

Unholy - Kim Petras and Sam Smith

Lyrics

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"Unholy"

Mummy don't know daddy's getting hot
At the body shop, doing something unholy

He lucky, lucky, yeah (ooh)

He lucky, lucky, yeah (ye-yeah)

He lucky, lucky, yeah

He lucky, lucky, yeah

A lucky, lucky girl

She got married to a boy like you

She'd kick you out if she ever, ever knew

'Bout all the - you tell me that you do

Dirty, dirty boy

You know everyone is talking on the scene

I hear them whispering 'bout the places that you've been

And how you don't know how to keep your business clean

Mummy don't know daddy's getting hot
At the body shop, doing something unholy
He's sat back while she's dropping it, she be popping it

Yeah, she put it down slowly

Oh-ee-oh-ee-oh, he left his kids at

Ho-ee-oh-ee-ome, so he can get that

Mummy don't know daddy's getting hot

At the body shop, doing something unholy (woo)

Mmm, daddy, daddy, if you want it, drop the add'y (yuh)

Give me love, give me Fendi, my Balenciaga daddy

You gon' need to bag it up, 'cause I'm spending on Rodeo (woo)

You can watch me back it up, I'll be gone in the a.m

And he, he get me Prada, get me Miu Miu like Rihanna (ah)

He always call me 'cause I never cause no drama

And when you want it, baby, I know I got you covered

And when you need it, baby, just jump under the covers

Mummy don't know daddy's getting hot

At the body shop, doin' somethin' unholy

He's sat back while she's dropping it, she be popping it

Yeah, she put it down slowly

Oh-ee-oh-ee-oh, he left his kids at
Ho-ee-oh-ee-ome, so he can get that
Mummy don't know daddy's getting hot
At the body shop, doin' something unholy

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