

Perfect Saturday

The Lonely Island

Yea

This beat remind me of back in the day
Sunshine chillin
Man, tell em about your perfect Saturday

Woke up at ten, no worries at all
Another sunny day in LA, that's how we roll
Hit my homie J cuz he rolls the blunts tight
Head's still spinnin from the freaks last night

Yea man, you know I got the sticky for sho
And 5 females coming over at 4

I'mma hop in the shower, clean my nuts
Throw on the polo sport to impress the stunts

Rollin up in the Charger with the suicide doors
Top down cruising as I head to the store

Jim has some brews, everything that we need
Then back to the crib smoking indoor weed

It's the perfect Saturday, there's knock on the door
Man these girls are here early, it's a quarter to four

Man, which of these freaks I'mma see in my bed
Open the door and see my homie Ned

Oh hey guys, how's it going?

(Wuddup Ned?)

I got 911, need to use your head

(That's a no can do, ooh your breath is all hit)

Yea, I know, now move, I gotta take a shit

(Now normally Ned, the bathroom was yours

But we got those fine freaks coming over at 4)

Fine freaks! Okay, new plan

I'll just hold it and let out small farts for the rest of the night

Okay Ned, thanks for stopping by

(You're welcome)

Seriously Ned, it was good to see you

(I know)

Listen, the freaks are gonna be here any minute

We gotta get rid of this guy

Hey dude, he's your friend, you should ask him to leave

Listen, if the freaks come here he cannot be here

Oh, god

Shit!

Ah, one second

What time is it?

It's 4, it's them

Who? The freaks?

Yes, get Ned out

Ned you gotta hop out the window

But we're on the 5th floor,

Yes, move like endo
I'm not doing that
Then hit the bathroom on the double
The dump's in my butt and your toilets are trouble
Look, seriously I'll hold it
I've been in this situation literally hundreds of times
Oh what the fuck?
Oh no
I'm gonna need to borrow some pants
No

Oh hey ladies
(Oh my God it smells like fuckin death in here)
Hey freaks!
(This place smells like shit)
It was them
We're out of here
Becca wait
Oh you guys blew it

Well that's too bad but we ain't mad
No. In fact, we got something to show you
It's down this hallway, and open this door
(A surprise?)
Yea man, something like that
So walk out front and don't look back
(What's all this plastic? Were you painting last night?)
Don't worry about it, just walk towards the light
(It sure is pretty)
Yea, sure is
Close your eyes Ned
(You're my only friends)

Yea, motherfuckers
You already think you were gonna get out of this without a fart joke did you
?
You wack motherfuckers
You pussy motherfuckers
The fuck yall thinkin?
This is Lonely Island!
Oh cause we got a little paper now?
And you see us on the TV
You think we don't do fart jokes no more?
We were doin fart jokes when you were suckin ya mama's tit
Ya fart motherfuckers, fuck yall