

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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