

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

## Robin Thicke

Everybody, get up  
Everybody, get up (hey, hey, hey)  
Hey, hey, hey  
Hey, hey, hey  
(Turn it up) If you can't hear what I'm trying to say  
If you can't read from the same page  
Maybe I'm going deaf (hey, hey, hey)  
Maybe I'm going blind (hey, hey, hey)  
Maybe I'm out my mind (hey, hey, hey)  
Okay, now he was close  
Tried to domesticate you  
But you're an animal  
Baby, it's in your nature (meow) Just let me liberate you (hey, hey, hey)  
You don't need no papers (hey, hey, hey)  
That man is not your maker (hey, hey, hey)  
And that's why I'm gon' take 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  
You're far 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 (hey, hey, hey)  
You wanna hug me (hey, hey, hey)  
What rhymes with hug me? (hey, hey, hey)  
Hey! (Everybody, get up) Okay, now he was close  
Tried to domesticate you  
But you're an animal  
Baby, it's in your nature Just let me liberate you (hey, hey, hey)  
You don't need no papers (hey, hey, hey)  
That man is not your maker (hey, hey, hey)  
And that's why I'm gon' take 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  
You're far from plastic  
Talk about getting blasted I hate these blurred lines (I hate them lines)  
I know you want it (I hate them lines)  
I know you want it (I hate them lines)  
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 One thing I ask of you  
Let me be the one you back that ass up to (come on)  
Go, from Malibu to Paris, boo  
Yeah, had a bitch, but she ain't bad as you So, hit me up when you pass 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 In a hundred years not dare, would I?  
Pull a Pharcyde, let you pass me by  
Nothing like your last guy, he too square for you  
He don't smack that ass and pull your hair for you (you like it) So I'm just watching and waiting  
For you to salute the truly pimping  
Not many women can refuse this pimping  
I'm a nice guy, but don't get confused, this pimping Shake your rump  
Get down, get up-a  
Do it like it hurt, like it hurt  
What you don't like work?  
Hey! (Everybody, get up) Baby, can you breathe?  
I got this from Jamaica  
It always works for me  
Dakota to Decatur No more pretending (hey, hey, hey)  
'Cause now you winning (hey, hey, hey)  
Here's our beginning (hey, hey, hey)  
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  
You're far 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 meEverybody, get up

Everybody, get up

Hey, hey, hey

Hey, hey, hey

Hey, hey, hey

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>