

Eminem**"Stan Writes Santa Parody"**

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Chorus It will soon be Christmas Day
They're going out to sleigh
He'll come slide right down my chimney
To give some gum an' treats
I've got silvers bells, and Santa's elves
It's my favorite holiday
They remind me that it's Christmas time
It's Christmas time€!

Dear Santa.
How's it going? Yo it's Stan. What's up?
I wanted to send you my letter earlier
You know, to beat the Christmas rush.
I know we already spoke when I saw you at the mall
But I thought you might forget
So just bring me what I wrote on this list,
And we'll be all set.
First off, I want a Sony Playstation 2
And a bunch of games, I don't care which ones
I'll leave that up to you.
I want that Teenage Dirtbag CD by Weathus
Some health figure jeans and a new par Adidas.
Bring me a TV and a home computer.
A fat leather jacket and a racer scooter
I don't want no books I don't want no socks
I don't want none of that stuff.
I trust you Santa I know you'll hook a brother up.
Hey and listen: after delivering all those gifts
I think you're ready to party
So instead of cookies and milk
I'ma hook you up with a party
Well, I know you got a lot to do and a lot to plan
So just beep me if you got any questions.
Yo I'm out. This is Stan.

Chorus

Dear Fat Man.
You didn't bring me nothing I asked you to!
I guess this is all some kind of sick joke to you.
Does messing with me bring you some kind of joy?

I asked you for a Playstation 2
You brang me a gameboy!
And what's up with this chemistry set that wasn't on the
list g.
And what in the world makes you think I'd want Britney
Spears CD?
I think you've been in the cold to long it must have
froze your brain.
I specifically said no socks, I got 14 pairs, are you
insane?
And where's my racer scooter, did you leave that on
the shelf?
Jeeze Louise Santa. Do I have to do everything myself?
You better bring me my stuff by New Year
Or next year I won't leave you none of my daddy's beer.
Do we understand each other Santa?
Good, that's what I thought.
P. S. Tell Mrs. Claus, I think she hot.

Dear Stan.
Don't threaten me you snot-nosed little punk.
There's a very good reason I left you all that whacked
junk.
I make two lists each year to separate everybody
I got one list for the nice and one list for the naughty.
In February this year you stole some cash from your
mother
In March you beat the crap out of your poor little
brother.
In April you skipped 3 days of school
And in May you started smoking 'cause you thought it
was cool.
In June you stole a bicycle with no hesitation.
July and August, hmmm! you where ok.
What, you take a vacation?
September my goodness, you made quite an
impression.
Burglary, assault, misdemeanor possession.
So you see you little scumbag, there's a reason you got
this.
You were at the very top on my naughty boys list.
So complain all you want about your lame Christmas
gifts.
You got what you deserved.
P.S. Thanks for the Schlitz. *burp

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