

ICIBILLET

Paroles de chanson

03/05/2026

American Boy

Par Estelle Featuring Kanye West

Album : 2009 Grammy Nominees

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 likin' 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

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 likin' 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

Be my 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

La-la-la-la-la-di-da

La-la-la-la-la-di-da

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