

# Pokerface (Shawn Wigs)

## Ghostface Killah

This is why the World Series of Poker  
Is decided over a no limit poker tournament  
Players, pro's even, can't handle the pressure of the game  
They consider no limit the only pure game left[Chorus]  
We gotta know how to play your cards, have a mean poker face  
And know an ace deuce can take out your pocket broads  
This is no limit hold 'em, you gotta know when to fold 'em  
If you plan on, staying on top  
You can't lose, what you don't push into the pot  
You can't make much either, if you a believer of luck  
Go all in, if you're feeling your cards, deep in your gut[Shawn Wigs]  
It was a late Saturday night, big chips, we had a lotta  
Theodore performed at the Plush Brigatta  
It was an hour in, big chip leader of the game  
Caught pocket jacks and flopped two more of the same  
Looking at quads, waiting for someone to bluff  
So I checked til someone said "I had enough"  
I'm raising a thousand, son I pay to see the river  
Caught an ace and his face, was a straight up giver  
He had three now, must of caught two in the hole  
A full boat, I'm about to sink ship, tell him to fold  
He laughs, raises his fifty g's, please I need chip count  
The pit boss, swear I flip over, you gon' flip out  
I'm all in, here to win, I rep Staten Island  
He called it, I showed four jacks, he started wilding This son of bitch  
All night, he set me up, he check, check, he trapped me![Chorus][Shawn Wigs]  
It was a cash game, 100/200 dollar table  
Me and Johnny Mack sitting, God willing and able  
July 23rd and 4th, the lions is out  
It's the month of the Leo, we gon' win with no doubt  
Bunch of high rollers, laughing like he know we're low in the amateurs  
I buy him for the macks, twenty G's, I'ma damage ya  
Couple of chuckles, broken glasses, all tinted  
I'ma put y'all all on tilt, give me a minute  
So I check raise 'em, bluff 'em, ain't showing my cards  
Two four off two, y'all ain't no superstars  
I should of been at the table, World Series of Poker  
I'm up 80 G's already, y'all a bunch of jokers  
Now they all on tilt, raising, I call 'em all in

With pocket three's, for 80 G's, I'm ready to fall in  
Flop two aces, caught my three on fourth street  
A four hundred thousand dollar pot boy, life's sweet[Chorus]He beat me, straight up  
Pay him, pay Shawn Wigs his money

Songwriters

WEBB, JIMMY / COLES, DENNIS D. / FLACK, K. / SIMONS, S. Published by  
Lyrics © Universal Music Publishing Group Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other  
patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>