

Poker Face

Swollen Members

Many strange things happen in a studio while the mic is live

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

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

I'm a razor blade the face it turn cross the line
And when it comes to path don't cross mine
It's strange though, devil with the face of an angel
Braveheart in battle, still chase rainbow
Scorpion king that slowly return
Purified by pain reason fire burn
Bitch so stupid got your thong on wrong
I'm a cygone bomb, with my fire-on arm
I'm raw with this flawless lawlessness
Three stars rest to y'all of astrologists
College kids, download these songs and acknowledge this
Shock or rock bottom with the high alcohol tolerance
Skin stay thick, now duck cause you fuckers suck a trick

Yo you shouldn't gamble, with things you can't handle
Horrid morbid speak in leakin' fluid
If he can do it, then why can't I?
Cause he can't fly he stays grounded, safe to say I'm bout it
When it comes time to turn it out, it's my specialty
Effortlessly destined to death, we all ears
There's marijuana in my pits, this life is twisted
Kiss the distance welcome to hitsville
Shit it bangs it's a snake pit gang out

Boa Constrictor, stick to dialogue that differs
Leave you stiff you no-go, deader than do-dos
Plus I look good in photos, hittin' locos
Battleaxe Soldiers you Homo Erectus
City to city Tokyo to Soho they expect us
Toys ain't us, poison tusk, dawn til dusk
We bust enough of this good stuff to smack your lips
If you riff, peace to lift
My release date on the streets will never shift
Cause beats like this I rock them well, Doctor Ill
Talk to myself walk and kill, the space and fill
The holes with mace, pray the sky grace your place
With my presence and draw the line
It's clobberin' time, like I'm made of stone
If it's my thing you can swing while we rock the phones

[Prevail (Chorus x2)]