

I Poke Her Face

Kid Cudi

I Make Her Say

(Oh, oh oh oh)

(Oh, oh oh oh)

When I

(P-p-p-pokerface)

(P-p-pokerface)

I Make Her Say

(Oh, oh oh oh)

(Oh oh oh oh oh)

What up

(P-p-p-pokerface)

(P-p-pokerface)

Me first!

She wanna have whatever she like

She can if she bring her friend

& we can have one hell of a night

Through the day

Eh, I mean starin' like a creeper 'cause you gotta peep 'her

I mean you probably might be sayin' you ain't jockin' either

But man, ol' girl got a bad old ass

Yeah, the type that make you tell a bitch just dance

& fuck them other niggas 'cause you down for her bitches

Fuck them other niggas 'cause she down for the stickin'

& fuck them other niggas hope she down for some lickin'

& fuck them other bitches

'Cause she's down for the trickin' up

I'm hopin' she a rider

When it's said & done

& she spit it up & swallow now

I ain't got a trip about them niggas who like her

But me & mommy know who can really make her go...

(Oh, oh oh oh)

Yeah, yeah.

(Oh, oh oh oh)

When I

(P-p-p-pokerface)

(P-p-pokerface)

I Make Her Say

(Oh, oh oh oh)

Yeah
(Oh oh oh oh oh)
When I
(P-p-p-pokerface)
(P-p-pokerface)She said she want whatever she like
She said she gon' bring her friend
Now we gon' 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
& give me scoliosis until I comatoses
& do it while I sleep yeah a little osmosis
& that's my commandment you ain't gotta ask Moses
More champagne more toastes
More damn planes, more coastes
& fuck a bus, the Benz is parked like Rosa, Osa ...(Oh, oh oh oh)

(Oh, oh oh oh)
When I
(P-p-p-pokerface)
(P-p-pokerface)
I Make Her say
(Oh, oh oh oh)
Yeah
(Oh oh oh oh oh)
When I
(P-p-p-pokerface)
(P-p-pokerface)
I Make Her Say.She said she want whatever she like
But she gotta bring your friend
& We could have 1 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 pokerface 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 & 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...(Oh, oh oh oh)
(Oh, oh oh oh)
When I
(P-p-p-pokerface)
(P-p-pokerface)

I Make Her Say.(Oh, oh oh oh)

Yeah

(Oh, oh oh oh)

When I

(P-p-p-pokerface)

(P-p-pokerface)(Can't read my, can't read my

No He can't read my pokerface

She's got me like nobody)(Can't read my, can't read my

No He can't read my pokerface

She's got me like nobody)(Can't read my, can't read my

No He can't read my pokerface

She's got me like nobody)(Can't read my, can't read my

No He can't read my pokerface

She's got me like nobody)

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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