

George Watsky

"Kidnap Your Boyfriend"

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[Hook:]

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?

[Verse 1:]

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 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 a kindergarten keep him in the cubby
When we leave for winter break and someone gets the
pet I'm gonna pawn him
Off on little Betty like he was a guppy

[Hook]

[Verse 2:]

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

[Hook]

[Verse 3:]

If time's a blunt, I can pass it
But if too blunt, I can mask 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 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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