

Make Her Say (ft. Kanye West and Common)

Kid Cudi

I make her say
Oh, oh-oh-oh
Oh, oh-oh-oh
When I
P-p-p-poker face
P-p-poke her face
I make her say
Oh, oh-oh-oh
Oh, oh-oh-oh
What up
P-p-p-poker face
P-p-poke her face
Me first! She wanna have whatever she like
She can if she bring her friend
And we can have one hell of a night
Through the day
Eh, I mean staring like a creeper cause you gotta peep ?er
I mean you probably might be saying you ain't jockin? either
But man, o girl got a fat old ass
Yeah, the type that make you tell a be!tch just dance
And fuck them other niggas cause you down for her be!tches
Fuck them other niggas cause she down for the stickin?
And fuck them other niggas hope she down for some lickin?
And fuck them other be!tches
Cause she?s down for the trickin? upI?m hopin? she a rider
When its said and done
And she spit it up and swallow now
I ain?t got a trip about them niggas who like her
But me and mammy know who can really make her goLady Gaga
Oh, oh-oh-oh
Oh, oh-oh-oh
(When I)
P-p-p-poker face
P-p-poke her face
(I make her say)
Oh, oh-oh-oh
Oh, oh-oh-oh
(When I)
P-p-p-poker face

P-p-poke her face Kanye West
She said she want whatever she like
She said she gone? bring her friend
Now we gone? have a hell of a night
Through the day
I made her say
Hold up, born in 88
How old is that? Old enough
I got seniority with the sorority
So, that explain why I love college
Gettin' brain in the library cause I love knowledge
When you use your Medulla Oblongata
And give me scoliosis until I comatose
And do it while I sleep yeah a little osmosis
And that's my commitment you ain't gotta ask Moses
More champagne more toast
More damn planes, more coast
And fuck a bus, the Benz is parked like Rosa
I make her say
Oh, oh-oh-oh
Oh, oh-oh-oh
When I
P-p-p-poker face
P-p-poke her face
I make her say
Oh, oh-oh-oh
Oh, oh-oh-oh
When I
P-p-p-poker face
P-p-poke her face
I make her say Common
She said she want whatever she like
But she gotta bring your friend
We could have a hell of a night, through the day
She blamed it on the a-a-a-a-alcohol
She had her hair did, it was bound to fall
Down, down for a damn, Cudi already said it
A poker face book I already read it
But man, her head was gooder than the music
Electro body known to blow fuses
A stripper from the south lookin for a payday
Said bitch you should do it for the love like Ray Jay
But they say you be on that conscious tip
Get your hair right and get up on this conscious dick
I embody everything from the Gali to the party
It's the way I was raised on the south side safari, so Lady GaGa

Oh, oh-oh-oh
Oh, oh-oh-oh
(When I)
P-p-p-poker face
P-p-poke her face
(I make her say) Oh, oh-oh-oh
Oh, oh-oh-oh
(When I)
P-p-p-poker face
P-p-poke her face Lady Gaga
Can't read my, can't read my
No he can't read my poker face
She's got me like nobody

Songwriters

KHAYAT, NADIR / GERMANOTTA, STEFANI / MELANCON, BRANDON / WALKER, NATHAN /
HENDERSON, CHRISTOPHER / WEST, KANYE / BALLARD, EMERSON / STEWART, CHRISTOPHER /
LYNN, LONNIE / FOXX, JAMIE / NAJM, FAHEEM / NASH, TERIUS / MESCUDI, SCOTT / BROWN,
JAMES THOMAS / C

Published by
Lyrics © Sony/ATV Music Publishing LLC, Peermusic Publishing, Warner/Chappell Music, Inc., Universal
Music Publishing Group, UNIVERSAL MUSIC PUB GROUP, WARNER CHAPPELL MUSIC INC,
SOUTHERN MUSIC PUB CO INC, THE ROYALTY NETWORK INC., Ultra Tunes, Royalty Network,
SONY ATV MUSIC PUB LLC Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>