

Trouble

Chris Webby

See you guys, you never listen to me!
I said there was gonna be trouble but you didn't listen to me!
You guys are crazy!

A Kato Production

Yeahhh, Webster!

Ya Ya... Ya Ya Ya Ya, ye yeye ye yeye ye
Ya Ya Ya Ya Ya Ya... Ya Ya

There's about to be some mother fucking trouble when I'm stepping out the huddle
Got these bitches shaking it like they doing the truffle shuffle
All the dudes up in the spot steady bobbin they head
Hanging on to every fucking syllable that I said
Got a double shot of whiskey on ice, Tara Lipinski
But fuck I've been drinking so much that shit'll barely hit me
Pop a zanny and go 0-60 until I'm blacking out
Wake up in jail and call my cousin Vinny
I'm a skinny guinea, tattoos on my skin? Shit, I got plenty
Brain cells in my head? I'm missing many
I've lost it already, if you coming at Webby?
You better come correct or shit it's right with his head, B
Do them like Marie Antoinette, when I slam the set
A handsome vet, that's why your girls pants are wet
My competition a'int gonna even have a chance to sweat
Cause now I'm on, and their plans are wrecked!

There's about to be trouble, there's about to be trouble, there's about to be
e trouble, there's about to be trouble
Homie that's a fact (homie that's a fact)
There's about to be trouble, there's about to be trouble, there's about to be
e trouble, there's about to be trouble
You can count on that! (you can count on that)

I'm cold as Mr. Frosty, icicles be falling off me
Flowin' potent as the poison that they slipped to king Jeoffrey
Wake up and get to work until my cereal is soggy
'Cause I'm, outta my hustle got these haters so salty
Got their sodium levels up through the roof
You'd think they were drinking ocean water really to tell you the truth!
I've fucking had it with these kids that criticize what I do
Come and see me, you'll end up on the sole of my shoe
'Cause see at first I as 'ight, but I got better with practice
Now I'm only fucking chicks that look like Jessica Ravish
Shit I've been crazy since I first opened the medicine cabinet
Experimented now I got a hell of a habit (na na)
Yo I'm kidding I exaggerate the truth 'cause
Mom if you're listening I swear I don't do drugs!
I had my fingers crossed, homie pass the weed
And if you want trouble follow me

Baby I'm a trouble maker
That's just always how it's been, I'm a be one to the end
Tell em baby I'm a trouble maker
That's just what I am, don't make me say it again

I've been insane in the head!
Since I played in a pen
Now I'm on the mic see yo the game has began
All my enemies started shakin' and ran
Fuck it ill just let em marinate in the pan
Ya you know I'm about to eat these mother fuckers with a fork and a spoon
One with the force you can feel it when I walk in the room
I'm coming out the temple of doom
So dirty I need to be swept with a broom
My foots up on the peddle and VROOM!
The quarterback, yeah of course I'm back
Homie and it's more than rap
Shit I'm so sharp the microphone's got a sword attached
Hey you looka broads be heading where the dolphins at
Better bring your motherfucking snorkel mask