

ATTENTION 2012

Problem

Twerk for me, Annie, baby, oh
See, I need to see your sexy faces
I need to see your sexy ways
I need to see your

Turf me till it hurt me, oh
These niggas, these niggas, these niggas can't fuck with me
Cinco, siete
I'm a real man, but I'm woody-woo
I'm on my, Annie, all you old Tayshii
Holla back, Annie, if you're really feeling this, woo-woo
Girl, I know I make you nervous
Even though I don't do it purposely
Draggin' all that waggy
Do me a favor and stand up, girl

You got it? Good
Annie, girl, do it for the hood
Coming out your clothes
And you doing the most

Yeah, Annie, baby, when you on top
Keep going, Annie, girl, don't stop
Use the code, motherfucking all out
You got my attention, you got my attention
You got my attention, you got my attention, yeah
You got my attention, you got my attention
You got my attention, yeah
You got my, got my

Go take your nigga
Throw him away, put him in the trash can
He ain't nobody
He don't deserve your body
Give it to a nigga that can handle your body, oh
You should be in the days
The way you running laps around these bitches
Tell DJ Kobe, drop his tag
We 'bout to turn this bitch up

Girl, wake your game up
Before you fuck your name up
Girl, your body, your body, your body hypnotic
Wanna leave, baby, let that thing go
Can I introduce you to some new shit?
Girl, let me introduce you to some new shit

Ah, when you on top
Keep going, Annie, girl, don't stop
Use the code, motherfucking all out
You got my attention, you got my attention
You got my attention, yeah
You got my attention, you got my attention
You got my attention, yeah
You got my, got my, got my

Yeah, and you got my, got my attention

You got my, stand out from the crowd, if you wanted my
Leave that trickin' and dirty mackin' for other guys
In the strictly edition, my money on the rise
Posted at the audition, I'm at the very top
Walkin' out with the bag like I got carry-out
Spent a weekend with me, she wanna get married now
Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa
Kick him off and get comfortable
I got yellow gold like number one
But I could never be your number two, no
Atlanta in the morning, girl, I gotta fly back
Mind they little bidness, tell them go and try that
Don't worry 'bout a thing, you can just lie back, I got you

Shit, I don't even want to talk
Keep going, Annie, girl, don't stop
Use the code, motherfucking all out
You got my attention, you got my attention
You got my attention, yeah
You got my attention, you got my attention
You got my attention, yeah
You got my, got my, got my