

Estelle - American Boy

Tom: G

(E7M - C7 - Am7 D7)

This a number one champion sound
 yeah Estelle we 'bout 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

E7M C7
 Take me on a trip, I'd like to go some day
 Am7 D7
 Take me to New York, I'd love to see LA
 E7M C7
 I really want to come kick it with you
 Am7 D7
 You'll be my American Boy

(E7M - C7 - Am7 D7)

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 might like what's underneath them

And no I ain't been to MIA
 I heard that Cali never rains and New York's wide awake
 First let's see the west end
 I'll show you to my brethren

D7
 I'm likin this American Boy
 American Boy

E7M C7
 Take me on a trip, I'd like to go some day
 Am7 D7
 Take me to New York, I'd love to see LA
 E7M C7
 I really want to come kick it with you
 Am7 D7
 You'll be my American Boy

(E7M - C7 - Am7)
 (lalalaa...)

D7
 You'll be my american boy, american boy.

(E7M - C7 - Am7)

Can we get away this weekend
 Take me to Broadway
 Let's go shopping maybe 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 Def I'm lovin those Shell Toes
 Walkin that walk
 Talk that slick talk

D7
 I'm likin this American Boy
 American Boy

E7M C7
 Take me on a trip, I'd like to go some day
 Am7 D7
 Take me to New York, I'd love to see LA
 E7M C7
 I really want to come kick it with you
 Am7 D7
 You'll be my American Boy

(E7M - C7 - Am7)

Who killin em in the UK.
 Everybody gonna to say you K, reluctantly, because 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.
 Aint nothing new now now. He crazy, I know what ya thinkin.
 White Pino 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. I got this American Brama.

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 CAAASH.
 Cuz a lot wacks want to hear it.
 And I'm feelin like Mike at his Baddest.
 The Pips at they Gladys.
 And I know they love it. so to hell with all that rubbish

E7M C7 Am7 E7M
 Would you be my love, my love (could you be mine)
 E7M C7 Am7 E7M
 Would you be my love my love (could you be mine)
 E7M C7 Am7 E7M
 Could you be my love, my love
 D7

Would you be my American Boy
 American Boyyy

E7M C7
 Take me on a trip, I'd like to go some day
 Am7 D7
 Take me to New York, I'd love to see LA
 E7M C7
 I really want to come kick it with you
 Am7 D7
 You'll be my American Boy

Acordes

