

# 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, 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

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

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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)

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