

# Who's Been Loving You

Watsky

I know my momma loves me  
I know my father 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

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 like 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?)

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  
I think my Aunties love me  
I know my Grandma loved me  
She thought I was handsome trust me

This insanity, that's heredity  
It's my family, we can let it be  
wish I pretended that my 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  
Oh 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-ve-  
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 needed to and true it's nothing new but  
(Who's been loving you?)

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

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 Wheezy cause I'm coughing at the hookah bar  
And I don't do cigars, but I got hella game  
I'll 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 a 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'm a tear this joint up  
And I'm a party till the hoofs point up  
(Who's been loving you?)

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