

# Kidnap Your Boyfriend

Watsky

I was just thinking that I really like you  
And I was just thinking I really like you  
And I was just thinking if I kidnap your boyfriend  
Could I be your boyfriend?

I've gotta time it right  
I've gotta plan it through  
You're a stick of dynamite  
Hope that I can handle you  
You're a whole new animal they couldn't hold a candle to  
So I demand a candid answer, what's a man to do?  
Could pay a camera crew  
Get an editor set up in his kitchen with the video and kid and put his ass on  
n Catch A Predator  
Call his creditor  
Tell em he's in heavy debt and with fed on red alert  
I plant a care package, a bear trap with the teeth padded  
And when he grabs it, then I beat it like Br'er Rabbit  
Or I could lock him in the liquor cabinet  
Drinking, thinking, sad until he kicks the habit  
And if he gets lovey dovey  
I'll take him to the kindergarten keep him in the cubby  
When we leave for winter break and someone gets the pet I'm gonna pawn him off  
ff on little Betty like he was a guppy

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It's a minute to midnight and  
That's my cue to pull up in my big white van  
Beckon him with my charisma  
Chuckling snickers at him like it's his Bar mitzvah  
And if someone heard that racket  
Better bet I'm gonna bag him in a burlap sack  
Your dude's whack  
He lacks the X Factor  
(Bookmark boy) I can be the next chapter  
What do I do for the women who tell me they want me?  
That when I got over the one who steadily haunts me  
If I get over the one  
Then I'll be ready to party  
Then I'll be looking at Blondie  
On me get up and calmly walk away  
It's pretty pathetic  
I get it, but not today  
You wanted to play  
You want me to act tough?  
Spend every dime  
But I won't go bankrupt  
I said to be easy  
Could you please back up  
All these Jenga beezies they just don't stack up

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But if I'm too blunt, I can mask it  
If time's a blunt, I can pass it  
I'd rather pass with to the passenger  
Shotgun the messenger  
Call off the massacre  
Your dude is cool  
I wish I didn't have to mess with him  
To tell the truth  
I want the very second best for him  
I'm positive I'm not a pessimist  
I'm not jumping  
I'm just pissing off the precipice  
If I deafen to the definition and I never getcha  
God I betcha I'll be better cause I metcha but be I'm missing always waiting  
for day you'll be available  
You keep on stating who you're dating ain't debatable  
But baby, maybe we could pick up when this shit ends  
My sixth sense says we're clicking like we're Bic pens  
I don't wanna read the writing on the wall if it's only gonna end like Annie  
Hall

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