

Don't Tweet This

Tech N9ne

Hello ladies, here's the deal: Welcome to Tech N9ne's tour bus
Before you get on this bus there's a couple rules you need to follow:

Leave all your cell phones with me
There will be no Tweeting, no Facebooking
No playing the PlayStation, no Instagram, no YouTubing
Whatever happens on this bus, stays on this bus
Wassup? It's me, Caribou Lou again
(Tech N9ne!)
Kansas City fucking hooligan
If you think you cool and true
And choosing women that we do and do again
Only if they hold us, the secrets they crossing over
The beaches and often go, w
here we eating we rock n rollers
But no Tweetin she lost her
And geekin because we showed her
Freakin across the globe in the weekend
We off in Boulder, Colorado
All my soldiers got a bottle
And some hoes with a wobble from sticky dough's you hella bobble
Head bitches they model
And let's kick it Colorado's
A red district full of brothels
And med fixes
Yo, we gotta hide just see
Why, would she ride, with me
Tweet, and straight lie to me?
I don't know (what?)
Who, she sleeps with
But, all I know is
Don't, you, Tweet this
Do what I told you, I told you I told you
Do what I told you, I told you I told you
Baby I would hate to
Kick it and then erase ya
Cause you wanna go to
One of those social networks
And go state the
Facts about my nature
I gave to see you later
(Ooooooh) this bitch is shakin the table
Pissed at me cause you wished it be

Listed with a Twit Pic sick at me
When ya missed it you scripted me
When I gotta move invisibly
You violate it, you fly away it
Simple cause I am stealth
Then formulate it, we tried to made it
Keep it to your damn self
Get our nudie on, quiet, we can truly bone
And I'll be pushing all yo buttons like movie
Act like you belong, creeping in my groovy home
Drinkin Bou-Lou we go all my groupies owned
Way of life, keep it neat trick
If you and the beast mix, you don't see shit
And you will get the least bit of resistance
We pick who we see fit, but yo
Yeah, it is what it is baby
No I don't want a lot of is in my biz lady
{?} at my crib, save me
Dippin get me to drop some jizz on ya lid maybe
We in Canada partying like some animals
Even my tour manager know that Tweetin will vanish ya
Tweet the day I go and say my party wasn't amateur
Granted the lost camera was planted in tall canisters
Keys, you will receive, right when you leave
Please, drop to ya knees, ya cannot leave, not a thing
Put away ya phone, Yahtzee!
And don't be flickin like the fuckin paparazzi
We livin covert, Flava Flav know!
We let you see what we want to, and when we say so
Her Tweetin gossip is really out of her
That's why, I think I don't have that many followers!

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>