

## **Baccara**

### **"Trouble"**

Visit "[Trouble](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

#### [Verse 1]

I'm hot enough to make your skin bubble  
Packin a Smith & Wesson  
Uh oh, trouble, don't say nothin  
You can tell that I'm evil  
By the arch in my eye bra  
But I aint got no pitchfork  
I stick niggaz with this sawed-off  
Clear your porch  
Hit the floor, duck behind your couch  
If I don't hear enough screamin  
I'm burning down your house  
Apocolypse the barbarian  
I kill humanitarians  
Pillage your village  
Slaughter your children  
And rape your women

#### [Verse 2]

Bustin through that door like dun da dun da  
Bitches hit the floor on the double  
Bust off a couple  
Rounds and let it bubble  
In your belly  
Bullets dipped in formaldehyde  
So when they hit you  
You embalmed and ready  
To get carried  
Buried up in your grave  
Trust me, I'm that deadly  
Just test me if you brave  
Eklypse I stay sick  
Eith Pit, Playboy, and Lynch  
Kill a bitch nigga quick  
And run a train on his bitch nigga

#### [Verse 3]

I wish these niggaz would try to rough me for the chips  
I got metal muscle with silent tips  
And pistol grips give violent trips  
First I'm cool with you

Then I'm not  
When you run up on me I pop pistols  
Gun up on me it's all official  
I'm chewin bone grissels  
Your family gonna miss you  
Do away done with you  
You should of had a gun with you  
I got pistols  
You know cookin utensils  
That shit that'll make your skin bubble  
Fuckin with these plague niggaz  
You gotsta know you in trouble

[Chorus]  
Trouble (repeat 8 times)

[Verse 4]  
I keeps it real thats the deal  
Headbuttin motherfuckers like Evander Holyfield  
I makes a full course dinner  
Out of roadkill  
Pops some pills  
Smoke some sherms  
Drunk as fuck  
Rollin up a blunt  
When I get through smokin it  
I'm comin to your house nigga  
What's for breakfast  
Kickin in your door  
At 3:47 in the morning  
I got my ?? yawnin  
Time to wake up, so I can do your bitch ass wrong  
Hear comes trouble  
Hell's angel, some niggaz call me spawn

[Verse 5]  
Shit I'm off that ??? again  
Ready to load the pump again  
Soon as I put somethin in  
See i'ma aim it at your chin  
Blame it on your friend  
Your friendly neighborhood Spider-Man  
I can make niggaz follow me like the pod piper can  
Archnophobia, I'm the sniper man  
Doom to put 'em in the pan  
Heat 'em and eat 'em as fast as I can  
Stretch your neck like elastic like plastic  
Man I'm first, you last to land  
Tephlon bullets they crash and land  
Nigga I'm double time  
You in trouble time

I'm a bubble mine

[Verse 6]

I'm titani and scandalous  
I do random hits  
Load up all my extra clips  
And lets go handle this shit  
Trouble is what we lookin fo  
Kick in that fuckin door  
Put a gag up on that hoe  
Slit that niggaz throat  
Light up the door  
Smoke until we choke  
I wish you motherfuckers would try to locc  
And get his neck broke  
Kick in the door  
Shotgun up the asshole  
Brains blown  
Eyes closed  
Nothin but trouble

[Chorus] - repeat to end

Visit [Baccara](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.