

Bad Santa

Sleaford Mods

Bad Santa
Yeah
Bad Santa
Yeah
Yeah

Gangsters flogging cars, electric bastards, dapper laughs
I've been trying to work on my hate, mate
Nothing modern about A Tate, mate
Dapper laughs, big gaffs, locked torment
And the badgers kiss, kiss this
Bad Santa, gangster
Caravan king, Don King
Emperor Ming-ing
Minging, mingling you cunt

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I watch reels like hamsters love wheels
The 51st state of it hasn't got the big reveals
But what's left out the back, wrapped up, dapper laughs
I fucked your missus, look
When you send the yellow, red sky, red tie
The cone of terror
Maccies on a private jet, arse tremor
The cone of terror, the cone of hell

Fucking
Fucking
Fucking
Bad Santa
Fucking
Yeah
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Yeah

I'll come round your house, and I'll cook for you
Why don't you stand outside my house, and stare at me too?
It's my car, it's my cash, you cunt
Why's it like, so many people just turn up?
The cunts, don't know, know what?
Fucking, I don't fucking know
Don't know, know what?
Fucking, I don't fucking know

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