

# Trouble

[Eric Gales](#)

Hold your breath when you see me walking by  
I'm obsessed with movies, Barbed Wire, throw a stiletto in ya eye  
I confess, I'm like Jesse James in an Ames parking lot  
Have humorous fun, pulling 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 selling 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, ill 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 feeding 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 hijacked 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  
I'd 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  
Punching ya tummy, cover you with honey and ants

Fatal Attraction, boil a bunny while I break dance  
Fart in my hot pants in a crowded theater 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 kidding with this sick singing  
I'm just giving what this track's bringing  
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 N'sync  
Why even bother, we'll all be gone by next week  
Trouble, we like it like that  
Trouble, we like it like that  
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