

Tech N9ne f/ Scarface

"Pillow Talkin'"

Visit "[Pillow Talkin'](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

(Verse 1) Tech N9ne

If you you see thunda

From a gun this is somethin that'll get the heat on ya
when she's under the sheets on the beautiful sleep
numba

Don't no wake an yappin when she's in a deep slumba
If we share secret

And the scare, was equal to one of us gettin the chair
do you swear to keep it (YES)

Meaning that under heat you wouldn't nare leak it
SO when your woman's in you're presence don't you
dare speak it

Pillow talkin get you caught up an brought up on
charges

Shot up a lot and departed, it's nothin short of retarded
Cause when you say stuff

And then you an your woman break up
You funkin because your mouth wouldn't stay shut
How could you spread that?

Can't believe you said that
Puttin my life in jeapordy definetely it'll make the feds
tap-Bed trap

What you tell your lady can make you take a dead nap
Fluff up your pillow an lay your head back

(Chorus)

YOU

Be pillow talkin

You

Don't be pillow talkin (Don't say nothin)

YOU

Be pillow talkin

You

Don't be pillow talkin

(Verse 2) Scarface

My advice for niggas is this

You can never trust no chick

It don't matter how silky the hoe can stroke yo dick

It don't matter how slimy the pussy hole gone get

If a nigga talks to these bitches these hoes gone snitch

(SHiiit) I used to fuck this bitch
Had a husband with dope money an I had his snow
bunny
Climbin the bed post
Feedin her dog meat
In love with the nine inch, so she steady calls me
Tells me she's leavin, I know the reason
She know where the guns at, the lock box keys an
The floor safe combo
But this here one ho, was this dudes bad news
Knock on the front door
A man in a police suit, a girl with a black tooth (??)
Get to the money she saw him countin in the back room
But it doesn't end hear, the man with the cop suit
Shoots at the bitch once, pops an drops dude

(Chorus)

(Verse 3) Tech N9ne
I can tell you what the problem is
People try to be monogomous
Tell his woman a lot of shit
An he thinkiin he got a bottom bitch
Stop with the sentimental talks at night if you're pillow
talkin then you oughtta quit
When the heat comes with the quickness, lookin for the
witness man yo broad is it
How you wanna spit it?
I don't really get it
Givin your woman the power to speak in a minute
Speakin about a brotha wanna cover ya motha
with the nina but you the only one know I really did it
When it come back then you feel low
Because everyone know you aint real though
Cause them beans you spillin
You known for squealin an all you needed was a pillow
I shoulda did the dirt, all by my lonely
Like Trech say
But the company that you keep end up bein phony, so
the tech spray
Never let no chick I hit get with that homie
Cause the next day, she seein right through me
Got them lenses on me, like an X-Ray
An I'm fed up with these rappers
Who be yappin to these groupies
They flash them a little coochy
Then you blab an try to reduce me
And it always come back to me
So when I come through strapped with an uzi
It aint like "Damn why'd he shoot me?"
Usin the nueve name too loosely

(Chorus)

Visit [Tech N9ne f/ Scarface](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.