

## **Icp (Insane Clown Posse) "Red Christmas"**

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Jiggle my mutha fucken balls bitch.  
Insane Clown Posse back in this mutha fucka  
Hey yo Violent J, what's up?

It's Christmas, time for a slaughter  
Maybe your wife, maybe your daughter  
It's midnight, I land my sleigh  
Make way for jolly St. J  
Climb down the chimney, for the murder  
Dressed as the fat man everyones heard of  
Shimy down, shimy down, what the fuck?  
Somebody help me, I'm stuck  
Now what to do? I feel whack  
I got stuck in a chimney stack  
But I hack, and shimmer on down  
Santa Claus Clown  
Can't fuck around, now  
Livingroom, shhh, I creep  
Tippy toes cuz they asleep  
I pulled out the axe and slid down the hall  
I got a gift for all of ya'll  
What's that? I better hide quick  
Oh fuck, it's the real St. Nick  
And he musta been taken a shit  
But regardless, I better move quick, now  
So I jumped him, Santa's no joke  
Fucked around got my damn neck broke  
He strap, he shot, he didn't miss  
[Gunshots and ho ho ho]  
I had a red christmas

"I'm dreaming of a dead Christmas,  
The kind you'll never have again  
Cuz if you have a dead Christmas,  
That means your dead and that's the end"

Merry, merry Christmas you fuckin chump,  
Seasons greetings loser, yo 2 Dope kick it!  
Jack Frost nibbles, he but fuck that  
I aint got a home so he nibbles on my nutsack  
And my buttcrack, toes, and elbows  
My nutz is froze, fuck you hoes

So I made a friend like me, a snow man  
He was down with the clown like a blow man  
Had a hat and eyes outta charcoal  
And a pipe, we fill it with indow  
Me and him sang songs in the snowflakes  
He ate snowballs, I ate cornflakes  
And we both would freeze are ballz off  
I was there every time his head fallz off  
I put it back on for him with a smile  
He was my boy, made from a snow pile  
Then the storm came, a blizzard  
Snow, wind, ice, a blizzard  
We pulled through we hid in an alley  
The next day it was like sunny valley  
He was meltin I was just fine  
He got pissed and pulled out a nine

"If I'm gonna die you should come with me  
Cuz we boyz" [gunshot] It hit me  
Damn I'm dying, I'm dead he got his wish  
And all I got was another red christmas

"Sighlent night, violent fight  
Now I'm dead, one to the head  
Christmas this year seemed so whack"

Happy New Year bitch boy  
Hey, I got a New Years resolution  
For your chicken ass mutha  
To kiss my mutha fucken ass, Woo!

Jingle Bellz, Jingle Bellz  
Jingle all the way  
Ask your fucken mom bitch,  
The ICP don't play, hey  
Wicked Clown, Wicked Clown  
Bitches drop your drawers  
Don't talk back just suck my sack  
And fiddle with my ballz

Yeah, ICP, Southwest for life,  
Christmas time you know what I'm sayin,  
Mr. Chris Cringle, you fat bitch,  
Mutha fucka never gave me shit,  
I'm a slap your across your  
Red ass face mutha fucka, uh  
Southwest down

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