

Insane Clown Posse, I Hate Santa Claws

(featuring Anybody Killa)

(Bum)

Change, please? Christmas change.

(ABK)

Happy holidays y'all, give me a gift
Let me sing a little jingle while you drink that fifth (Jingle Bells)
Tell Santa that he better stop frontin'
That cookie eatin' mother f**ker never leavin' nothin'
But this year I swear I won't let it happen
Sleighs, gifts and reindeer we Christmas jackin' (gimme that)
Surround sound, hot chocolate for days
Bumpin' through the neighborhood, actin' like we paid (look what we got)
We had to get him, it was just that time
J and I was fed up, and we wanted to shine (wanted to shine)
But now we got anything you ever wanted
Yeah, he was old but he had a fat wallet (cha-ching)
Only workin' one day a year
With a plush-red suit and a iced-out beard
Slingin' snow in the north pole to a bunch of fiends
Little guys with big ears that make toys for free

Santa Claus, I hate you because (I hate you Santa)
You gave me nothin', now I'm takin' yours (I'll take it)

(Violent J)

Uh, it was cold out, I seen a fat man comin'
I hid behind a chimney
And bust him in the skull with a bottle of Jim Beam
I rolled him off the roof and onto the driveway
And jumped in his sleigh ride and tried to fly away
Rudolph bossed off on me, he wouldn't move
I had to kick him in his ass, outta put him in groove
Take me to the hood, to all the poor little kids
This year, everybody about to get some good shit
We landed on a house, I went for the chimney
But the roof was feeble, I crashed through and smashed through the kitchen table
Daddy came bustin' out the bedroom strapped
Third shot blew off my Santa hat, f**k that
I ran out the back door and I hopped a wall
Steady whistlin' for the reindeer, but they're like f**k off, then took off
I almost caught a slug in the ass, and became a ghost of Christmas past over that shit (over that bu

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(ABK)

Dashing through the snow, smokin' lots of dro
Pullin' chicks with expensive gifts
Just to get that ho ho ho, you know what I mean
Don't get us wrong, we're gonna give to the kids
Super Santa's hookin' up all the little shits (here ya go)
And for the grown-up's, we gettin' to' up
A case of malt liquor, and a sack that makes ya throw up

(Violent J)

Santy Claus wears panty drawers
He never decked my halls, he can lick my balls
I got no chimney, but I left the door unlocked
Nothin' but pine needles and an empty sock
Thanks a lot and f**k off fatass

Why we need coats for kids if you so badass
Only rich boys get big toys from Santa
I waited all night in my pajamas mother f**ker

(ABK)

Take your ass to bed. F**k Santa Claus

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(ABK)

It's Christmas Eve, and if he show
He leavin' with a bullet hole, let him know
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