

Icp "Red Christmas"

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Jiggle my mutha fucken balls bitch.
Insane Clown Posse back in this mutha fucka
Hey yo Violent J, whats up?

It's Christmas, time for a slaughter
Maybe your wife, maybe your daughter
It's midnight, I land my sleigh
Make way for jolly St. J
Climb down the chimney, for the murder
Dressed as the fat man everyones heard of
Shimy down, shimy down, what the fuck?
Somebody help me, I'm stuck
Now what to do? I feel whack
I got stuck in a chimney stack
But I hack, and shimmer on down
Santa Claus Clown
Can't fuck around, now
Livingroom, shhh, I creep
Tippy toes cuz they asleep
I pulled out the axe and slid down the hall
I got a gift for all of ya'll
Whats that? I better hide quick
Oh fuck, it's the real St. Nick
And he musta been taken a shit
But regardless, I better move quick, now
So I jumped him, Santa's no joke
Fucked around got my damn neck broke
He strap, he shot, he didn't miss
[Gunshots and ho ho ho]
I had a red christmas

"I'm dreaming of a dead Christmas,
The kind you'll never have again
Cuz if you have a dead Christmas,
That means your dead and thats the end"

Merry, merry Christmas you fuckin chump,
Seasons greetings loser, yo 2 Dope kick it!
Jack Frost nibbles, he but fuck that
I aint got a home so he nibbles on my nutsack
And my buttcrack, toes, and elbows
My nutz is froze, fuck you hoes

So I made a friend like me, a snow man
He was down with the clown like a blow man
Had a hat and eyes outta charcoal
And a pipe, we fill it with indow
Me and him sang songs in the snowflakes
He ate snowballs, I ate cornflakes
And we both would freeze are ballz off
I was there every time his head fallz off
I put it back on for him with a smile
He was my boy, made from a snow pile
Then the storm came, a blizzard
Snow, wind, ice, a blizzard
We pulled through we hid in an alley
The next day it was like sunny valley
He was meltin I was just fine
He got pissed and pulled out a nine

"If I'm gonna die you should come with me
Cuz we boyz" *[gunshot]* It hit me
Damn I'm dying, I'm dead he got his wish
And all I got was another red christmas

"Sighlent night, violent fight
Now I'm dead, one to the head
Christmas this year seemed so whack"

Happy New Year bitch boy
Hey, I got a New Years resolution
For your chicken ass mutha
To kiss my mutha fucken ass, Woo!

Jingle Bellz, Jingle Bellz
Jingle all the way
Ask your fucken mom bitch,
The ICP don't play, hey
Wicked Clown, Wicked Clown
Bitches drop your drawers
Don't talk back just suck my sack
And fiddle with my ballz

Yeah, ICP, Southwest for life,
Christmas time you know what I'm sayin,
Mr. Chris Cringle, you fat bitch,
Mutha fucka never gave me shit,
I'm a slap your across your
Red ass face mutha fucka, uh
Southwest down

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