

## Princess "Trouble"

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Hold your breath when you see me walking by  
I'm obsessed with movies, like Barbed Wire throw a  
stiletto in ya eye  
I confess I'm like Jesse James in an Ames parking lot  
Have humorous fun pullin numerous guns on  
consumers (Run!)  
Your man-freaked that, I told John- Get Back  
Broke your 8Track A-Dats stole your Kit Kats  
Grab your fanny pack and gagged you with a six pack a  
six White Castle sack  
Drip wax in your office fax changed a few facts in your  
contract  
Your advance is axed and A & R is gonna write all ya  
new tracks  
I'm on the dole with mad loot sellin bootlegs of poor  
artists  
Got two legs to work but I beg for change to drink  
Bacardis  
Hearty meals got these Hardy Boys hard then taught  
Nancy Drew and her dog  
How to jerk off and how to steal from drug dealers  
Ahh enough of this I killed Snuffalufagus  
With pills and made a snuff film to prove to Big Bird he  
exists (See he is real!)  
I'm I'll can't deal with mere mortals  
Got a portal in my knee to beam me to a balance beam  
but I just drank 3 Jim Beams  
My Olympic team is gonna scream at me, is it my turn?  
I gotta pee  
I'm 14 but haven't grown since I was three  
Get my kicks feedin drinks to kids in rehab clinks  
Minx took Pink to my sink and used her hair die to die  
my minks  
Tattoo inks with Ajax I highjacked Pat Sajak  
Sent him back to Wheel of Fortune with a bad limp and  
a crack habit  
Silly rabbit this song is for kids, the way the messed up  
system is  
If I was a black man I'd be up on a 8 year bid  
Id ego you know I wish I owned those, but I sold em to  
buy nice speakers

(What kind?) Bose  
Trouble-We like it like that  
Trouble capital T stands for me punchin ya tummy  
cover you with honey and ants  
Fatal Attraction boil a bunny while I breakdance  
Fart in my hotpants in a crowded theatre at Sundance  
(must have been the hot ranch)  
So let's dance because I killed Bowie's wife with a  
bowie knife  
C'mon mon it was Iman and man Bowie's my man  
gimme one more night  
I just upchucked my pills and Tom Collins on Phil  
Collins, I mean Phil it was just a spill-chill  
Bad upbringing I made Jerry's kids phone stop ringing  
I'm only kiddin with this sick singing I'm just givin what  
this track's bringin  
Trouble I'm not subtle I need more air so I popped that  
kid and stole his bubble  
Stuck him in some double Tupperware, A clean death  
inject ya with Crest and crystal meth  
Obsessed with my own breasts won't look at you so  
don't get undressed for sex  
I guess I'm on a rampage for underage idols  
Did Malcolm's bro in the middle and little Kenny with  
subtitles  
I strike quick like the emperor not the right temperature  
and I think it's too easy to make fun  
Of 98 Degrees  
And now that you mention it Britney, Christina, and  
Nsync-  
Why even bother, we'll all be gone by next week

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