

Trouble

Bei Maejor

It's gon' get you in trouble
(Ooh, ooh)
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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 summthin 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
(Ooh, ooh)

Ooh 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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