

Insane Clown Posse, Santa's A Fat Bitch

Sleigh bells jingle-ling rin jing jingle-ling
Horses, horses, horses, horses.
Sleigh bells jingle-ling ring jing jingle-ling

[gunshot]

Santa Claus suck my balls
Drunk as hell rinking bells at the malls
Dancer, Prancer, Dixon, and Qupid
I'm a get stupid, ha ha ha, eh
I sat around all night under the chimney
Holdin my sack like "gimme gimme"
I know that he's commin, he's commin he must
Lookin up nuthin but rust, dust.
Turn on my tv the very next day I see your gettin payed
leadin the parade I'm that sniper on the buildin
Listen to my nine go click, Santas a fat bitch

Santa Claus is a fat bitch
(Santa Claus is a fat fat bitch)
Another year and I aint get shit
(Another year I aint get shit)
If I hear him land on my roof
(Ohh my undertaker)
I'm a bust your ass in the too-hoo-hoo-hoo-hooth

Yeah I got somthin to say about St. Nick
Fuck that hoe he never brought jack shit
No toys, candy canes, just a lump of coal,
So I eat it, cuz there ain't nuttin in the cubbards
So I'll be quick, quick and brief
Alls I need for Christmas is my two front teeth
I got my teeth, kicked out my mouth
I need a few new ones could you help me out
Should of known I'd get the short end of the stick
No kinda gift I didn't get shit
Some say I was bad but that wasn't it
It's all because, Santas a fat bitch

Santa Claus is a fat bitch
(Santa fuck you cuz your a hoe)
Another year and I ain't got shit
(Another year I ain't get shit)
If I hear him land on my roof
I'm a bust your ass in the too-hoo-hoo-hoo-hooth

"Oh-ho-ho don't go that way Roudolf thats the ghettoo.
Ho-ho, those boys and girls don't deserve anything."
[Background:] Slaybells ringling jing jing jingle-ling
horses, horses, horses, horses

Santa Claus, Santa Claus where you been?
I see you got cookies and milk on your chin
I guess you had time to collect your ends
You always been down for your rich friend
But Roudolf, he don't bring his sleigh my way
Nuthin but dirt and coal for little J
I guess you couldn't fit down my chimney shaft
You need to loose some of that fat ass, eh
All the little rich boys they gettin payed
Countin the toys and duckets they made
Me? I got a little half little chunk of dog shit
I'm a kill that fat bitch

Santa Claus is a fat bitch
(He ate too much McDonalds)
Another year and I aint get shit
(Mrs. Claus is a ho)
If I hear him land on my roof
(Slice that bitch in the big red coat)
I'm a bust your ass in the too-hoo-hoo-hoo-hooth

For the neighborhood Christmas and everythings whack
Not a creature sturrin but a fuckin rat
I aint hearin jingle bells I aint hearin nuttin
Aint smellin no turkey sure as hell aint no stuffin
All that I payed, wished and prayed
That fat mutha fucka would swing my way
Drop off soldiers and rubber ballz
But I woke up and found some crusty old drawers
Just as I knew it shaft again, and again, and again, and again
Every year I wake up to the same old shit....house
There be no sign of the fat bitch

Santa Claus is a fat bitch
(Santa Claus is a fat bitch)
Another year and I aint get shit
(Another year I aint get shit)
If I hear him land on my roof
(If I hear him land on my roof)
I'm a bust your ass in the too-hoo-hoo-hoo-hooth

Santa Claus is a fat bitch
(Santa Claus is a fat bitch)
Another year and I aint get shit
(I aint ge-et shi-it)
If I hear him land on my roof
(Ro-hoo-hoo-hoo-hoof)
I'm a bust your ass in the too-hoo-hoo-hoo-hooth

[record scratching]
"He's got a fuzzy white beard and a great big smile,
A bright red hat you can see for a mile,
A bag full of goodies and a great big grin,
Here comes Santa Claus again."