

Estelle – American Boy Lyrics

[Intro: Kanye West & Estelle]

This a number one champion sound (Yeah)
Yeah, Estelle, we 'bout to get down (Get down)
Who the hottest in the world right now? (Uh)
Just touched down in London town (Uh)
Bet they give me a pound (Uh)
Tell them put the money in my hand right now (Yeah)
Tell the promoter we need more seats
We just sold out all the floor seats

[Chorus 1: 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

[Verse 1: Estelle]

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's speakin', his confidence is peakin'
Don't like his baggy jeans but I might like what's underneath them
And, no, I ain't been to MIA
I heard that Cali never rains and New York's all the way
First let's see the West End, I'll show you to my bredrin
I'm likin' this American boy, American boy

[Chorus 1: 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, American boy

[Post-Chorus]

La, la la, la la, eya
La, la la, la la, eya
La, la la, la la, eya
Will you be my American boy? American boy

[Verse 2: Estelle]

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
Dressed in all your fancy clothes
Sneakers lookin' 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 1: 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
Tell 'em wagwan, blud!

[Verse 3: Kanye West with Estelle]

Who killin' them in the UK?
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 you thinkin'
Ribena, I know what you're drinkin'
Rap singer, chain blinger
Holler at the next chick soon as you're blinkin'
What's your persona about this Americana rhymer?
Am I shallow 'cause all my clothes designer? Uh
Dressed smart like a London bloke (Yeah)
Before he speak his suit bespoke (Woop)
And you thought he was cute before
Look at this pea coat, tell me he's broke (Woo)
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 lotta wags wanna 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

[Bridge: Estelle]

Would you be my love, my love?
Would you be mine?
Could you be my love, my love?
Could you be mine?
Could you be my love, my love? (Ooh)
Would you be my American boy? American boy

[Chorus 2: Estelle]

Take me on a trip, I'd like to go some day (Ooh, someday)
Take me to Chicago, San Francisco bay
I really want to come kick it with you (Ooh-oo-oo)
You'll be my American boy, American boy (Be my American boy)

[Chorus 1: Estelle]

Take me on a trip I'd like to go some day (I'd like to go some day)
Take me to New York, I'd love to see LA (See LA)
I really want to come kick it with you
You'll be my American boy, American boy

[Post-Chorus]

La, la la, la la, eya (La, la)
La, la la, la la, eya (Ooh, ooh)
La, la la, la la, eya
Will you be my American boy?