

# Estelle - American Boy

Tom: G

(E - C7 - Am 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

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

(E - C7 - Am 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

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

(E - C7 - Am )  
(lalalaa...)

D7

You'll be my american boy, american boy.

(E - C7 - Am )

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

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

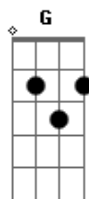
(E - C7 - Am )

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. 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

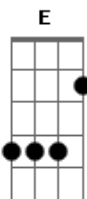
E C7 Am E  
Would you be my love, my love (could you be mine)  
E C7 Am E  
Would you be my love my love (could you be mine)  
E C7 Am E  
Could you be my love, my love  
D7  
Would you be my American Boy  
American Boyyy

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

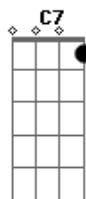
## Acordes



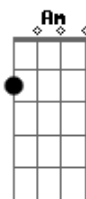
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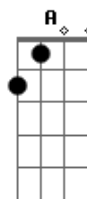
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