

I'm gonna tell a story and it goes like this  
Living my life and it was full of bliss  
I did not have a problem that I could not handle  
I kept my life nice and tidy like the home of Tony Randle

Then one day it was the month of May  
And I was kicking back a forty at the dock of the bay  
I saw this girl I took a look and did a double  
I should've known right then the girl was trouble

To make a long story short and not too boring  
Things got out of hand yes things got quite deploring  
I guess I fell in love see I asked her if she'd see me  
She said you may but only if you pamper spoil and feed me

I said here take my money she did and things were sunny  
Until it all ran out and then she said I'll see you honey  
Now I'm a broken man my confidence but rubble  
Take it from me the girl's trouble

I'm talking about styling Staysha Brown  
The funkiest booty in town  
Styling Staysha Brown the best disco dancer for miles around

I tried to call her on the phone I couldn't leave her alone  
She had a big big brother who said he'd break all my bones  
It didn't matter to me I knew eventually she'd see her big mistake  
And come running back to me

Now I know better then I couldn't forget her  
I asked her for an answer and she wrote me a letter  
Saying it's over forever I hate to burst your bubble  
P.S, I found another man she's trouble

Trouble in the morning trouble at night  
Trouble all around me now I don't feel right  
Trouble when I'm breathing when I open my eyes  
Trouble all around me ain't no big surprise

She's twenty tons of trouble in a ten ton truck  
The day I ran into her I guess I ran out of luck  
I'm gonna step right back baby right back on t