

Bad Santa

GAWNE

Ho, ho, ho
You motherfuckers have been naughty, naughty, naughty

It's Santa Claus, ho ho bitches
And your girl [?] whoa whoa syphilis
But she 'bout as bad as Saddam
Made the whole naughty list from giving top
'Bout to blow St. Nicholas then she gon' get coal for this shit
Santa's sleigh, we got hoes in this bitch
Lead the way, Rudolph's nose and it's lit
Frozen cold, the North Pole business is
Making more figures than gold diggers, go figure, so oh shit
I'm climbing down your chimney, when your kids asleep
Wrap the gifts and leave 'em under Christmas trees
This ain't Halloween, I don't trick or treat
But I eat cookies like monsters on Sesame Street
Aw, little Suzie want a gift card, fuck your wish list, dog
Run up in your crib [?] all your shit, bitch I'm the Grinch
Call me Bad Santa, tell Miss Claus that her tits all saggy as deflated kickb
alls
Need some new hoes, get my dick hard, reindeer too slow, steal a big car

(Christmas is, Christmas is)
Cristmas is here, look, it's Santa Claus ho ho ho ho
Running in your crib and stealing all your shit ha ha ha ha
Running up in your crib, stealing up all your shit
Your bitch is looking bad sucking on Santa's dick
Got nowhere else to go, guess it's back to the cold
Chilling in the North Pole, where the fuck are the hoes?

Santa got free labor in his workshop, where my little helpers at?
In those Smurf socks, Santa needs his belly scratched, tell them elves to wr
ap faster, bitch

What do you know about rapping fast, Santa?
You're just a fat fucking bitch

Let me tell you something here, you little pointy ear, weirdo horny queer
Motherfucker really wanna question my method for rapping so fast
That I'm grabbing them presents, in a package in seconds
Then I'm dropping 'em in my sack and head for the exit
Hop in the sled, I'm Xmasing, go from London to Texas
All in one night, no it's not fun, it's just stressful
So get back to work you dumb little asshole
Ah, fuck it, mistletoe, kiss a hoe, probably lick a toe like a candy cane
Hitting it like a batting cage, damn it Santa's acting strange
And he gained more weight than a gigantic cave, can't escape
All the cookies on his [?] plate, so
Load the sleigh, it's time to go ho ho ho
Sniffing blow through my nose, hoe, whoa

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