

## **Eightball & MJG "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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