

Rare Earth

"Jack Frost"

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Chorus:

(4x) Jack Frost nipping at your nose
(sample of Nat King Cole)

I'm sporting tripped down rain gear.
Dumping on flying rain deer
And that overweight queer with the red and white
sleeping apparel.
Sliding down the chimneys, but staring down this
double barrel.
I'm putting Santa on alphabet-i-cal med-i-cal.
It's survival of the fittest, as the milineum approaches.
By then the only existing life on Earth is real niggaz
and roaches.
But see,
I'm colder than nuclear winters, so concoct the con-
tender.
I'm make a nigga change agenda.
Change gender. Change men ta
Feminine. Women in masculine genetalia.
Seasons beatings æt^il the next Saturnalia.
Ain't no competing. Defeating all persons in
paraphenalia.
Compel me to inhale the aroma.
"I smell.. I smell.. I smell PUSSY!!!"
My nigga could use some heart like a fucking organ
donor.
And conflict? Whenever you plan it, I'm a split it like the
equator.
My Sanskrit box n' liquid nitrogen strike the mics colder
than polar.
I'm like "Wonder Twins Activate!": pimp in the form of
icy boulder.
Missed assist sister. Fool, I'll make your scrotum blister.
Fool, if you ready to be the man then I'm a hit ya
Like Baul Mixler: the ideal.
I'm the rhyiming Simon Phoenix with that "murder,
death, kill."
You got me all fucked up. I'm the abominable flow-man.
Kiss ya ass goodbye. Your record deal was standing
under missile toe.

And!! I'm Mandingo. My cultural experiences doesn't
include Kris
Kringle.
Celebrating Satanâ€©o, sorry: Santa.
It continues to be a mind boggler
When black people be picking shit off the ground
And eating it like a toddler.
I shoot the gift like Kwanzaa.
That holiday is pagan. 626 like Mazda
And a billion bucks of fuck
That's bringing up the slack in the gross national
product.
I guaduct. My mind avalanches expressions
And from papas erection and mama'sC-section.
Before nore plant contraception conception.
The only exception was the emaculate deception.
Cause contrary to what my bereaved mother believes,
Jesus was concieved by a mitochondria weave.
I leave gagreen when I slang these below zero,
So niggaz better bring more "Heat" than Al Pacino and
Robert De Niro.

Chorus:
Jack Frost nipping at your nose
(sample of Nat King Cole)

Gollllden State Waaaarriioooors, come out to
pllllaayyyyyyyy!

Ha haaaaa! Yo. Yes, Yes, Yes.

This goes out, you know, to the West Coast,
All my niggaz on the East Coast,
All my niggaz down South, you know what I'm saying.
All them phat Dj's,

All the heads, and all them bitch ass niggaz, you know
what I'm saying.

(DJ Rhethmatic Scratching Nas sample from "It Ain't
Hard to Tell)
"I'll leave them froze like heroine in ya nose"

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