

Make Her Say (feat. Kanye West & Common)

Kid Cudi

I Make Her Say
(Oh, oh oh oh)
(Oh, oh oh oh)
When I
(P-p-p-pokerface)
(P-p-pokerface)
I Make Her Say
(Oh, oh oh oh)
(Oh oh oh oh oh)
What up
(P-p-p-pokerface)
(P-p-pokerface)
Me first!

She wanna have whatever she like
She can if she bring her friend
& we can have one hell of a night
Through the day
Eh, I mean starin' like a creeper 'cause you gotta peep 'her
I mean you probably might be sayin' you ain't jockin' either
But man, ol' girl got a bad old ass
Yeah, the type that make you tell a bitch just dance
& fuck them other niggas 'cause you down for her bitches
Fuck them other niggas 'cause she down for the stickin'
& fuck them other niggas hope she down for some lickin'
& fuck them other bitches
'Cause she's down for the trickin' up
I'm hopin' she a rider
When it's said & done
& she spit it up & swallow now
I ain't got a trip about them niggas who like her
But me & mommy know who can really make her go...
(Oh, oh oh oh)
Yeah, yeah.
(Oh, oh oh oh)
When I
(P-p-p-pokerface)
(P-p-pokerface)
I Make Her Say
(Oh, oh oh oh)
Yeah
(Oh oh oh oh oh)
When I

(P-p-p-pokerface)
 (P-p-pokerface)She said she want whatever she like
 She said she gon' bring her friend
 Now we gon' 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
 & give me scoliosis until I comatoses
 & do it while I sleep yeah a little osmosis
 & that's my commandment you ain't gotta ask Moses
 More champagne more toastes
 More damn planes, more coastes
 & fuck a bus, the Benz is parked like Rosa, Osa ...(Oh, oh oh oh)
 (Oh, oh oh oh)
 When I
 (P-p-p-pokerface)
 (P-p-pokerface)
 I Make Her say
 (Oh, oh oh oh)
 Yeah
 (Oh oh oh oh oh)
 When I
 (P-p-p-pokerface)
 (P-p-pokerface)
 I Make Her Say.She said she want whatever she like
 But she gotta bring your friend
 & We could have 1 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 pokerface 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 & get up on this conscious dick
 I embody everything from the Gali to the party
 It's the way I was raised on the south side safari, so...(Oh, oh oh oh)
 (Oh, oh oh oh)
 When I
 (P-p-p-pokerface)
 (P-p-pokerface)
 I Make Her Say.(Oh, oh oh oh)

Yeah
(Oh, oh oh oh)
When I
(P-p-p-pokerface)
(P-p-pokerface)(Can't read my, can't read my
No He can't read my pokerface
She's got me like nobody)(Can't read my, can't read my
No He can't read my pokerface
She's got me like nobody)(Can't read my, can't read my
No He can't read my pokerface
She's got me like nobody)(Can't read my, can't read my
No He can't read my pokerface
She's got me like nobody)
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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