

Santa Killas

Insane Clown Posse

It's the holiday season
Candy Canes, cookies sprinkle the town
Everyone's jolly, happy, and merry
The dead sing carols in the cemetery
I went up to the mall to meet a Santa Claus
Why you wanna meet a Santa Claus??
Just because
He's a star and I wanna get his autograph
Did you meet the fat bastard??
You don't know the half
So I waitin' line with my pad and pen
I finally got up to the bitch and he had a grin
He said he's been watchin' me and I'm a disgrace
So I reach for the nine and shot him in the spine
All the kiddies runnin', screamin' and cryin'
Santa ain't breathin' I think that he's dyin'
He's tryin' to move so I boot him in his grin
HA
Bitch should've known about the Santa Claus killa

R: Santa Claus
I'm comin'
I'm comin'
I'm comin'
The Santa Claus killaz
(2x)

I'm a Santa Claus killa
Bitch what the fuck you know about
You know nothin
So fuck turkey and stuffin
I drink a straight 40
Fuck that shitty egg nog
Cause I'm a wicked clown straight up freak dog
I gets paid I'm pickin up the G Shit
And Santa Claus ain't never brought me shit
The fat slop doesn't drink my milk
So don't come around bitch or get your cap peeled
I'm Mike Clark
I'm pimpin' through Clark Park
In a 1981 Skylark
And its dusted, dented and rusted
Don't look or get your lips busted
Santa Claus won't bring me a BM
So I'mma choke that bitch when I see him
MC, Detroit big wheeler
But on Christmas Eve Im a Santa Claus killa

It's Christmas Eve
Another time to decieve
Got another trick up my sleeve
He won't leave
I just wait Tick-Tock-Ticky
Someone told me what the fuck is Saint Nickie
Nick, prick North Pole hick
Bitch ass sap, what the fuck is that?
Sounds like Rudolph and the whole clique

Its time for some down with the clown G Shit
I hear the fat bitch in the chimney
Spark up the matches
Fire catches
And I burn that motherfucker up
Wha Wha What The Fuck!
Cooked his ass with a crackling sound
Watch as the ash comes juggling down
I smoke them bones and I get much illa
Fink, The Eastside G
The Santa Claus killa

R: (2x)

One last minute
I get's deadly
Sit back children
Check the medley
Its cold out, I could give a fuck less
Cause I'm waitin' on a bitch in a red dress
A fat bitch with a big white beard
Strapped with a big lead pipe I'm geared
I hear bells, Jing-a-Ling-Jing-Ling-Ding-a-Ling
That's the sound, the dead man here
The dead man here when death is near
I take my pipe and say fuck it
Whip and Lug It
Straight to the nugget
Out cold in a flash, a dash
Then I pushed his ass off the roof
and straight jacked the sleigh
The ghetto's payday from the Santa Claus killa

R: (2x)