

Doja Cat, Attention

[Pre-Chorus]

Baby, if you like it, just reach out and pet it
This one doesn't bite, it doesn't get aggressive
Show you how to touch it, hold it like it's precious
It don't need your lovin', it just needs attention

[Chorus]

(Love me) It needs, it seeks affection
(So sweet) Hungry, it fiends attention
(Hungry) It needs, it seeks affection
(Baby) Hungry, it fiends (Yeah, yeah)

[Verse 1]

Look at me, look at me, you lookin'?
My taste good, but I just had to redirect my cookin'
I coulda been an opener, I redirect the bookin'
I readed all the comments sayin', 'D, I'm really shooketh'
'D, you need to see a therapist, is you lookin'?'
Yes, the one I got, they really are the best
Now I feel like I can see you bitches is depressed
I am not afraid to finally say shit with my chest
Lost a lil' weight, but I ain't never lost a tushy
Lookin' good, but now my bald head match my
Lookin' good, but now they all sayin' that I'm ugly
Boo-hoo, my nigga, I ain't sad you won't fuck me
I'm sad that you really thought your ass was above me
You're lucky 'cause I just paid your bill with a reply
I just made your money pile knee-high
I just made your stats peak, now you got a blue check
Now you can afford to go and reinstall a new wig
Now you can afford to not be lousy, go and do shit
Talk your shit about me, I can easily disprove it, it's stupid
You follow me, but you don't really care about the music

[Pre-Chorus]

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[Chorus]

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(So sweet) Hungry, it fiends attention
(Hungry) It needs, it seeks affection
(Baby) Hungry, it fiends (Yeah)

[Verse 2]

Look at me, look at me, I'm naked
Vulnerability earned me a lot of bacon
I put a thong all in my ass and taught you how to shake it
I paid all my respect to those who taught me how to make it
And now I reap the benefits with no confrontation
Y'all fall into beef, but that's another conversation
I'm sorry, but we all find it really entertainin'
'Cause we all wanna see them slip and fall right on their faces
And we all wanna be the one to see the devastation
Not be in it, but ain't the bad press good?
The disrespect's real, how this Patek look?
Pull out the checkbook, now why yo' neck crook?
I never learn to 'superstar' from a textbook
Talkin' 'bout, 'She fallin' off, why she get booked?'
Man, I been humble, I'm tired of all the deprecation
Just let me flex, bruh, just let me pop shit
'Why she think she Nicki M? She think she hot shit'

Huh, I never gave a F, go stir the pot, bitch
I got y'all head all in the dirt just like an ostrich
Of course you bitches comparin' Doja to who the hottest

[Pre-Chorus]

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[Chorus]

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(Hungry) It needs, it seeks affection
(Baby) Hungry, it fiends

[Outro]

Okay, cute