

Guava Rubicon

Kele

She asks me "what my favourite colour is?"
I tell her "At the moment it's green, like Brockwell Park in bloom"
She kisses her teeth and tells me hers is brown
Naturally

She's real, real like Guava Rubicon
Like all the girls I used to know from round the way
She's real like Ellesse and Moschino
Kool FM and garage raves back in the day

My Ethiopian girl
There's a space next to me you can take a seat
But don't go blaming me
If I don't make the cut

She wants a Lucious Lyon
Someone to wear her out, to be her Bobby Brown
So don't go hating on if that's not how I roll

She's real, real like Guava Rubicon
Like all the girls I used to know from round the way
She's real like Ellesse and Moschino
Kool FM and garage raves back in the day

My Ethiopian girl
Wears an ankh amulet, she's down with kemetics
She says you don't read enough
My Nubian prince
Then she says

"Spirit (spirit) to another spirit (spirit)
For we should run like jaguars through the Serengeti plains
Can you imagine it?"

She's real, real like Guava Rubicon
Like all the girls I used to know from round the way
She's real like Ellesse and Moschino
Kiss FM and bashment raves back in the day

She's real
She's real
Then she says

"What's your frequency Kele?
Are you feeling my vibe?
For we could sing like twins in our very own language
Can you imagine it?"

My Ethiopian girl
(My Ethiopian girl)
My Ethiopian girl
(My Ethiopian girl)

My Ethiopian girl
(My Ethiopian girl)
My Ethiopian girl
(My Ethiopian girl)

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