

# Eminem, Christmas Stan (Parody)

(A lump of coal I'm Wondering why,  
I got out of bed at all.  
I can't believe it's Christmas morning,  
And there's no gift at all.  
I thought that this was supposed to be,  
A day to deck the halls.  
But he forgot again,  
And I'm so mad, I'm so mad.)

Chorus

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Dear Santa,

I wrote but you aint' brought me nuthin',  
I sent you a whole gift list,  
But I still hadn't got none.

I sent to letters back in autumn,  
You must not have got em'.

There probably was a problem with the elf's up there or sumthin'.  
Maybe them midgets didnt know that Christmas was coming.

But anyway, fuck it,

Whats been up man how's your reindeer?

I put cookies on the roof for them to eat when they get here.

You missed my house this time,

That's OK, maybe next year.

Wake my ass up then and we'll have a light beer.

On my list was some things that I want you to bring me.

When you get a chance, please drop em' all down my chimney.

What I asked you for was playstation from Sony,

And Play-dough, and Lego's, and skates and a pony.

That's all I want, and this year I been good.

So please, fill up that sack and swing by my hood,

If you could, Truly yours, youre biggest fan,

This is Stan.

Chorus

Dear Santa,

I can't believe that you forgot me again.

Ain't shit sittin' underneath the tree in my den.

You didn't bring Play-dough or Legos or Sony.

How am I supposed to get to school with no skates or a pony?

I saw you at the mall, singin' about with your choir,

When my friend called you fake, yo I called him a liar.

Now I'd like to grab your neck and set your beard on fire.

You know that song about the grandma who got run over, by the reindeer,  
Who came down and landed right on her.

She got crushed on Christmas eve, now me and grandpa we believe.

That's kind' like this is, you coulda' made me believe too.

Now its too late, I'm about to convert to a Jew.

And all I wanted was a lousy gift under the tree.

But now I'm fucked up, cuz' you forgot me.

I love you Santa, we coulda' been together, think about it.

You ruined it now, I hope you can't sleep and you dream about it.

And when you dream, (Stanley) Mom I'll be down in a minute.

I hope you dream about elfs kicking you in the nuts,

And Frosty the snowman icing you up the but.

(Stanley!) Ok ma'. Santa I'll explain this real simple.

I'm going to see the rabbi, hes waitin' down at the temple.

Even circumcison can't be much worse that what I been through.

So next year at this time, send a filter fish.

Happy Hanukah Saint Dick,  
Cuz' Stan's turning Jewish.  
Chorus  
Ho ho ho, Dear Stan,  
I meant to write you sooner, but this year I been busy.  
Santa Claus feel real bad he didn't come down your chimney.  
Dangit all too, cuz you ain't been naughty, you been nice.  
Guess Santa Claus checked his list once, but forgot to do twice.  
Oh well, that's the way things go at the North Pole.  
Sometimes hard to remember, Santa Claus gettin' old.  
But whats this here about you becomin a Jew?  
And cuttin' on your ding-dong, is that what they do?  
Hold up right there, cuz thats sum crazy ass shit.  
Santa Claus don't let nobody chop on his dick.  
And what the hell you talkin' about us being together?  
That type of thing there, that's for men who wear leather.  
That's gay talk right there, that's H-O-M-O.  
You sendin' this here letter from San Francisco?  
(That's good. San Fran-sisco. That could keep me going right there.)  
But anyways, oh what the hell, ohh yeah.  
Don't be so gay, and about turnin' Jewish,  
Call my lawyer say "Orvet";  
Hang on in one more year, you got a gift comin'.  
Santa Claus gonna' bring you a nice, blonde white woman.  
And if Stan ain't to good, she'll look like Kate Hudson.  
And that Kate Hudson, put her right up on lap,  
And make all kind' sex, on his trouser shorts.(Mmm,Hmm)  
Alright then I gotta go whippin' back on elf.  
Marry Christmas Stan,  
And dont play with yourself. Ho ho ho.