The Player

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Number one, I was never left out of the fun I was the envy of all I surveyed With a little bit of you here And then a better bit of you there I was the one who bought, sold, cap and trade Now hook, line, and sinker I'd have you faster than the blink Of an eye before you knew what was what But then just when you got it Well, I would turn 'round and drop you Out the back of the car, or the crib, or the club

Would you believe I met my match Me the heartbreaker, me the game player Would you believe I met my match Me the heartbreaker, me the game player

Do you hear that tick tick tock?
That's the sound of my clock clock clock
Countdown to the rocket ship launch
I am like the astronaut
Who forgets to forget you not
Blast off before you touch my landing strip
Now the criminals of the underclass
And the white collars were still no match
For the thievery that I would perpetrate
I am the first one to leave
I am the last one to grieve
The mess of your heart that I'd make

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Heart breaker! Game player! Heart breaker! Game player!

Break it down to the story arc Fast break to the gory part A cheater when I met her She was the kind of theater I could get with A permanent fucker, what could I do? Full color spectrum, still I turned blue Blue like the sky and blue like the sea And blue like the body that freezes Research development, experience and precedent Relationship as lab and experiment Syllables lost, victim tossed Me, myself and I don't know what Still I bought at the corner Still I thought I was a comer I'd be the fix to fix that drummer Syllables mixing, hot spoon glistening Shot up 'til my veins were sticking 'Til my heart went dead and my eyes went red When she did like she said she'd do

Now the machinery that was my heart
It stutter stops on its broken parts
And stalls all where it was strong
For every one trick I treated
Here I am three times defeated
By the master mechanic who learned how to play my song
And now it's gank gank
Do you hear the clank clank?
That's the sound of my gears stripping
Because the tools of my attack
Became the adjective at my back
Now I am the noun with the verb missing

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Me