

Cheryl Cole, Ghetto Baby

You got a face like the Madonna
Crying tears of gold
Been pumping gas at the Texaco road to road
You're on the run
Oh ,baby yeah you're on the run
Oh, baby
I'm not a trick boy, I'm a trick for you
You give me butterflies
Heart skipping one two
I know you're sick boy,
I wanna get the flu
I'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 your gonna when you hold me
Hold me
You're so fun
B-baby you are so much fun
B-baby
My local rock star, The really big crew
I'm feeling you boy, You're liking me too
I'm clocking chicks left and right
Just to get to you
You're out there on the grind now come home to your
Queen, boo.

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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
/2x

We're a match mad in heaven
If they're gonna talk let 'em
If they don't think we're good together
Baby just forget 'em
When he's bad he's bad
But when he's good no one's better
Cos we're a match made in heaven
And this kind of love's forever

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