

# Unholy – Sam Smith, Kim Petras

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

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 talkin' on the scene  
I hear them whisperin' '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  
Doin' somethin' unholy  
He's sat back while she's droppin' it  
She be poppin' 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  
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Mm, daddy, daddy, if you want it, drop the addy  
Give me love, give me Fendi, my Balenciaga daddy  
You gon' need to bag it up 'cause I'm spendin' on Rodeo  
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  
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

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Oh-oh, oh-ee-oh-ee, ee-oh  
Oh-oh, oh-ee-oh-ee, ee-oh  
Oh-oh, oh-ee-oh-ee, ee-oh  
Oh-oh, oh-ee-oh-ee, ee-oh



Słowa: Sam Smith, Kim Petras, James Napier, Ilya Salmanzadeh, Blake Slatkin, Henry Russell Walter, Omer Fedi

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