

Pillow Talkin'

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 funkun' because your mouth wouldn't stay shut
How could you spread that?
Can't believe you said that
Puttin' my life in jeopardy definitely 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

You
Be pillow talkin'
You
Don't be pillow talkin' (Don't say nothin')
You
Be pillow talkin'
You
Don't be pillow talkin'

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

I can tell you what the problem is
People try to be monogamous
Tell his woman a lot of shit
An he thinkin' he got a bottom bitch
Stop with the sentimental talks at night if you're pillow talkin' then you o
ught ta 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 ain't 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 ain't like "Damn why'd he shoot me?"
Usin' the nueve name too loosely