

## Chris Webby

# "Trouble Maker"

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Baby I'm a trouble maker  
Tell ya baby I'm a trouble maker  
La da da da da da da da

[Chorus]

Baby I'm a trouble maker  
That's just always how it's been, I'ma be one till the end  
'Cause you know that I'm a trouble maker  
And that's just how I do, I don't listen to the rules  
'Cause you know that I'm a trouble maker  
Not givin' one f\*ck with my middle fingers up  
'Cause you know that I'm a trouble maker  
And that's just how it is, that's just how it is

[Verse 1]

Causin' trouble's in my DNA, part of me  
Pardon me, rebellion runs deep in every artery  
Hardly containable, aimin' like archery  
With more screws loose than poor carpentry  
My armor be, heavier than Lancelot  
All I need's a gram of pot  
And I will cause a ruckus that you couldn't even stand  
to watch (I'm a trouble maker)  
'Cause I just have complete lack of discipline  
Beat up any citizen who steps within an inch of him  
(yeah, yeah)  
Me like Leif Ericson, steal, plunderin', pillagin' every  
village  
I'm a villain like Cruella Deville and them (whoa)  
On so much Ritalin, my mind's lost at sea like Gilligan  
Then step back to reality, pop another pill again  
Wow, I'm just continually killin' them  
'Cause I'm nothin' but trouble or any one of its  
synonyms (Da da da da)  
And yeah I know that I'm a cocky f\*ck  
But I'll be wreaking havoc till they lock me up

[Chorus]

[Verse 2]

You see it started at detention then it moved into

suspension

Then expulsion and arrest with a possible jail sentence  
(yeah, yeah yeah)

But I flow hot, body tight, harder than a robot

Port to starboard, I'ma make the f\*ckin' boat rock (Da  
da da da)

I inhaled a whole crop since I started to smoke pot

Got my brain baked on the stove top ('Cause I'm a  
trouble maker)

I spit sick, I'm speakin' the flu

Helen Keller couldn't see me and neither can you

I'm a trouble maker, you don't gotta tell me I'm wild

I step in and every drug dog can smell me for miles  
(yeah)

I'm an intelligent child, deep down I'm not bad bro

But trouble's always followin' me, somethin' like a  
shadow

So I chose to rap yo, causin' a fiasco

Hotter than Tabasco or burning tobacco

Start learning the facts yo, I am on my hustle

Girls look me up and down and say I look like trouble

[Chorus]

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