

# 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 fucking hooligan  
If you think you cool and true  
And choosing women that we do and do again  
Only if they hold us, the secrets they crossing over  
The beaches and often go, w  
here we eating we rock n rollers  
But no Tweetin she lost her  
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  
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  
Do what I told you, I told you I told you  
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  
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  
Yeah, it is what it is baby  
No I don't want a lot of is in my biz lady  
{?} 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  
Her Tweetin gossip is really out of her  
That's why, I think I don't have that many followers!

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>