Trouble

Supreme Cuts

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
Trouble, we like it like that
Trouble, we like it like that

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