

# Eightball

## "Holla Back (Feat. Carl Thomas)"

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F/ 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] - repeat 2X

{\*ad libs until the end\*

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