

## Twisted Tower Dire

### "A Very Twiztid Christmas"

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(Featuring Blaze, Big Stank & Lil Poot)

Alright, so let me get this right, you say it's a  
motherfucker who come to your house...  
To your mutha fucking house  
And he don't be trying to rob you?  
Naw hell no, that's Santa Dawg, you ain't ever heard of  
Santa?  
Nuh uh  
Santa Claus, Saint Nick?  
Nah  
Kris Kringle?  
Man nah!  
You ain't ever heard of Kris Kringle?  
Man Hell nah!  
Look (What?), he come down the chimney in some  
spots, but some people they ain't got no  
Chimney, so he just come in tha back door, he may  
have to kick it in though, depending  
On what hood he in, cause some people be bolting they  
shit  
Who?  
You know like Kwee-Kwee and them down there on west  
7 mile, you know be slingin' the herb  
Fool, I know who that is, who you talking about kicking  
in some DOORS?  
Santa, SANTA CLAUS!... Ho Ho Ho everybody's Jolly  
Oh, you mean the motherfucker who be ringing the bell  
down in front of Churches' Chicken  
Something like him, except he come and he be  
bringing gifts, it's like a religious thing  
Or something  
Man, you acting like a sucker believing in that  
Fishtishish Bullshit!  
Man, I don't even like fish! so, LOOK!  
WHAT?  
He's looking at his list  
Right  
He's checking it twice  
Right, Right  
And he gonna know who's naughty or nice

Man, hell nah, so what you saying, this motherfucker  
work for the FBI? he got a list,  
What kind of list?  
I mean, it's kinda like that, it ain't really a list like that, I  
mean it's Christmas list,  
You know gifts and stuff... remember when you was  
wanting that Space Invaders  
For the 5200 back in '86? (yea), and didn't nobody got  
it for you? (uh huh), cause you  
Wasn't right, Santa was like Fuck that, I ain't bringing  
him shit, I'mah gonna bring my  
Homie Lil Poot erythang.  
Well fuck SANTA, and fuck you  
Man fuck you man, you don't be dissing no Santa  
Claus, dawg  
Man I don't be believing in that shit, that shit ain't even  
real, man you acting like a  
Little sucker believing in some old Santa Claus shit  
Man, SANTA for life fool  
\*Does anybody wanna rock-n-roll man  
\*oh come all ye faithful joyful and triumph. Oh Come ye  
oh come y'all to bethlehem  
\*have you been a good boy this year? if not I'm gonna  
split your fucking head!"  
With so much Drama in the D-E-T  
It's kinda hard putting trimin's on my Christmas Tree  
But, I some how, some way  
Keep coming up with fresh ass tinsel just a drizzle on  
the way  
May I, wrap another gift, so that I, can sneak up in your  
house in the bedroom  
Everybody tripping, roasting chestnuts, waiting on  
Santa to come  
I got Blaze in the living room drinking Egg-Nog  
Jamie's in the kitchen and he pulling the bomb  
I got Little Eric Koder dressed up like a Elf  
And, all he keep saying is "go fuck yourself"  
So, turn off the lights and close the doors  
Man for what? Santa Claus Hoe  
And, we gonna blow ounce with him  
G's up, hoes down, I got Santa Claus high as shit  
Chorus:  
Sitting by the tree sipping Egg-Nog.  
Waiting on Christmas gifts... Egg-Nog.  
With my Mind on my presents  
And my presents on my mind  
Sitting by the tree sipping Egg-Nog  
Waiting on Christmas gifts... Egg-Nog  
With my mind on my presents  
And my presents on my mind  
Mixing Egg-Nog and Gin

Everybody got their cups but they ain't chipped in  
Well I called up Blaze told him, Cope a dime  
He said him and Anybody coming through at nine  
See everything is fine, cause I'm feeling all  
Christmassy  
And I'm standing right next to the Christmas tree  
Seeing the blinking lights made me sick  
But I always decorate every year for Saint Nick  
So, there ain't no chance he gonna pass me up  
Got some Cocoa in a cup and some Hydro in a blunt  
That I am gonna smoke with Santa Claus  
Get him all shit-faced till the break of dawn  
And, watch him fly off in the night  
Hey thanks for the presents, I hope you make it home  
alright  
Before he left he said "Hey, Listen Bro"  
"Your the first stop I made, I gotta billion more to go".  
\*Chorus\*  
Later on Christmas Day  
My homie Violent J  
Came through with a gift for me  
And a dope ass fruit cake "aight dawg",  
With a phat ass joint with the blue cots  
That make ya choke, with some bud, ain't no joke  
Had to take a step back, sit my Egg-Nog down,  
knocking Rum and cot  
I'm fucked up now, but ain't no body clap, the presents  
are wrapped  
Shaggy's style through with a 40 in a sac "roll it up"  
Smoke with Santa, break with the elves  
They supposed to stop by at a half past twelve  
\*Chorus\*  
Shit If I would of known we was getting shit for free  
I'd 'ave pulled my dick out!

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