

# Years & Years, American Boy (Estelle Cover)

Just another one champion sound  
Yeah, Estelle, we 'bout to get down (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 someday  
Take me to New York, I'd love to see L.A.  
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 you"  
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'mma like what's underneath them  
And no I ain't been to M.I.A  
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 brethren  
I'm liking this American boy, American boy  
Take me on a trip, I'd like to go someday  
Take me to New York, I'd love to see L.A.  
I really want to come kick it with you  
You'll be my American boy, American boy  
Would 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 never been to Brooklyn and I'd like to see what's good  
Dress in all your fancy clothes  
Sneakers looking fresh to death, I'm loving those Shell Toes  
Walking that walk, talk that slick talk  
I'm liking this American boy, American boy  
Take me on a trip, I'd like to go someday  
Take me to New York, I'd love to see L.A.  
I really want to come kick it with you  
You'll be my American boy  
Tell 'em kno wagwan blud  
Who killing 'em in the U.K.  
Everybody gonna say, "You, K"  
Reluctantly 'cause most of this press don't fuck 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 thinking  
Ribena I know what you're drinking  
Rap singer, Chain Blinger  
Holla at the next chick soon as you're blinking  
What's your persona?  
About this Americana Brama  
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 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-ah-ash  
'Cause a lot wags wanna hear it  
And I'm feeling like Mike at his Baddest  
Like The Pips at they Gladys  
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? (Would you be mine?)  
Could you be my love, my love?  
Ooh, would you be my American boy? American boy  
Take me on a trip, I'd like to go someday  
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 someday  
Take me to New York, I'd love to see L.A.  
I really want to come kick it with you  
You'll be my American boy, American boy