

# My Best Half

## Atmosphere

The first time I met my wife was on a Wednesday night  
Making party in a German bar  
Murs was there, the rap-off at the Gasthof  
Check it out, true story I got something on my mind, can I leave it with you?  
I'm still feeling you and all the things that you do  
Remember Wednesday nights in that basement bar  
You never that that hip hop would take it this far (sorry)  
Hellbound we must have drowned in a bottle of some rusty brown  
Running town to town like shut 'em down  
Shut 'em, shut 'em, what?  
When the buzz wore off you still stuck around  
And when I think of all the lines we stepped  
And the tolerance required to forgive and forget  
When I reflect on the boundaries and limits we set  
I recognize neither one of us is innocent  
Listen I'm just a song writer, I'm not a wrong righter  
But I'm alive and I'm proof  
Survival ain't exclusive to the strong  
We all tryna keep it calm  
So this goes to anyone who sings along  
Come on, I never said I'm the best  
I can't watch my step when I'm watching you step  
But baby I'mma do my best  
You got me under your spell like I was under arrest  
And I ain't never said I'm the best  
No special effects, I wanna touch you flesh  
But baby I'mma do my best  
Love connection, love, respect  
I never said I'm the best  
You can check for better, but don't hold your breath  
But baby I'mma do my best  
We were both impressed, it felt so correct  
And I ain't never said I'm the best  
Sometimes I forget but I know I'm blessed  
But baby I'mma do my...  
From the first time that we met, you're my best  
She made me wait a couple months for some sex  
Murs wasn't there  
Echo, echo, echo, echo

Delay, delay, delay, delay  
She made love to a switchblade  
Then stayed over night for a whole decade  
That safety net doesn't mean that your nest is safe  
Well played, but still called a checkmate  
He made love to a rosebush  
Drew a crowd, all of y'all can look but don't push  
It's a thin line between crime and justice  
First you gotta find us, then you can judge us  
Outlaws, we far from flawless  
We guilty of whatever the accomplice accomplished  
And if the cops drop all of the charges  
We'll be out all the mall with identical outfits  
Like a couple of fly motherfuckers  
We married so we don't testify against each other  
'Til they name a holiday after Marvin Gaye  
That's all I've got to say, you can stop the tapeWe know what it's about  
Or maybe we're still tryna figure it out  
Or maybe it doesn't matter, we couldn't care a lesser amount  
We know what it's about  
Or maybe we're still tryna figure it out  
Or maybe it doesn't matter, we couldn't care a lesser amount

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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