

# Christmas Rappin'

Kurtis Blow

Don't you get me all that JIVE about things you wrote before I's  
alive,  
Cause this ain't 1823 ain't even 1970  
Now I'm the guy named Kurtis Blow and Christmas is one thing I know,  
So every year, just about this time, I celebrate it with a rhyme:  
Gonna shake it, gonna bake it, gonna make it good,  
Gonna rock shock rock through your neighborhood.  
Gonna ring it, gonna sing it till it's understood.  
My rap's about to happen, like the knee you was slappin;  
Or the toe you been tappin' on a hunk of wood.  
'Bout a red suited dude, with a friendly attitude and a sleigh full  
of goodies for for the people on the block. Got a long white beard,  
maybe looks kind of weird, and if you ever seen him he could give a  
quite shock. Now people let me tell ya about last year when the  
dude came flying over here, Well the hawk was out the snow's on the  
ground, folks stayed into party down. The beat was thumping on the  
blcok, and I was dancing in my sockS, and the drummer played at a  
solid pace, and a taste of the base was in my face. And the guitar  
laid down a heavy layer of the funky junky rhythm of the  
disco Beat. And the guy with the 88 started to participate, and I  
could Sure appreciate it sound so sweat.

We were all in the mood so we had a little food, and a joke, and a  
smoke, and a little bit of wine, when I thought I heard a hoof on  
Top of the roof. Could it be or was it me, I was feeling super  
fine. So I went to the attic where I thought heard the static  
on a chance that the prance was somebody breaking in. But the  
noise on the top was a reindeer clop, Just a trick St. Nick, and I  
let the sucker in.

He was roly, he was Poly and not the holy moly, you got a lot of  
whiskers on your chinny, chin, chin. He allowed, he was proud of  
the hairy little crowd on the point of the door where the skin  
should've been.  
Get's cool for a fool throwin' out every you for a day on sleigh  
where the cold winds blow. So the beard maybe cleared  
But I never have a cheered cause it's warm in the storm when it's  
ten below

I said you're right it's cold tonight,  
Can you stop for a drop before you go?  
He said why not if the music'S hot and I'll chance a dance beneath  
the mistletoe.  
So he went downstairs and forgot his cares and he rocked the spot  
and danced like a  
pro  
And every young girl tried to rock his world  
But he boogie oogie oogied till he had to go  
And before he went this fine old gent  
Finding gifts went to sift through his big red bags  
In the top for the bottom he reached in and got toys?-----? on a  
girls flat rag  
And the grownups got some presents too  
A new TV and a stere-u. A new Seville 'bout as blue as the sky  
The best that money couldn't buy  
Cause money could never ever buy the feelin  
the one that comes from not concealin

The way you feel about your friends  
and this is how the story ends

The dude ya reads back at the pole  
Up north where everything is cold  
but if he were right here tonight  
he'd say merry Christmas and to all a good night