

I Don't Give a Honk

The Lonely Island

Nowadays, everybody's using curse words.
Seems to me like it ain't necessary.
Yeah, so when I get steamed,
Yo - I tell 'em like this:

I don't give a honk, I don't give a honk,
And if you think I do, my friend
Then you're wronk.
Your crocodile tears can go and got gonk.
You think I'm a funk, but we don't give a honk.

I'm a wild child and I'm on the loose,
Giving less of a honk than a Muslim goose.
Saw a broken car horn and it's honk was faint,
Man if I was Senator, it'd be a honkless state.

Yo, I drove past a rally saying "Honk For Peace",
So I took out my gun and shot 'em all in the knees.
I don't give a honk! You picked the wrong dude.
If a honk was my virginity, consider me prude.

I consider it rude to have honk-spectations,
Only thing I give a honk is a long vacation.
On a long space station, can't hear you scream
And they sure can't hear you honk, know what I mean?

Yo we told you before: we don't give a honk,
And saying that we do is just simply ridonk.
You could try to buy us off with your pesos and francs,
But your money means nothing - you could take it to the bonk.

Man, I'm stingy when it comes to my honks (me too)
I literally stick 'em to my body with glue.
Good thinkin' Abe Lincoln, you're a real smart cookie.
Teach a class about giving a honk? I'm playing hooky.

Now what you gonna do with all your honks?
Gonna dive in and swim like Scrooge McDonk.
Cause for a honk I'd bite a chunk out of a Buddhist monk,
And at his funeral, everyone will sing this sonk.

Yo we told you before: we don't give a honk.
Got a theory that we do? Well your theory's debunked.
Save the drama for your mama cause your -itis is bronch-.
Our policy is staunch: we don't give a honk.

You know a honk in some countries is considered a food,
And if you don't eat it all, it's considered quite rude.
We all know we're born with 100 honks,
But people throw 'em away like they were Donkey Konks
And the honks are the barrels.

The kings and the pharaohs sing about honks
Like they were Christmas carols.
I'll punch you in the jeans,
But this ain't Lonely Island.
And if I catch you steaming my honks,

I'll get violent.

Yo we told you before: we don't give a honk,
Even if you give us candy like Willy the Wonk.
But don't come for my honks, better know your place.
Mother-honkers honk around and get honked in the face.

This the not honking around crew,
And this not honking around thing is about to go both ways.