

I Got Trouble

Christina Aguilera

 Hmm, yeah yeah
 Hmm, mmm.I've got trouble, trouble, trouble
 Always knocking at my door
 Yes I'm a whole lot of trouble, baby
 Just like a kid in a candy store
 Well, I'm nothing but trouble, babe
 Not since the day that I was born
 Well, I'm as good as it gets
 Give you something you won't forget
 If you wanna spell trouble, babe
 Well, send out an S.O.S
 'Cause baby's got something,
 Something you just can't ignore
 And yeah, it sure is likley, baby
 You'll keep coming back for moreI've got a wicked taste for trouble
 And I'm never, never, satisfied
 Yeah I'm a whole lot of trouble, baby
And my evil ways can't hideOh, my, myWell, I've been itching for some trouble baby
 Every single day that I'm alive[scat]Come on, baby, come on darling
 Come on sugar, ooh, yeah yeah yeah
 Baby, whoa, whoa, yeah
 Now listen
 Can't you see the way I move
 Can't you read it in my hips
 There's a lot that's going on
 In my pocket full of tricks
 Got some secrets up my sleeve
 If you know just what I mean
 Got places you've never been
 Take you out of your skinWell I'm trouble, trouble, trouble, baby
 Always knocking at my door
 Yes I'm a whole lot of lot of trouble, baby
 Ooh, since the day that I. was bornYeah, oh yeah.

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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