## 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 touble, 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 touble, 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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