Mc Chris "Fucking Up My Christmas"

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Ladies that are fat ladies that are skinny Ladies that are all night on my jimmy Ladies that won't charge me a buck fiddy Just wanna get with me cuz I'm so pretty Bitties who wanna bite off a lil sumpn Best part's the top like a drew barry muffin Bittie's that wanna turn on their love oven And cook up a caserole of stove top stuffin Don't stop the suckin cuz you're filled with my gumption take care of my beaker cuz I'm honeydew bunsen Got ya jonesin for my potion, got my finger on the button

That's why mc be struttin Wish I could erase this erection Honey's comin at me from every direction Lookin for the love connection Stinky, sweaty, sexin without protection So line up the contestants I'll open their drawers like the kid in the sixth sense I won't persist this distance, gotta get up in this She fuckin up my christmas

chorus

Fuckin up my christmas is a new way of saying fuckin up my shit This is not so much a holliday oriented song

As it is an exclamation of dismay at the sight of a beautiful woman

She fuckin up my christmas biznitch Catchin glimpses in tiny tid bits I was fine till you was in my bizness With you're volleyball booty and you're frilly pink tits Yo what up wit dis, it mc chris "M" in my name stand for monolith No that's not a lisp, you're a finalist Here's a sash for that ass it says dominance now, here's my hotel key and some common sense get up to my suite or you're incompetent do you wanna be a winner or the opposite? So lick them lips, drop them shits And step on it.

chorus

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