

## 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, 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