

Blurred Lines (feat. Pharrell & T.I.)

Robin Thicke

Hey, hey, hey
Hey, hey, hey
Hey, hey, hey If you can't hear, what I'm tryna say
If you can't read, from the same page
Maybe I'm going deaf
Maybe I'm going blind
Maybe I'm out of my mind OK, now he was close
Tried to domesticate you
But you're an animal
Baby, it's in your nature
Just let me liberate you
You don't need no papers
That man is not your mate
And that's why I'm gon' take you Good girl!
I know you want it
I know you want it
I know you want it You're a good girl!
Can't let it get past me
Me fall from plastic
Talk about getting blasted I hate these blurred lines!
I know you want it
I know you want it
I know you want it But you're a good girl!
The way you grab me
Must wanna get nasty
Go ahead, get at me What do they make dreams for
When you got them jeans on
What do we need steam for
You the hottest bitch in this place! I feel so lucky
You wanna hug me
What rhymes with hug me?
Hey! OK, now he was close
Tried to domesticate you
But you're an animal
Baby, it's in your nature
Just let me liberate you
You don't need no papers
That man is not your mate
And that's why I'm gon' take you Good girl!

I know you want it
I know you want it
I know you want it You're a good girl!
Can't let it get past me
Me fall from plastic
Talk about getting blasted I hate these blurred lines!
I know you want it
I know you want it
I know you want it But you're a good girl!
The way you grab me
Must wanna get nasty
Go ahead, get at me (Hustle Gang Homie)
One thing I ask of you
Lemme be the one you bring that ass up to
From Malibu to Paris, boo
Had a bitch, but she ain't bad as you
So, hit me up when you passin' through
I'll give you something big enough to tear your ass in two
Swag on 'em even when you dress casual
I mean, it's almost unbearable
Honey you not there when I'm
At the bar side let you have me by
Nothin' like your last guy, he too square for you
He don't smack that ass and pull your hair for you
So I'm just watchin' and waitin'
For you to salute the truly pimpin'
Not many women can refuse this pimpin'
I'm a nice guy, but don't get confused, you git'n it! Shake your rump
Get down
Get up
Do it like it hurt, like it hurt
What, you don't like work?
Hey! Baby, can you breathe?
I got this from Jamaica
It always works for me
Dakota to Decatur No more pretending
Cause now your winning
Here's our beginning
I always wanted a Good girl!
I know you want it
I know you want it
I know you want it You're a good girl!
Can't let it get past me
Me fall from plastic
Talk about getting blasted I hate these blurred lines!

I know you want it
I know you want it
I know you want it But you're a good girl!
The way you grab me
Must wanna get nasty
Go ahead, get at me Everybody get up
Everybody get up Hey, hey, hey
Hey, hey, hey
Hey, hey, hey

Songwriters

PHARRELL WILLIAMS, CLIFFORD HARRIS, ROBIN THICKE Published by

Lyrics © Sony/ATV Music Publishing LLC, Warner/Chappell Music, Inc., Universal Music Publishing Group,
BEHEMOTH PUBLISHING Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>