

# Coal

IDK

Done, done, done, done, done, done  
So done, oh done, oh done

Three hundred and sixty-five days on the  
On the bullshit  
But I swear I'm done, 'cause

Three hundred and sixty-five a year  
From three till I was eight  
My dream was sittin' and takin'  
A picture inside that chair with  
A nigga with white hair  
My only fear was, was I behavin', that was my prayer

Go to sleep the 24th, wake up the 25th  
Wipe the dust up out my eyes until I see the gifts  
Where they from? She said, "Santa"  
I said, "How come?" I got bad grades, mommy  
'Member the day you called me dumb?

With a tear in my eye, gift by the tree  
Hopefully the gift dries the tears  
Yes it did, indeed  
Matter fact, a myth made me think  
A white man was the man  
And the credit went to him  
Instead of going to my fam  
As I did a little dance in my blue pajama pants  
Mama looked at me and glanced  
Tryin' hard not to laugh  
I was five years old  
And too young to understand  
That if a fat, white man  
Came down the chimney, it would jam

It was a white Christmas, dark winter lights  
Heaven, hearts bitter  
If you cannot fill the socks  
We don't want no parts wit' ya  
We don't want no coal, good deeds is the goal  
Till the day's full of snow, melt away and we're grown

Oh ho, it be like that  
Till Christmas goes  
And winter says, "I'll be right back"  
Okay  
We don't want no coal, good deeds is the goal  
Till the day's full of snow, melt away and we're grown

Runnin', runnin', runnin', runnin'  
Runnin' away  
I keep runnin', runnin', runnin', runnin'  
Runnin' away

Three hundred and sixty-five a year  
I'm usually a sinner until the time is near  
The time is of the essence, the clock tickin' to fear

Box 'cause every lesson is in and out of one ear  
Shocked from all the happiness  
Overcomin' the sappiness  
Slow at sippin' the syrup  
That's overnight in the Actavis  
Everybody's a hero  
Everybody's a hero  
But everybody ain't real  
So somebody's De Niro

Eye is on the sparrow  
Know that he watchin' me  
Know that I'ma be good eventually  
One day I'm gon' see  
If it ain't happenin', ain't for me  
'Cause all of this year's blessings is living under that tree  
So whether I get coal or a CD from Cole  
The suit keepin' me safe from the annual cold  
I wish Santa was black  
'Cause from what we was told  
All of Santa's receivees did not fit the mold

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