

# Ghetto Baby

Cheryl Cole

[VERSE]

You got a face like the Madonna  
crying tears of gold  
Been pumping gas  
at the Texaco road to road  
You're on the run  
Oh baby yeah you're on the run  
Oh baby  
I'm not a trick boy, I'm a trick for you  
You give me butterflies  
heart skipping one two  
I know you're sick boy,  
I wanna get the flu  
I'm running temperatures  
thinking of your love, boo.

[CHORUS]

Brooklyn move my soul like this  
Kissing my stilettos move  
your mouth up to my lips  
Come on over ghetto baby  
(He said show me what you got girl)  
Come on over ghetto baby  
(Drop it like it's hot girl)

[VERSE]

I know your lips say  
that you wanna but your heart's a no  
But boy your hips say that your gonna when you hold me  
hold me  
You're so fun  
B-baby you are so much fun  
B-baby  
My local rock star, The really big crew  
I'm feeling you boy, You're liking me too  
I'm clocking chicks left and right  
just to get to you  
You're out there on the grind now come home to your  
queen, boo.

[CHORUS]

Brooklyn move my soul like this  
Kissing my stilettos  
move your mouth up to my lips  
Come on over ghetto baby  
(He said show me what you got girl)  
Come on over ghetto baby  
(Drop it like it's hot girl)  
Brooklyn move my soul like this  
Kissing my stilettos  
move your mouth up to my lips  
Come on over ghetto baby  
(He said show me what you got girl)  
Come on over ghetto baby  
(Drop it like it's hot girl)

[VERSE]

We're a match made in heaven  
if they're gonna talk let 'em  
If they don't think we're good together  
baby just forget 'em  
When he's bad he's bad  
but when he's good no one's better  
Cos we're a match made in heaven  
and this kind of love's forever

[CHORUS 2x]

Brooklyn move my soul like this  
Kissing my stilettos  
move your mouth up to my lips  
Come on over ghetto baby  
(He said show me what you got girl)  
Come on over ghetto baby  
(Drop it like it's hot girl)