Santa Santa Santa Santa Claus

Snowfall be all day and night We all feelin' right, see y'all celebratin' Elevatin' hesitatin' again [?] and I'm feelin' depressed Like a dump truck dump shit over my fence Got a world full of problems always feelin' intense Like the world picked me to be the one to go against And set to unfold like a chain of events Now [?] in my Santa suit Feelin' make believe just like the Babadook Got a head full of problems and an attitude And if you know me well no I ain't mad at you See I been down like Kringle, up like Claus Don't believe me you can suck my balls Never be perfect, there'll always be faults Don't blame me, blame Santa Claus

Turn up the sleigh, we okay Finna go hard like Christmas day Santa's on parade, and we don't play Better go find someone else to blame Fuck the gingerbread, fuck your face Outta my mind now bitch give me some space Finna go hard like Christmas day Finna go hard like Christmas day Turn up the sleigh, we okay Finna go hard like Christmas day Santa's on parade, and we don't play Better go find someone else to blame Fuck the gingerbread, fuck your face Outta my mind now bitch give me some space Finna go hard like Christmas day Finna go hard like Christmas day

Santa didn't get you shit this year 'Cause you been actin' like a bitch this year So fuck you and your fake Christmas cheer Go celebrate the piece of shit you mirror I fuckin' hate you and hope you die Stick a Christmas tree up your ass and die Like to witness see ya plugged in and fry That's all I want for Christmas Someone said your whole family died Or maybe only like one survived And he ended dying by a suicide Now that's all I want for Christmas Tell Santa Claus to eat ass and balls If he can't come through with what I'm askin' y'all But if he does I'll be the happiest yet And this'll be the Christmas you wanna forget

Finna go hard like Christmas day
Santa's on parade, and we don't play
Better go find someone else to blame
Fuck the gingerbread, fuck your face
Outta my mind now bitch give me some space
Finna go hard like Christmas day
Finna go hard like Christmas day
Turn up the sleigh, we okay
Finna go hard like Christmas day
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Better go find someone else to blame
Fuck the gingerbread, fuck your face
Outta my mind now bitch give me some space
Finna go hard like Christmas day
Finna go hard like Christmas day

Silent night over here? Nah Ho ho ho, ain't no Santa Claus Saint Nick [?] ain't no laws Naughty new nice when I'm on the sauce See them get holly, deck some halls Lights on everything all because Santa's on the way without a pause Santa's on the way might as well get lost I got the [gold branded?] cognac And I'm mixin' it with eggnog [?] the way and I know that When it come through I'ma go off This is how we do no wishlists No mistletoe for the Misses No pumpkin pie that's [?] No present under tree, punk ass Christmas

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