

Estelle, American Boy

["Kanye West:"]

Just another one champion sound
Me and Estelle about to get down (Get down)
Who the hottest in the world right now.
Just touched down in Londontown.
Bet they give me a pound.
Tell them put the money in my hand right now. (Yes!)
Tell the promoter we need more seats,
We just sold out all the floor seats

["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 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 guy 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 heart awaits.
First let's see the west end. I'll show you to my bredren.
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

Can we get away this weekend.
Take me to Broadway.
Let's go shopping maybe then we'll go to a Caf.
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.
Sneakers 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

Tell 'em wagwan blud

["Kanye West:"]

Who killin' 'em in the UK.
Everybody gonna to say you K, reluctantly,
Cause 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 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 your 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 peacoat, 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 ca-a-ash.
Cause a lot wags want to hear it.
And I'm feelin' like Mike at his Baddest.
Like the Pips at they gladdest.
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
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