

# Poker Face

## 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

[Mad Child]I'm a razor blade the face it turn cross the line

And when it comes to

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