

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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