

Eightball

"Holla Back (f/ Carl Thomas)"

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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

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?

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

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?

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

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?

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