

Puff Daddy P Diddy

"Santa Baby"

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Run f/ Mase, Puff Daddy, Salt & Pepa, Onyx, and Keith Murray

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

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