

Better Than The Best

Murs

My name is M-U-R-S
Hailing from the far west
Killafornia, California, L.A. Ahhh Yes
You may have heard of us
We all ain't murderers
Drive by shootings
You can kick it on the curb with us
We got blue skies
We got palm trees
We got boulevards
Beaches with a calm breeze
As far as MCs
I'm the best of em
Only five nine
It's above all the rest of em
I mean we got dodged and we got queued
Everybody with this blue and the red feud
Man these dudes always trying to kill something
I'm putting words together hoping that you feel something
Trying to put that pride back into the black music
You can clap to it in your Lac or your Buick (do it)
I had to do it cause nobody else can
Couldn't beat anybody other than myself man

The best to ever do it
The best that ever did it
Murs is better than your favorite rapper admit it
Better than your best
Yall best to forget it
Murs is better than your favorite rapper admit it

I'm shaking babies
And I'm kissing hands
Jumping in the crowd going crazy with my fans
I stand alone, Don't need anyone
But it takes two so I'm going home with anyone
Yall ladies that's looking like Christina
Milian or Ricci I could really take either
Blonde girls, Black girls, Asian girls, whatever
I never met a girl that I didn't like ever
Double negative
That means I'm positively
The best rapper that you ever heard obviously
Never heard of me you didn't listen hard enough
Been moving weight on your block like a garbage truck
No trash rap
I'm moving past that
I want crack rap just to get the ass capped
I feel a change coming
I got the game running
Back to the lab now they all trying to say something

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I write songs
Yall write 16s
Yall need to grow up stop playing with kids things
You gotta a permit
A license to kill
I was making yall money when I didn't have a deal (fo real)
In on the real or steal
Working for the white man
Even if you is moving that white, man
Yall men are on the same word
No matter what you say man it's just absurd
And I never been served
Not in the drive thru, not even on the curb (Hell naw)
Not a warrant, not even a subpoena
Not even peanuts in a sold out arena
That's why you salty, The fans exalt me
Why you over yonder throwing hate trying to halt me
Man I won't stop, my grind won't pause
I'm moving positive circles like a round of applause

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