

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 tape 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
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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