

Trouble

Dima Bilan

She (she, she) she like to model for me (me, me)
The way she wear it is dangerous
She walk around me like a predator
And I'm something to eat (eat, eat)

Nothing to her but a treat (treat, treat)
Something she play with and leave alone
And I can't help it but to let her use me

Every little thing about her says she's trouble (trouble)
And every little thing she do just makes me want her more
More and more

She melts, melts herself all over me (me, me)
As sexy candle but so much hotter
Pain is just pleasure with the volume up
I want it louder

I'm spending all my money on her
No matter where I go there she is
Half-naked waiting for me (waiting for me)
Waiting for me (waiting for me, oh)

Every little thing about her says she's trouble (trouble)
And every little thing she do just makes me want her more
More and more

More and more
More and more
More and more

Every little thing about her says she's trouble (trouble)
And every little thing she do just makes me want her more

Oh, every little thing about her says she's trouble (trouble)
And every little thing she do just makes me want her more
More and more

More and more
More and more
More and more