

## Tech N9Ne "Pillow Talkin'"

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[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 funk in because your mouth wouldn't stay shut

How could you spread that?

Can't believe you said that

Puttin my life in jeopardy 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]

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