

Who's Been Loving You?

Watsky

[Hook 1]

I know my Momma loves me
I know my Poppa loves me
I know the camera loves me
I can tell my brother loves me
I know that Boston loves me
And San Francisco loves me
I love the city back
I just can't help it, it's so lovely

[Verse 1]

I'm in my lucky underwear, I'm feeling debonair
If it's a lonely trip to heaven, I'm already there
I'm in the bedroom and I'm stepping like I'm Fred Astaire
I make it happen, battle rapping at my Teddy Bear
When I was twelve I'd leave my door open a crack
Afraid of getting busted sneaking porno on my Mac
I guess I was a freak
Until I got caught last week
(who's been loving you?)
I was reading Booker T, I threw the book at me
I go for the lookers but they never look at me
I would get a hooker if I could unhook her bra
I'd be looking soft as soon as she took her top, off
Let's go rolling in a broken Winnebago
Stop and smoke a bowl out of a hollowed out potato
It's hash now, but it's hash browns soon
(who's been loving you?)

[Hook 2]

I know that Jesus loves me
I know that Buddha loves me
The fucking Easter Bunny
And the ghost of Gandhi love me
I know that Santa loves me
And the ghost of Gandhi love me
I know that Santa loves me
I think my Aunties love me
I know my Grandma loved me

She thought I was handsome trust me

[Verse 2]

This insanity, that's heredity
It's my family, we can let it be
Wish I pretended that mom and dad are dead to me
But I love my dad, that motherfucker read to me
My first words were "where's the love?"
Mad smug, assed up on a bearskin rug
Fashodo, my mom'll show you the photo
(who's been loving you?)
I do embarrassing better
I could wear a pink sweater
With a pair of slick pleather pants
Derelict e-e-va-ry day and it's well known
That I hop off stage with my cell phone
Fake a dropped call when everybody's near me
And shout "I love you mom!" so everybody hears me
I need it too and true nothing new but
(who's been loving you?)

[Hook 3]

Even though I owe them money
I think it's pretty likely
That my whole family loves me
My lovers tend to like me
I know my homies love me
My teachers loved to hate me
The haters love to fuck with me
The fickle love me lately

[Verse 3]

I'm a percussionist. I never knew guitar
It's cheesy, but I'm stunting like a superstar
It's easy man I'm hopping out a moving car
Call me Weezy cause I'm coughing at the hookah bar
I don't do cigars, but I got hella game
I can make a lady out of styling gel and cellophane
So you can yell my name, I make the bed frame move
(who's been loving you?)
Me and my better friends are heading to the town strip
If they don't let us in we'll never take round trip
Because I took an hour picking out my outfit
And then I took another slicking down a cowlick
And I like house sitting, but fuck it now's different
I'm going out and there ain't a bouncer for cow tipping
So I'mma tear this joint up
And I'mma party till the hoofs point up

(who's been loving you?)

[Hook 4]

This is for Charles Barkley

This is for Poison Ivy

And it's for Draco Malfoy

And it's for Bill O'Reilly

This is for Ned Mencia

It's for the corporate lawyers

It's for the backseat drivers

And for my friend Ann Coulter

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>