

## Mya F/ Jay-Z "The Best Of Me"

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[Jay-Z]

I'm focused man  
Tell Stout to holla at me man  
Uh, young Hovah ya heard?  
Trackmasters ya head?  
Yo, yes y'all and Jigga man be ballin'  
Leave chicks pigeon-toed some of them be crawlin'  
Get the best of you whenever I put my all in  
Have mamis for the Lord darling  
Jigga in call and ass drop  
Coupes with half the top, dispose half my knot  
Nigga mad when I brag about the cash I got  
But I'm used to not having a lot  
I'm from the gutta and uh  
I ain't the type to ever chase your boss  
I'm the type to interior decorate the watch  
I'm the type to sling heavy weight on the block  
In every state like Pac, word Jigga's the hurt holla

[Mya]

Lips are telling me yes  
While you're kissing on my neck  
Making me feel soft  
Should I stay, should I go?  
I don't know  
Your hot boy style drives me wild  
But in the back of mind I know

Chorus

Even though I wanna see  
How you put that thang on me  
I can't let you get the best of me  
Even though I wanna see  
How you put that thang on me  
I can't let you get the best of me

[Mya]

The best of me  
The best of me

Conversation ain't what?

Big thighs got you stuck  
Feelings starting to show  
Should I stay, should I go?  
I don't know  
You're driving me crazy  
I wanna be your lady  
But I got a man at home

Chorus

[Mya]  
The best of me  
The best of me oh

[Jay-Z]  
5,4,3,2,1  
Carolina blue kicks  
Hottest nigga on the block  
Used to willie bicycle since I was six, uh  
I school the crossover, wave to wave picks  
Music is the same shit, gave away hits  
So ma get it together or forget it forever  
When I go at you hard I can get it through leather  
You actin' like Jigga can't get at whoever  
Talking you got a man, okay ma and  
That's high school making me chase you around for  
months  
Have an affair act like an adult for once  
Plus my hand is up your skirt goddamn you flirt  
What's a little me on top gon' hurt?  
Maybe a little but  
Pain is pleasure and pressure bust pipes  
And you look like the 'I Like It Rough' type  
We can crush tonight  
Tell me what you like  
I got a yellow bottle on a bucket of ice  
Shit right? Young Hovah

Chorus

[Mya]  
Make it hot, make it hot  
Trackmaster  
Mister Tone

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