

# Blurred Lines (Feat. T.I., Pharrell Williams)

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/>