

# Swollen Members, Poker Face

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

(Buc Fifty)

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

(Prevail) (Chorus x2)

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

(Mad Child)

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

(Prevail) (Chorus x2)

(Prevail)

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 III  
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)