

Chris Brown, Press Me

Oh

Can I touch that? I ain't gonna conversate
Like, "What's that?" (What?) It's that million-dollar play
I get respect (Re') when I'm in and outta state
All eyes on me, but you can have it your way
I be off that (Woah) Don Julio
And I need a pretty young (Young) dime who ain't conceited
That match my tempo (Oh)
Impress me, yeah

Energy, yeah
Give it all to me, yeah
Come press me, yeah
Come take what you need, yeah
Let me see you dance in front of me, yeah
Impress me (Oh, na-na)
Impress me (Oh, na-na)
Baby (Yeah)

Oh, na-na
Oh, na-na
Baby
Oh, na-na
Impress me, baby

Let's hit the tropics, white sand on your feet
Now we're locked in, baby, this ain't South Beach
Girl, you're top ten, you a certified freak
One night with me'll have you goin' for weeks
You got motion
All the body on you got me losin' focus
Takes time, slow whine, I'm like, "Oh, shit"
Push that pedal, girl, you got me floatin'

Energy, yeah (Energy)
Give it all to me, yeah
Come press me, yeah (Come press me)
Come take what you need, yeah
Let me see you dance in front of me, yeah
Impress me (Oh, na-na)
Impress me (Oh, na-na)
Baby (Yeah)

Oh, na-na
Oh, na-na
Baby
Oh, na-na
Impress me, baby