

Make Her Say (Sammy Bananas Remix)

Kid Cudi

I make her say
Oh, oh-oh-oh
Oh, oh-oh-oh
When I
P-p-p-poker face
P-p-poke her face
I make her say
Oh, oh-oh-oh
Oh, oh-oh-oh
What up
P-p-p-poker face
P-p-poke her face
Me first! She wanna have whatever she like
She can if she bring her friend
And we can have one hell of a night
Through the day
Eh, I mean staring like a creeper cause you gotta peep ?er
I mean you probably might be saying you ain't jockin? either
But man, o girl got a fat old ass
Yeah, the type that make you tell a be!tch just dance
And fuck them other niggas cause you down for her be!tches
Fuck them other niggas cause she down for the stickin?
And fuck them other niggas hope she down for some lickin?
And fuck them other be!tches
Cause she?s down for the trickin? up I?m hopin? she a rider
When its said and done
And she spit it up and swallow now
I ain?t got a trip about them niggas who like her
But me and mammy know who can really make her go Lady Gaga
Oh, oh-oh-oh
Oh, oh-oh-oh
(When I)
P-p-p-poker face
P-p-poke her face
(I make her say)
Oh, oh-oh-oh
Oh, oh-oh-oh
(When I)
P-p-p-poker face

P-p-poke her face Kanye West
 She said she want whatever she like
 She said she gone? bring her friend
 Now we gone? 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
 And give me scoliosis until I comatose
 And do it while I sleep yeah a little osmosis
 And that's my commitment you ain't gotta ask Moses
 More champagne more toast
 More damn planes, more coast
 And fuck a bus, the Benz is parked like Rosa
 I make her say
 Oh, oh-oh-oh
 Oh, oh-oh-oh
 When I
 P-p-p-poker face
 P-p-poke her face
 I make her say
 Oh, oh-oh-oh
 Oh, oh-oh-oh
 When I
 P-p-p-poker face
 P-p-poke her face
 I make her say Common
 She said she want whatever she like
 But she gotta bring your friend
 We could have a hell of a night, through the day
 She blamed it on the a-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 poker face 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 and get up on this conscious dick
 I embody everything from the Gali to the party
 Its the way I was raised on the south side safari, so Lady GaGa

Oh, oh-oh-oh
Oh, oh-oh-oh
(When I)
P-p-p-poker face
P-p-poke her face
(I make her say) Oh, oh-oh-oh
Oh, oh-oh-oh
(When I)
P-p-p-poker face
P-p-poke her face Lady Gaga
Can't read my, can't read my
No he can't read my poker face
She's got me like nobody

Songwriters

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