

# An Immigrant

Jon Bellion

Woke up in London with you next to me  
Made love in Brixton with both hands around your neck  
I'm back in New York on British ecstasy  
So I feel like an immigrant in America  
Yes I am just an immigrant in America

Cigar and cigarette ashes  
As I open all my luggage up  
I still speak my native language  
But I only want your foreign tongue

Remember?  
When you spilled coffee on my J  
Coffee on my J Dilla vinyl  
I didn't even mind  
Didn't even mind  
Crazy  
When you spilled coffee on my J  
Coffee on my J Dilla vinyl  
I didn't even mind  
Didn't even mind  
Baby

Woke up in London with you next to me  
Made love in Brixton with both hands around your neck  
I'm back in New York on British ecstasy  
So I feel like an immigrant in America  
Yes I am just an immigrant in America

South London, born in Columbia  
Texts in Spanish that she's all alone  
She said she's found an apartment  
I'm in Harlem screaming take me home

Remember?  
When you spilled coffee on my J  
Coffee on my J Dilla vinyl  
I didn't even mind  
Didn't even mind  
Crazy  
When you spilled coffee on my J  
Coffee on my J Dilla vinyl  
I didn't even mind  
Didn't even mind  
Baby

Woke up in London with you next to me  
Made love in Brixton with both hands around your neck  
I'm back in New York on British ecstasy  
So I feel like an immigrant in America  
Yes I am just an immigrant in America