

## **Run-d.m.c. "Santa Baby"**

Visit "[Santa Baby](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

### 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 gangbangin 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

Visit [Run-d.m.c.](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.