

Deep Blue Something

"Santa Claus Goes Straight to the Ghetto"

Visit "[Santa Claus Goes Straight to the Ghetto](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

() = Santa voice

[] = Squeaky kid voice

Intro: Bad A\$\$

Is that the black Santa Claus? (Ho ho ho! Merry Christmas!)

I want a Super Nintendo ... yeah, Sega Genesis, yeah, Street Fighter 2, all these games...

[Mommy! Is that the black Santa Claus?

That is the black Santa Claus! Mommee! Mommee! Mommee!]

Verse 1: Dat Nigga Daz

It's 12.30 AM, Christmas Eve

I'm out with the gangstas and thieves

Celebratin', postin' up with eggnog [head up up] in my cup

[Put Rudolph and Moses] lil' bang-bangin' and coastin'

Down the block but be careful for the heart, because it's posted'

Some stay to this day that Christmas ain't nothing but another day

But, out of respect, I gotta give the Lord his day

Tell me, tell me, where do the homies and bums got to sleep? {Nowhere}

Where do hungry and the needy-greedy's got to eat?

{But who cares?}

Life is so crucial and cold, [it's worse] for the children

In this world they hopes and dreams can't afford

The young and old churches and spiritual dreams, seasonal things

Heard throughout the ghetto reaches gangstas and dope-fiends, huh

'Cause those who ain't able get it now can finally get it

'Cause the ghetto Santa Claus has sprinkled the hood and now we ballin'

Livin' to a new year of better thangs

Celebrate it with some Champagne, ha ha, check it ...

Chorus: Nate Dogg

Santa Claus ... is coming straight to the ghetto ...

Bridge: Snoop Doggy Dogg

Now on the first day of Christmas, my homeboy gave to me

A sack of the crazy glue and told me to smoke it up slowly

Now on the second day of Christmas, my homeboy gave to me

A fifth of Hendog and told me to take my mind off that weed

Now by the third day of Christmas, my big homeboy gave to me

A whole lot of everything, and it wasn't nuthin' but game to me

Verse 2: Bad A\$\$

Back then, you woke up to the sound of "I Saw Mama Kissing Santa"

Made you remenisce on the old fashion Christmas days

Gifts, miss a fat man jolly with joy

Down ya chimney with toys for lil' girls and boys

Pumped up, I jumped up before the sun peeped in

And hoped to catch a Santa Claus creepin' down my hall

Ran to the window, put my eyes to the sky

To see if I could see the sleigh that parlayed and pushed a fat guy

I sigh, ain't no sign, but everything under this tree in my house is mine

My bike, that, and this plastic nine'll do fine till next year come

I try to see the same thing, they got us brain washed dumb

And when you find, it ain't no Santa, Christmas still mean a lot

'Cause it's the time to get together and give all you got

You got food, good moods, and what's better than together with your people

When wishers give a toast by the tree, it's Merry Christmas

Chorus

Verse 3: Snoop Doggy Dogg (starts during chorus)

(Don't get too close because you might get shot ...

Welcome to the ghetto ...)

Santa Claus on the ceiling, Jack Frost chillin'

Pinch the Grinch for being a holiday villain

Season's greetings, all the proceedings

Are brought to you by the church house where we'll be eatin'

Chestnuts roastin' on an open fire
Singin' my jingle, where is Kris Kringle
I didn't pop, I ain't even shouted
I even stayed in the house, where the homies tried to
sneak me out
And all I want for Christmas is my 6-4 Chevrolet
And a granddaughter for her grandmother Beverly
Ain't that somethin'? Nah, ain't that nothin'
How it's Christmas time and my rhyme's steady
bumpin'
Everybody happy, hair still nappy
Gonna steal a gift for my old grandpappy
Catch me giving out turkeys at the church-house
Don't try to work me, just stand in the line and
everything gon' be fine
Holla at ya folks, boy, it's goin' down
Ain't no help from no elves, just Tha Dogg Pound
And we passin' out gifts, blazin' up spliffs
Christmas on the Row, can you dig it? {can you dig it}

Chorus

Verse 4: Tray Deee

Christmas Eve, by the leaves, every 6 with the year
Girls and boys full off joy with the season cheer
Smell the sky, hella pies and cakes gettin' baked
To be ate after everything gone off your plate
But wait, not tonight it's straight beans and rice
On the table, are we able to proceed tonight?
I wonder what the morn's bringin' so it's hard to doze
off
Three 'o clock in my socks I crack the dope song
Hopin' when I open the door I'll see Santa
Now who the hell is this in this blue bandana
Messin' with the boxes that's up under the three
Look like Santa Claus been crossed to a woman to me
Now I'm comin' to see, the whole picture gettin' clearer
How we have messed; I says best get nearer
Mirror, mirror, please, it's seemed I've be deceived
And thank the same trick for the gifts I receive
So I creep back, and act like I ain't even peeped it
This'll be me and Mom's private secret

Chorus till fade

Visit [Deep Blue Something](#) page on [MotoLyrics.com](#), to get more lyrics and videos.