

Mr. Trouble

The Toasters

Yo Lionel, I went by the bar man, guess they told me
outta jail?

Who dat?

They said Mr. Trouble's outta jail!

Mr. Trouble dem outta jail?

They say my man's out on bail

They gottem out on bail?!

Mr. Trouble!

Oh my god Mr. Trouble!

Trouble is, his middle name

Kicking buckets, that's his game

You can't stop him, he's quite insane

Al Capone, Mr. Trouble!

So out he comes, and down you go

Thirty coffins in a row

Get out a town, and don't be slow

Baby Doc, Mr. Trouble!

He's figures big in scary tales

Walks on water, sleeps on nails

Shoots to kill and never fails

Scarface, Mr. Trouble!

He's nine feet tall, and six feet wide

Fists like mallets, by his side

You can run, but you can't hide

Hurley nem? Mr. Trouble!

Death and murder is his plan

He'll wipe you out

To the last man

You better get out while you can

Baby Face, Mr. Trouble!

He's got a .45 a .38

Brace knuckles knives and a razor blade

He likes his job, he doesn't get paid

Joe Rivi! Mr. Trouble!

If you don't like knuckles in your face

Get out of town, no time to waste

You'll disappear without a trace

Take care, Mr. Trouble!

So when you hear the sirens wail

Mr. Trouble he's on your tail

Some crack let him out on bail!

Judge Dread, Mr. Trouble!

Mr. Trouble!