

All I want for Christmas is this short list
And of course this and these porsches
So all I want for Christmas is this whole list
And if I don't get I'm still so blessed
And all I want for Christmas is a fast car
Like a rap star like Nascar
The Savior was born what more could I ask for
Unless your saying I could ask more
Now all I really want is this

Wanna know God in a bigger way
Have my own mall yeah plus a chic fil a
I wanna ball like I'm michael J
Then crawl up the wall like I'm spiderman get away
Get a little cray scream like I'm lil tay
Swim in a little lake scare all the kid away
And eat a little steak with a little bit of a little cake
And let christmas go right there to the month of may
I want the freshest pair of air max
Till all the haters got to stop now stare back
Like I'm riding on a unicorn down on fairfax
Bareback screaming out what the heck you staring at
I want to always pick the fast line
When I'm in the gas line when I gotta pass time
Go faster than a cat up a fast climb
And have all my teams win the game now by half time

I want to roll with my little team
Hit the scene I'm a buy out the krispy kreme
A big hug plus a cup full of listerine
To every stank breath thug acting a little mean
Let them know about the one who could get em clean
Let em know about the son who can get em free
They can have a real love plus a little peace
And I'm only knowing that because he so real to me
Arcade of centipede and some pac man
And everywhere I go there'd be a rap jam
And every show that I flow would be packed man
W/ every rap fan now from white to black and
I want 100 caps and a hat stand
My own jam band that played when I ran man
100 laps while I'm waving at the grand stand
End with a hand stand just because I can man