

# Pantophobia

Asher Roth

My feet slower to hit the floor morning  
I'm groaning  
I don't wanna go  
A lot snow  
It's too cold  
I don't wanna know  
The temperature  
Can be sure  
From my breathe it's burrr  
I much prefer the warmth  
But now December hurr  
End of overture  
I remember the conversation  
With Lucy saying  
Christmas is commercialization  
An operation  
Ran by the eastern syndicate  
But don't spoil Santa Clause for all the little kids  
It's super innocent  
Check your chimney man  
You need to get it swept  
I think something really wrong with me Linus  
I caught a virus or something  
Christmas is coming and  
I ain't running round decking the halls  
Presents get bought  
For the friends and the boss  
Sending em cards  
Wishes regards  
Red ribbons  
On cars  
A Benz or Lexus  
Is parked  
In the driveway  
I say  
It's all so bizarre cause...

Maybe it's pantophobia  
Even tho the zodiac  
Told me three homies showing up  
To show mad love to Joe's son  
They giving out gold  
And oil, incense it's lit  
What they getting for the kids as gifts  
Shouts to St. Nick  
Stacking up box  
Of clothes  
Socks to go  
Closets get stocked with hope  
Of a Nintendo  
Cause the friend next door  
He's only 10  
But he's always on internet  
Getting fed info that  
He ain't even fact check  
And he got sneakers on  
They ain't even out yet

How can I combat that?  
Maybe he should ask his dad  
But his dad be debt so bad  
Like dag that's pretty bad  
So much for all the ho ho hoes  
Who getting dough?  
Don't you know we broke?

Where's my Christmas miracle?  
I want a shiny vehicle  
Power steer  
Rear wheel clear  
And the ceiling fold  
Man, it's a shame  
I be stuck with all these reindeer  
It's the same dude last year  
As this year  
The year  
Before that I was bad  
That's the past here  
And right now man that's really  
All that matters  
Mad cheers  
I'm drunk  
On sugar plum  
Rum punch  
Bah hum bug  
Enough with all  
The fun stuff  
She sung