroom.
I'm like this American Boy. American Boy.

[Chorus:]

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 pick it with you.
You'll be my American Boy. American Boy.

Can we get away this weekend.
Take me to Broadway.
Let's go shopping 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 death I'm lovin' those Shell
Toes.
Walkin' that walk.
Talk that slick talk.
I'm likin' this American Boy. American Boy.

[Chorus:]

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 pick it with you.
You'll be my American Boy.

Let them know a gwan blud

[Kanye West:]

Who killin' em in the UK.
Everybody gonna to say you K, reluctantly,
Because most of this press don't f**k with 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 ya thinkin'.
Ribena I know what you're drinkin'.
Rap singer. Chain Blinger.
Holla at the next chick soon as you're blinkin.
What's you're persona,
About this Americana Rhymer.
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 P Coat, Tell me he's broke.
And I know you're not into all that.
I heard your lyrics I feel your spirit.
But I still talk that CAAASH.
Cause a lot wags wanna 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.

[Estelle:]

Would you be my love, my love.
Could be mine
Would you be my love my love,
Could you 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 Francisco Bay
I really want to, come pick it with you
You'll be my American boy

[Chorus:]

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

La da da, da da, de da
La da da, da da, de da
American boy

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