

The Compliments (feat. Too \$hort)

The Lonely Island

Ladies, listen up this song is for you
You know it's hard out there to find a dude
But The Lonely Island's got three top-notch brothers
So sit back and listen while they compliment each other
My man 'Kiv is the shit
Dude is thoughtful as fuck, plus his body is ripped
He's a good listener even when he's exhausted
And he's crazy hygienic, always brushing and flossing
But that ain't nothing compared to my main man Jorm'
The most sensitive, caring dude I've ever known
He's got that sweet smile, he's got that slow touch
What's the sweet smell? Oh shit, he cooked you brunch!
But hold up, my man Andy's got us both beat!
He makes a skinny margarita that's a wonderful treat
Plus caramel eyes that are hella disarming
He ain't no fucking Prince my man is King Charming
Jor' you're far to kind, and speaking of kindness
My man 'Kiv's been diagnosed with colorblindness
He loves all people, plus he's got the fat dick
It's like a gold prick, all shiny and thick
When they pitched me this song, they were kinda vague
But I said "fuck it, I'm in" cause they said I'd get paid
One thing's for sure, these dudes are weird motherfuckers
So kick back and listen, watch 'em compliment each other
My man Jorm' fucks all night
Call him Super Mario, cause he be laying the pipe
He got the eye contact like only you in the room
A modern-thinking man, he ain't afraid of a broom
Yo, you talking feminism? Andy loves that shit
Plus the femme fatales love him cause he's got good dick
And he's a giver: donates hella money to charity
He's also got a great sense of humor that's personality
I hate to interrupt, but I gotta interject
'Kiv grinds his own espresso, has his own panini press
'Kiv! So loyal when he makes his pick
That he'll only think of you when he's jacking his dick
He's a shoulder to cry on when you're down in the dumps
He's an outfit to try on when you need a slam dunk
He's an extra stirring hand when you're making a soup
Take a ride in his coupe, he makes you wanna shoop
I'm starting to suspect that these dudes are gay
It's none of my business, they just born this way
I mean, how many times you gon' mention your homie's dick
But still try to act like this song is for chicks?
So ladies be warned before you hop under the covers
They might be fucking you but they'll be thinking 'bout each other
The compliments, bitch!

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