

Hugs (feat. Pharrell Williams)

The Lonely Island

Hello?

Hi, this is Bridget, should I come over later?

I'm sorry, I don't know a Bridget

Well that's not what you said when you hugged me last night!

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' her 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, Mary Jo 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 on 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 Knicks 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 get hugs)
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

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