

## Tech N9Ne

### "Don't Tweet This"

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[Intro]

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

[Verse 1]

Wassup? It's me, Caribou Lou again

(Tech N9ne! ) Kansas City fuckin hooligan

If you think you cool and true

Then doing the fool my friend

You'll begin boozing

And choosing women that we do and do again

Only if they hold us, the secrets they crossing over

The beaches and often go, where we eating we rock n  
rollers

Deep in the thoughts we go

But no Tweetin she lost her mobile

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

We get no privacy

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

[Hook]

Do what I told you, I told you I told you  
(Don't Tweet this! )  
Do what I told you, I told you I told you  
(Don't Tweet this! )

[Verse 2]

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  
(Ooooh) 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 phone  
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  
(Don't Tweet This)

[Hook]

[Verse 3]

Yeah, it is what it is baby  
No I don't want a lot of is in my biz lady  
Crazy Daily  
Thizz 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

(Monitor! )

Her Tweetin gossip is really out of her

That's why, I think I don't have that many followers!

[Hook] x2

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