

I Got Trouble

[Christina Aguilera](#)

Yeah, yeah I've got trouble, trouble, trouble
Always knocking 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
Now 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, baby
You'll keep on coming 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
And 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 Come on, baby, come on, darling
Come on, sugar, ooh, yeah, yeah, yeah
Baby, whoa, 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
I'm a whole lot of, lot of trouble, baby
Ooh, since the day that I was born, yeah, oh yeah

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>