

Hugs (feat. Pharrell Williams)

The Lonely Island

[TLI]: Hello?

[Female]: Hi, this is Bridget, should I come over later?

[TLI]: I'm sorry, I don't know a Bridget.

[Female]: Well that's not what you said when you hugged me last night!

[TLI]: Ha! You think we're an item just because I gave you a hug? Trick, you better think again. WE. ARE NOT. GENTLEMEN.

Yo - I'll hug a girl like it don't mean nothin'

Then turn around and start huggin' cousin.

I don't love 'em, end of the fuckin' discussion

Got 'em tucked between my wings like Thanksgiving stuffing. She wanna hug from behind - I did it.

Then her friend jump in; I'm wit' it.

I hug 'em tighter than a tube top;

After that, it's just a matter of time

Before the other shoe drop.

I get more hugs than Oprah selling drugs,

And the drug was pure X - no marriage, no sex.

Just hugs. Don't get mad, girl. We get mad girls,

And we're hugging all over the world.

So don't catch feelings, it ain't love.

We're just the kings of giving out hugs.

And if you wanna settle down, you know you got us all wrong,

So we move to the next one, no disrespect, hon

But you can't hug a rolling stone. You can't hug a rolling stone cause it'll crush you.

Begging me to hug you again? That's when I shush you.

On an airplane, at a Knick game,

Feel the same damn thing when I hug them,

Which is nothing.

Can't trust them, lose all respect when I hug them.

Now guess who's back in the motherfucking house

With a fat hug for your sweater and your blouse.

Hugged so many ladies, arms shaky and shit,

Because I'm the Wilt Chamberlain of the upper-body grip. Cause I get more hugs than a batch of puppy pugs,

Sitting on a fluffy rug, getting tickled touched and rubbed.

(OH SHIT!)

Real talk, like you chatting with a fisherman.

Wrap these chicks up like a motherfucking swisher, man. This ain't love girl, because this hug world

Is just a big Game of Thrones.

We be king of the castle, got arms like a lasso.

But you can't hug a rolling stone. I been hugging on your mama,

Especially when your daddy's gone,
Wearing his pajamas,
I know you thinking that is wrong.
I don't care what some does,
I'm concentrating on her back.
I just wanna hug your mama in her Subaru hatchback.
Put her in a figure-4, yes I'm a hug gigolo.
Now she tells her tupperware friends to let their sisters know.....that I give more hugs than
Atlas had shrugs
(Brush my head on her shoulder)
While your man mean mugs We had fun, girl. But don't get sprung, girl
Just because I hugged you raw.
We can do a group thing, bring Sarah and Suan
And we can have a hug-a-trois.
So quit trying to own my hugs
I gave you these arms on loan
So come give me a hug,
The waistline and above.
When push comes to shove,
You can't hug a rolling stone. Hug yo' bad P, bitches.

Lyrics provided by <http://greatlyrics.net/>