

# Attention (feat. Offset)

Rich Brian

Pull a mil' and that day ain't even have a goddamn deal  
On your pill, everyday I just be sipping Chamomile  
Mass appeal, everybody show up 'cause they know I'm here  
Every week, I be on the face she think it's Cetaphil  
Up in my business, pull up in my bitch crib  
I got people locked and loaded like they trained for ISIS  
Askin' for forgiveness, I never said you'll have it  
Pullin' all these guns, but do you really want attention  
Photo shoot the second I go out  
Catch me chillin' with Offset and the [?]  
You gotta give a resume so I can see what you about  
Fuck your Snapchat, fuck your camera  
I need space like astronaut  
Please don't make me pull up on you  
Like Tom Sawyer, like to get right to the point  
And my sneakers match my sweater  
I got hella sauce like soy  
Like my dad, I'm the man, don't wanna see me mad  
Watch you doin', is you lost, go ahead and call a cab, ayy  
Yesterday my mother called me  
She told me that she be worried  
'Bout my food and what I eatin'  
I tell her it's calamari  
D'usse when I got no plans  
Sippin' on it after dinner  
You say you hang with the man  
I see him when I'm in the mirror  
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Pullin' all these guns, but do you really want attention  
Diamonds on my wrist got her attention  
When I pulled up in that drop top,  
Farnsworth Bentley  
I heard your main bitch, she got me in her mentions  
I am a Martian, I am not from this dimension  
All of this water drippin' on my Patek, like I rest it  
Fuck on your daughter, I won't test a bet, she in detention  
Drip drop, Gucci socks  
Bought my bitch Givenchy

No tick tock, Rolex watch  
Plain Jane, keepin' it simple  
Young rich nigga, in the trap with rich niggas  
Ain't goin' for a bitch nigga, choppa flip niggas  
On my way up to eight figures, I don't need nigga  
No police, my neck on freeze  
My dog breed killers  
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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