

8ball "Holla Back"

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(feat. Carl Thomas)

[Verse 1]

Yeah

Shiny lips, round hips, I love dat

I know you tired of them cats wit that old rap

In ya face, breath stink, you can't think

He wanna take you home cause you bought you a drink

It's a trip, but don't trip

Come flip

Wit this big 'ol playboy

That's only if

Ya down

Ya wit it wit it, let's hit the city

Come roll wit it

And you ain't got to spend a penny

In ya fendy outfit

It's so tight

You so right

I wanna kick it wit you all night

Hope you

Like me like that

I know I

Can make you come right back

A girl like you can get me on the right track

Hold up, forget I even said that

Wassup mama, you know where my head's at

Take ya time, when you ready baby holla back

[Chorus]

Since I saw you

I've only want to just to know you

Give you the best of me

I employ you

But I won't play no fool to adore you

Could you holla back at me

[Verse 2]

Let's take a trip, lets get away, a few days

To a beach house, champagne everyday

Hot sand between ya toes

Ya skin smell sweet ma, just like a rose

I wanna get to know you better
Let's take a stroll
Forget about that club hoppin
That shit is old
Me and you connectin' from the soul
Make love with protection
That's how it goes (Since I saw you)
Wanna be, wit you
Tell me what you wanna do
Keep it hot, and I can keep it brand new
Feel me, and I'ma try to feel you
Wake up in the morning and see the real you
Hope we can stay on the same page
Hope we make love every single day
Don't-we-got-this-now
All you need to do is holla at me

[Chorus]
Since I saw you
I've only want just to know you
Give you the best of me
I employ you
But I won't play no fool to adore you
Could you holla back at me

[Verse 3]
Baby girl
Hot girl
My girl
Fa sho girl
We can make this me and yo' world
Don't stop
Make it hit the floor girl
The more you do it
I love it even more girl
Got me talking 'bout you all in my flow girl
Got me lookin for you all at my show girl
Don't think, I can take it any mo'
Don't know why I'm trippin', baby I got plenty mo'
Dime pieces, but one like you
I can't explain this thing that I'm going through
Something that you doing got me comin back ma
Take my number, when you ready holla back

[Chorus x2]

[ad libs until the end]

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