

## Christina Aguilera "I Got Trouble"

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Mmmm, mmm yeah  
Mmmm

I got trouble, trouble, trouble  
Always knockin' 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 ever gets  
Give you something you won't forget  
If you wanna spell trouble, babe  
Well, send out an S.O.S

'Cause baby's got something,  
Something you just can't ignore  
And yeah, it sure is likely, babe  
You'll keep on comin' 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  
My evil ways can't hide

Oh, my my

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

\*scatting\*

Come on baby  
Come on darling  
Come on sugar, ooh, yeah yeah  
Hey, ooh 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, yeah  
Yeah, I'm a whole lotta, lotta trouble, babe  
Ooh, since the day that I was born

Oh yeah

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