

# Hello

T.I.

Hello.. (9x)

Hey, what's happenin'?  
It's been a minute, huh? I'm just hollerin'  
How you doin'?

It's been a minute since I seen ya,  
I fell off for the scene,  
Cuz it seem like you wanted other things than da king,  
Why you fightin', fussin', cussin', and disagreein' wit da king?  
When you got cribs, cars, bling, and a king wit da king?  
Is the grass as green as it seemed in ya dreams,  
Are you gettin all the things that you needed and I ain't bring,  
Does it satisfy your self-esteem bein seen on da screen,  
Is this new nigga the real thing or is just a lil' fling?  
Did he buy a nice bracelet and get ya a lil' ring?  
Or give you all the attention and the lil' things?  
He know what to do with the stuff you stuff in them lil' jeans?  
Do he stand up and lean in it 'til you start screamin'?  
Or smack your ass and kiss your G-String to start eatin? (muah),  
You get how you need it, not only when it's convenient,  
I just pick up the phone and call you every week or two to let you know I miss you,  
To see how that other nigga treatin' you.

I remember morning, noon, and night,  
I used to hold you tight,  
I know we used to fuss and fight ,  
But I'm just calling to say (hello) Hello, (hello, oh baby)  
See time has a funny way of keeping us close,  
Even though we never stayed, together,  
I just wanted to say (hello) hello (hello)

Hello?  
Ay, it's me,  
Hey, what's happenin? How ya doin?  
I know plenty of niggas pursuin' them panties, all for the screwin',  
Fly you down to Miami,  
Let you walk the red carpet when I'm at da Grammys,  
But I'm what he can never be, a boss, understand me?  
He pose and take pictures of things he buy for ya,  
He got you a rose, but that don't mean he'd die for ya,  
Hey, maybe I got too much pride to cry for ya,  
But not too much to call you and tell you that I adore ya,  
And tell you how I'm missin you, lovin you, and kissin you,  
And think about the good old days and wanna visit you,  
This song I'd like to listen to whenever reminisicin' you,  
You, stay on my mind nevermind how I picture you,  
Think about the past and all the time that I spent witchu,  
Rubbin on that ass from behind as I dig in you,  
Never been a doubt in my mind that I was diggin' you,  
How I love you shorty, you'll never find another nigga to

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Every now and then I think of you,  
And I can't lie I be wantin' you,  
But I understand that I'm not your man,  
And I also know that the future's not in your hands  
Every now and then I'd call you to say how you doin',  
And baby I miss you,  
Girl, this is just to say hello,  
Hello Baby.

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(Hello, hello..)