

# The Compliments

## 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!

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>