

Poker Face (feat. Buc Fifty)

Swollen Members

Many strange things happen in a studio while the mic is live[Buc Fifty]
Yo yo yo yo what's crackin'?
It's the one and only Buc-motherfuckin'-Fifty
Up here from L.A. to Van, all the way back to Murderville
I've got a license to kill
And as for these bitches on the street, that love my sex
But y'all feel my depth appeal, yes it's real
Buc-fuckin'-Fifty I'm young and deadly, that real nigga you pretend to be
Armed heavily, quick on the draw, you're levelheaded G
Fuck sensitivity I ain't gentle B
I'm head buttin', punk motherfuckin' niggas for frontin'
Shake it on the ground chokin' on they own blood and
Make your nose bone fuck your brains, when I'm buggin'
Then I just laugh like I was playin' the dozens
Cause you can't do me nothin' it's like style's my custom
How I function, as a man from a munchkin
I keep thumpin', run with a shady bunch and
We was Murderville when Laverne was money-earnin'
Getting' money like the Persians across the country burnin'
Anything movin', any corner that we turnin'
And knowledge ain't one thing that I'm concerned with
Deadly hand speeders while you niggas can't stand me
Come through and reject yo shit like Moka's candy
I hear know excuses make sure you understand me
Almost doesn't count my nigga ask Brandy[Prevail (Chorus x2)]
Full house, royal flush, what you holdin'?
You'll be foldin', fuckin' with Swollen
Queens get jacked by the King of Spades
Buc Fifty, Mad Child, Prev One, Poker Face

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