

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[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 holders of 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: x2]

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

(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 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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