

Trouble

Bei Maejor

I I I I

I told you, not to wear that dress at the club tryna dance up on me

I told you, not to push that thing on me

If you know I want it It's gon' get you in trouble

(Oooh, oooh)

It's gon' get you in trouble

(Oooh, oooh)

It's gon' get you in trouble

(Oooh, oooh)

It's gon' get you in trouble

(Oooh, oooh) Go up to my room, you've been such a, such a bad girl

Such a sexy naughty girl

You know what you doing baby

Go up to my room girl

You've been such a, such a bad girl

Such a sexy naughty girl

(Oooh, oooh) Baby I told you, not to wear them heels that make your legs look so sexy

I I I I

I told you

Not to wear them heels that say I'm ready come get me

Ay Ay, They gon get you in trouble

(Oooh, oooh)

They gon get you in trouble

(Oooh, oooh)

They gon get you in trouble

(Oooh, oooh) Yeah, invitations in the whirlwind

We both bad at it

Told myself no more hittin' niggas girlfriends

That's my old bad habit

Here you go, round that

Already know, what I'm staring at

I mean from top to bottom your body is problem so

Somebody better take care of that

And who

Better than, the nigga let 'em in

When your man ain't home, you can let him in

Late night Letterman

I ain't gon tat-a-tale

Damn your ass bad as hell It's gon' get you in trouble

(Oooh, oooh)
It's gon' get you in trouble
(Oooh, oooh)
It's gon' get you in trouble
(Oooh, oooh)
It's gon' get you in trouble
(Oooh, oooh) I told you not to stare at me like that when I'm performing
I-I-I told you
That's that's gon' make us til the early morning It's gon' get you in trouble
(Oooh, oooh)
It's gon' get you in trouble
(Oooh, oooh)
It's gon' get you in trouble
(Oooh, oooh)
It's gon' get you in trouble
(Oooh, oooh)

Songwriters

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