

# Trouble

Bei Maejor

It's gon' get you in trouble  
(Oooh, oooh)  
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Face like 10. Shape like 8. And I gotta blow you out  
She taste like cake. Wait... Look... It's your birthday...  
Well then you shouldn't of left home in the first place...  
Came with her friends the designate driver...  
And I never met a woman that's so innocent to lie...  
Don't know if you believe but you the illest chick alive.  
Ya brain tell em sick of it I call it ill advised.  
And I love you for your mind...  
But I'm afta sumthin different...  
For I take you any deepper...  
Put a mattress on your feelins...  
While I'm back here.  
Just twisten shes fellin she tease she ain't ready to fuck she loves fuckin  
with me...

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I told you...  
Not to wear them pants  
That make yuh ass poke like that.  
Real nigga fuck around and stroke like that  
I told youuu.  
Not to touch right there when I'm driving this car like that  
You gon' make a real nigga have a heart attack-  
Don't do it no.  
Got my eyes on your legs  
And my mind on your head  
Know what you said-  
Buh girl you gon' do it though.  
Gon' do it slow  
Don't do it fast  
See the way you move, your ass in trouble.  
But she likes the attention.  
Hang around a nigga cause the pussy on lunch-in  
She know what I'm about  
She know I love her mouth  
Cause she don't run her mouth.  
Dat's

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Go up to my room, you've been such a, such a bad girl  
Such a sexy naughty girl  
You know what you doing baby  
Go up to my room girl  
You've been such a, such a bad girl  
Such a sexy naughty girl  
(Oooh, oooh)

Oooh ohh look like somebody need a time out  
But just in time cause I need something to rhyme bout  
Sit in the corner but keep poking that behind out  
I put a belt on that ass you'll never get them lines out  
I'm too real you can forget what they lying bout  
I drop my pants you gon' think they let the lions out rawrr  
Somebody cool as bedonkadoodle, blow out suck in  
Sound like I'm eating ramen noodles  
Hot and heavy I'm sweating profusely  
Keep my shades on medusa couldn't seduce me  
Hold up and let me turn the camera on  
And I'm a put a twist on it like it's m. night shamalyan

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Yeah, invitations in the whirlwind  
We both bad at it  
Told myself no more hittin' niggas girlfriends  
That's my old bad habit  
Here you go, wearing hat  
Already know, what I'm staring at  
I mean from top to bottom your body is problem so  
Somebody better take care of that  
And who  
Better than, the nigga in the lettermen  
When your man ain't home, you can let him in  
Late night let em in  
I ain't gon tat-a-tale  
Damn your ass bad as hell

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