

Insane Clown Posse "Santa's A Fat Bitch"

Visit "[Santa's A Fat Bitch](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Slay bells jingle-lin', ring jin' jingle-lin'
Horses, horses, horses, horses
Slay bells jingle-lin' ring jin' jingle-lin'

Santa Claus suck my balls drunk as hell
Ringin' bells at the malls Dancer Prancer
Nixon and Cupid
I'ma 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 comin', he's comin'
He must lookin' up nothin' but rust, dust

Turn on my TV the very next day
I see your gettin' paid leadin the parade
I'm that sniper on the buildin'
Listen to my nine go click
Santa's a fat bitch

Santa Claus is a fat bitch
(Santa Claus is a fat, fat, fat bitch)
Another year and I ain't get shit
(Another year I ain't 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 somethin' 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 cupboard

So I'll be quick, quick and brief
All I need for Christmas is my two front teeth
I got my teeth, kicked out my mouth
I need a few numbers could you help me out

Should of known I guessed I'd show not a steak
No kinda gift I didn't get shit
Some say I was bad
But that wasn't it it's all because

Santa's 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
(Let's just get his autograph)
I'm a bust your ass in the too-hoo-hoo-hoo-hooth

"Oh-ho-ho don't go that way
Rudolf that's the ghetto ho-ho those
Boys and girls don't deserve anything"

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 friends

But Rudolf, he don't bring' his slay my way
Nothin' 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 bays they gettin' paid
Countin' the toys and ducats 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 McDonald's)
Another year and I ain't get shit
(Mrs.Claus is a hoe)
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 everything's whack
Not a creature stirrin' but a fuckin' rat
I ain't hearin' jingle bells I ain't hearin' nuttin'
Aint smellin' no turkey sure as hell ain't no stuffin'

All that I paid wished and prayed
That fat mutha fucka would swin' my way
Drop off soldiers and rubber balls
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 ain't get shit
(Another year I ain't 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 ain't get shit
(I ain't 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

"He's got a fuzzy whit 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
Hear comes Santa Claus again"

Visit [Insane Clown Posse](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.