

St. Nick

Twisted Insane

Wake up in the morning I'm juiced
I know he came at night and brought me everything
Last night I heard something on the roof (what?)
But I ain't check cause I ain't want him mad at me
And if he never left nothing I'mma turn up in a triple action
Go and hit him with a pedigree
How the fuck you think he can get mad at me
I'm bracking and I put it on and let it be
Promise on my momma nigga, Santa will be dead to me
Catch him in another house, and then I go and fuck him up
Wait for you to get him when he coming I be on him in the middle of the roof
he get to chewing on these uppercuts
What the fuck?
I be dragging little off
So put him on the shelf until they mad
I never thought you liked me anyway
Never got me nothing on my lesson
Got me pissing when I saw you at the mall but told you every, every, everyth
ing
The race-car track with the batteries included
Atari, not a Second Genesis, man I knew shit
I always walked to school man I'd really like some new kicks
I've been really good
All year, let's do this
A trampoline up in the backyard with a pool
A couple shirts, look at what I'm wearing into school
They laughing in my feelings, man it really is some bull
That's why I'm so glad I get to talk to you
Just when I thought he was fake
Never went to sleep at all
Stayed up at night just to wait
He brought me socks and some draws
He brought me socks and some draws (nigga)
This is a cause for applause
I did not believe at all (naw)
Did I just see what I saw? (what?)

I'm still believing in Santa Clause
I don't give a fuck what others think
He brought me socks and that bag of draws
One day I might get a fucking minx
One day I might get a tyrannosaurus a unicorn horn and a fucking link
Pull up in all black don't fuck with pink (purpose)
Kill em all then say it wasn't me

Hit this weed on this Christmas Eve
Christmas tree
It's in me
And my brain is sick
My elves are having fun
Drinking rum
Better run
It has begun
They can not fuck with Saint Nick (Bitch)

A couple years and I ain't seeing nothing
I ask him "what the fuck is going on with that?"

I hope he would at least say something
I tried to hit him but I'm getting nothing back
Maybe I should run into his village like a running-back
Spent the money that I had now bitch I want my money back
Caught him on the roof of someones how now watch the gun react
Like on Easter Sunday
Don't ever bring that bunny back
Bracking in the building with the Brainiacs
You don't wanna deal with them because they fucking maniacs
Jingle Bells sent em all to hell and bring the brainy back
We ain't never left "where the biscuits and gravy at"?
Bray hard pour the Henny and the Eggnog
Couple shots of this and I'll be swinging like it's baseball
Take off on him if he doesn't bring my gray skull
Castle with the Skeletor stab with the face off
Record breaker 1-9 time to set a trap
We string up by the tree and we gon catch him in the sack
I'm sick of getting nothing I'mma break his fucking back
And burn him in the chimney off of Remy that's a wrap
I said I want a microphone I really wanna rap
I looked up in the sleigh oh shit he had one in the back
I asked him if he wanna take a double shot of yack
He took the whole thing and another after that
Just when I thought he was fake
I was awake through the night
That is the time that he came
And he brought me a new mic
And he brought me a new mic
Fuck I was overly hype
That's when they started the shit
Nowadays no-one exciting

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