

Ryan Leslie "Joan Of Ark"

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VERSE 1

I wake up to detect messages in my email
this what I get for messin' wit pretty females
it's a crazy life - yeah it's a mad world
where good dudes will betray you over a bad girl

and bad girls'll take advantage of good dudes
smear your name in the press and call it good news
oh he hot now? oh he blowin' up?
call the cops - restraining order for showin' up

if I was you I'd be seeing if I was ok
we had a problem you didn't call me the whole day
your girlfriend picked up the phone and hung up on me
who is she to do that - she don't even know me

F* the "he say she say",
the 'blame game' blasting kanye on the freeway
I called my mother up for advice she said son, you
should hold your heart
girls play the victim so well - joan of arc
CHORUS

I took a chance on romance, I loved you
And now that it burns, still I yearn to touch you
And the question is
Who gon' love you like I love you, baby
Who gon' love you like I love you, now?
Who gon' love you like I love you, baby, baby
VERSE 2

listen, I know you must be mad look how you lost it

you should work it out wit me tho I'm the one who
caused it
I should've cleaned the skeletons from my closet
drivin' to my apocalypse with 400 horses

drop dead gorgeous - unfair advantage
you deserve an emmy award for all your antics
caught up in a battle of curse word semantics

tryna find our way back home from atlantis

you had your father call me - zero empathy
reading about your new first date like it's meant for me
tryna stay focused on winnin' - yeah, hold my course
meanwhile you infiltrated my heart - a trojan horse

they say in love and war - all's fair
but when you break up and go out - yeah, they all stare
obfuscating the real reason we've grown apart
you played the victim so well - joan of arc

CHORUS

VERSE 3

tryna figure out what the past meant
and since when a birthday gift is harassment
a rose gold bracelet nothing subliminal
you called your lawyer up said my actions were
criminal

and now as i'm sittin with a pad in this motherf*ckin
holding cell
I'm thinking how could you do this to me? you cold as
hell

a young emperor exiled - Bonaparte
everything I fought for, lost - joan of arc

CHORUS

VOICEMAIL

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