

# 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 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 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