

# 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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