RUN-DMC, Santa Baby

Verse 1: Run

It was December 24 on Hollis after the dark
My man Santa saw a rabbi and gave the strangest remark
He said that giving was his living and I had to take part
So I grabbed a bag of goodies and I hopped up on his cart
I laced the pockets of the poor and gave the hoodie a play
Dropped some dollars up on Hollis and I went on my way
I hear your jingle Mr. Kringle peep the single, my man
so Santa hit a brotha off and come as quick as you can!

[chorus]
Santa Baby
Just slip a Benzo under the tree for me
A '98 convertible, light blue
I'm looking for a fly guy, like you
So hurry down the chimney tonight...

Verse 3: Ma$e

Now all Mase know
When its eight twenty-four
He be looking at the door for the ho ho ho
Cause I know
When theres a christmas uptown
Ain't no chimney for santa to come down

Verse 4: Puffy Daddy

Now to me, PD I had alot
Appreciated everything that I got
Though I used to take my pops
Who aint caught me shaking the box
Cause I knew I couldn't wait till it turned 12 o'clock

Verse 5: Snoop Doggy Dogg

Cookies and Milk
Satin and Silk
I'm chillin in the living room, wrapped in a quilt
I'm waiting on this fat Red Suit wearing-comparing
My gifts to my homeboy next door to me
A gift here, none there, but who cares
My little sister needs a comb just to braid her nappy hair
Bbut here we go again waiting on the enemy
To slide down the chimney
Look here, that ain't reality

[chorus]
Santa Baby
Just slip a Benzo under the tree for me
A '98 convertible, light blue
I'm looking for a fly guy, like you
So hurry down the chimney tonight...

Verse 6: Salt & Pepa

Santa Baby, are you really real?
Chris Kringle
Let me see you make my pockets jingle (ching ching)
We need some jobs in the ghetto
Too much gangbanging where kids are playin
I hear the church bells ringing
On christmas eve

I believe
Jesus-calling me
Forget the gifts and the shopping lists
And the new kicks
Your just falling for tricks
(you better praise him)

[chorus]
Santa Baby
Just slip a Benzo under the tree for me
A '98 convertible, light blue
I'm looking for a fly guy, like you
So hurry down the chimney tonight...

Verse 7: Fredro Starr

It's the gritty-the grimy
The low down, the shifty
Yo Sticky, christmas time in the city
Late night, stars are bright
We gettin rocked!
With the 50 St. Nicholas
Start rippin this

Verse 8: Sticky Fingaz

Its the Grinch who stole christmas
Climbin down ya chimney
Kids open up they gifts
They all gonna be empty
Just like mine was
I hate to say it
But if I wasnt a boy I wouldnt have had nuthin to play wit!

Verse 9: Keith Murray

On December 25th I knew I wasn't getting jack
when I saw Santa Claus on the corner buying crack
I ran up on him with the (blur) and asked him "yo whats up with that?"
He said "there aint no christmas kid" and I can't get him back
Back in the days, Christmas was deep
My moms put presents under the tree while I played sleep
And peeped ha! Santa Claus never gave me nuthin
Seen them mad faces, lying and frontin
So do some good to the ghetto, Mr. Chris Kringle
Come and stay awhile, kick it with God's Angel
Take and acknowledge my wisdom and understand
That Santa Claus is a black man
word up
[chorus 2 times]
Santa Baby
Just slip a Benzo under the tree for me
A '98 convertible, light blue
I'm looking for a fly guy, like you
So hurry down the chimney tonight...