Pokerface

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
We gotta know how to play your cards, have a mean pokerface
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
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 **** all night, he set me up
He check, check, he trapped me
We gotta know how to play your cards, have a mean pokerface
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
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 ****, twenty G's, I'mma damage ya
Couple of chuckles, broken glasses, all tinted
I'mma 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
We gotta know how to play your cards, have a mean pokerface
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
He beat me, straight up
Pay him, pay Shawn Wigs his money

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/