

Christina Aguilera, I Got Trouble

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 kill life

Oh, my, my

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

[scat]

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.