

## 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)]