

My Bad

Musiq Soulchild

Touchdown

Never give out information you don't have to
Anything just shy of a lie's alright, yeah
Deny, deflect, or omit long as you have to
Whatever it takes to get by, yeah
See the last argument that we had
You started off strong, but I knew it wasn't gon' last
You ain't have no proof, so I guess I got a pass
But only if you knew, yeah
You guessed it
Yeah, you was right, yeah
So I guess what I'm tryna say is

My bad, yeah it was my bad all along
All this time I ain't really realize what I had
Yeah, I admit, I had it all wrong
Every time you tried to tell me, I would get so mad
And you was so unhappy 'cause
I wasn't gettin' everything you needed
Proolly thought I wasn't changin' and you peeped it
So when you dipped out
That's when I figured out it was my bad

I done messed around and got too comfortable
Just compellin' myself, it's only fair [?]
[?] you would never know
So when your intuition kicked in, I just got technical
Like, "You ain't got nothin' on me"
Meanwhile I left you lone
Shoulda listened when you said you think I'm tryna control you
I'm not
I just want it to stop

I remember when you asked
If I ever stop to think even once how it made you feel
Whenever I would bring girls around you
You can't help but think, is she one of them ones?
But I just brushed it off like it was nothin'
Yeah, I was somethin', so

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So I'm sorry for
For all the times I did those things that made you cry
And I just couldn't admit it
Back then I just couldn't admit it, I had too much pride
Even now it hurts to say these words to you
I don't care, I need you back, so yeah...

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Sky peep a chief, followed by a piece of the plug
The loud got me thinkin', "Nah, I can't keep it on hush"
The fact you went MIA, girl, I just need my Tampa Bae
Don't mean to be a Warren Sapp, but I gotta keep it a buck
This mess don't even feel real
All I hear my sister sayin' is, "Chill, Will"
And that don't even sound right
She say just give it to God or whatever sounds nice
Her food for thought, but I ain't cravin' for a soundbyte
I just want my girl back
Jesus Christ, I just want my world back
Tony Montana, it was mine
And what I did with it, I ain't even got the time
You got me, yes I'm only here so I won't get fined
Shhh, Beast Mode on the ego, and girl, when you're mad
You can be a curve queen
But I can't even blame you, and since it's purple rainin'
Can we stop and take it to the first scene?
The one where he was on stage, she just got in the club
She ain't know who he was, don't that sound like us?
Coulda been at first sight, it was just one of them nights
[?], it sorta felt like love
And the look into your eyes was the closest thing to home
There ain't another nigga worthy of the throne
I ain't got another heart, but I'd give you my last
All I got to say is, my bad... memoirs

I'm just sittin' here thinkin' 'bout how to get you back
'Cause I gotta get you back, but I just don't know how
All I know is I messed up, yeah
I'm sorry for makin' it seem like it was you this whole time
When all along I was wrong
And I can admit it now
That it was my bad, baby
It was my bad
So I wanna know
If it's possible and only if you wanna
We could just start all over