

# Tech N9ne, Pillow Talkin'

(Verse 1) Tech N9ne

If 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 funkin 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 thinkin 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)