

## **Estelle Feat. Kanye West "American Boy"**

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Just a 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

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 5 foot 7 guys 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 them

And no I ain't been to MIA  
I heard that Cali never rains and New York's heart  
awaits  
First let's see the West End, I'll show you to my  
bedroom  
I'm liking 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, American Boy

Will you be my American Boy, American Boy?

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 neva 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 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

Who killin' em in the UK?  
Everybody gonna say you K  
Reluctantly, because most of this press don't f\*\*k 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 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?  
Drama, 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 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 cash  
Cuz a lot wag's want to hear it

And I'm feelin' like Mike at his baddest  
Like the Pips at their gladdest  
And I know they love it  
So to hell with all that rubbish

Would you be my love, my love?  
Would you 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 kick it with you  
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 loved to see LA  
I really want to come kick it with you  
You'll be my American Boy, American Boy

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