

# I Got Trouble

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Hmm, yeah yeah

Hmm, mmm..

I've got trouble, trouble, trouble  
Always knocking at my door  
Yes I'm a whole lot of trouble, 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., yes

'Cause baby's got something,  
Something you just can't ignore  
And yeah, it sure is likely, baby  
You'll keep coming back for more

I'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 hide

Oh, my, my

Well, I've been itching for some trouble baby  
Every single day that I'm alive

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 skin

Well I'm trouble, trouble, trouble, baby  
Always knocking at my door  
Yes I'm a whole lot of lot of trouble, baby  
Ooh, since the day that I.. was born

Yeah, oh yeah.