

Christmas List

Jucee Froot

(One hundred percent platinum baby)
The one
It's the one

I don't want nothin' but them dollars for my Christmas
Pussy so good he gon' put it on his wish list
Ain't no mistletoe but he still wanna kiss it
Ice like the snow, nigga, can you get it drippin'?
Eat it like Santa, bad hoes in the sled
I just want the noggin, nigga, you can keep the eggs
Want the milk and cookies, got 'em sneaking out the bed
Ridin' up on it, no hands, no pegs

Bad bitches, they twerking up the North Pole
Got the dough, she bounce it like a fo'-fo'
Hot bitch, he sip it like it's cocoa
You a trick, yeah, nigga ho-ho
Shinin' like a light
I like money, I like ice
I could be naughty, I could be nice
This my list and you better check it twice
I want Gucci, Louis, Prada
That new Birkin, Dolce & Gabbana
I want Chanel and red bottoms
I want hunnids, I want dollars

I just want a rich nigga wit' some rich dick
Say that I all he want for Christmas is a thick bitch
Boy you know that it's a gift if you hit this
Nigga do you got a face where I can sit this?
Uh, all this ice up on me, I be matching with the weather
Bitches cannot fuck with me, they ugly as they sweater
I sent you a text, not a motherfuckin' letter
Give me what I want or I'ma pop you like Berettas

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Dollars, dollars, dollars, dollars, dollars, dollars, dollars, dollar
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