

Toasters, Mr. Trouble

Yo Lionel, I went by the bar man,
Guess they told me outta jail?
Who dat?
They said Mr. Trouble's outta jail!
Mr. Trouble dem outta jail?
They say my man's out on bail
They gottem out on bail?!

Mr. Trouble!

Oh my god Mr. Trouble!
Trouble is, his middle name
Kicking buckets, that's his game
You can't stop him, he's quite insane

Al Capone, Mr. Trouble!

So out he comes, and down you go
Thirty coffins in a row
Get out a town, and don't be slow

Baby Doc, Mr. Trouble!

He's figures big in scary tales
Walks on water, sleeps on nails
Shoots to kill and never fails

Scarface, Mr. Trouble!

He's nine feet tall, and six feet wide
Fists like mallets, by his side
You can run, but you can't hide

Hurley nem? Mr. Trouble!

Death and murder is his plan
He'll wipe you out
To the last man
You better get out while you can

Baby Face, Mr. Trouble!

He's got a .45 a .38
Brace knuckles knives and a razor blade
He likes his job, he doesn't get paid

Joe Rivi! Mr. Trouble!

If you don't like knuckles in your face
Get out of town, no time to waste
You'll disappear without a trace

Take care, Mr. Trouble!

So when you hear the sirens wail
Mr. Trouble he's on your tail
Some crack let him out on bail!

Judge Dread, Mr. Trouble!

Mr. Trouble!