

## Coma

### "Twisted Game"

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You lied to me making me believe  
That we had somethn? special I never thought you?d  
be that guy  
To make me realize that I can never love and trust  
again

One' o clock in the mornin  
But you still aint home say you're workn late  
But the truth I know a top notch playa w/ ya game  
So cold but the real playa sittn in your home  
You made me wanna be w/you  
Gave me things I never knew  
Made me realize the truth now the games all  
Twisted and it's all on you

Early in the morn'n wahn up clothes pressed he's  
dressed  
Coffee warmn up gotta hundred thousand things  
runnin through your mind  
Gotta meet her soon your runnin out of time but little  
do you see that what  
You do to me is pushing me to do the very same damn  
thang I'm not your  
Servant or your maid or your slave I'm just the one  
playn you at your game

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Rumors gossip calls from your x-best friend fantasize  
the things we could  
Do again last night when you left me lonely bout 10  
tried to play it off like  
You was workn late again but little do ya see that you're  
best friend and

Me been workn on a secret little fantasy I?m not your  
Servant or your maid or your slave I'm just the one  
playn you at your game

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