

Men Of Vision

"Santa Killaz"

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"Hey, it's Christmas. It's Christmas in Detroit, we got a special Christmas treat. We got Mike Clark on this shit, he's gonna rap. And we got Fink from the eastside. Oh, and we also got 2 Dope."

It's the holiday season, snow on the ground
Candy canes, cookies sprinkle the town
Everyone's jolly, happy, and merry
The dead sing carols in the cemetery
I went up to the mall to meet the Santa Claus
"Why you wanna meet the Santa Claus?"
Just because he's a star and I wanna get his autograph
"Did you meet the fat bastard?"
You don't know the half
So I'm waitin in the line with my pad and pen
I finally got up to the bitch and he had a grin
He said that he watches me and I'm a disgrace
So I reach for the nine and shot him in his spine
All the kiddies runnin, screamin and cryin
Santa ain't breathin, I think that he's dyin
He's tryin to move so I boot him in his grin
Ahh, bitch should've known about the Santa Claus killa

Chorus:

Santa Claus I'm comin, I'm comin, I'm comin
The Santa Claus Killaz
(4x)

I'm a Santa Claus killa
Bitch what the fuck you know about
You knowin nothin
So fuck turkey and stuffin
I drink a straight forty
Fuck that shitty egg nog
Cause I'm a wicked clown straight up freak dog
I gets paid, I'm pickin up the G shit
And Santa Claus ain't never brought me shit
The fat slop doesn't buy my bread and milk
So don't come around bitch and get your cap peeled

I'm Mike Clark
I'm dripping through Clark Park
In a 1981 Sky Lark
And it's dusted, dented and rusted
Don't look or get your lips busted
Santa Claus won't bring me a BM
So I'm gonna choke that bitch when I see him
MC Detroit Big Wheeler
But on Christmas Eve I'm a Santa Claus killa

"Oh, I'm so lonely around christmas, I miss Santa
Claus.
He won't come to my house, I wonder if he's scared.
But that's okay, because if he won't come to me, I'll
come to him.
Santa I'm coming to see you. Merry Christmas."

It's Christmas Eve
Another time to deceive
I got another trick up my sleeve
He won't leave
I just wait tic-toc-ticky
Somebody told me fuck Saint Nickie
Nick, prick north pole hick
Bitch ass sap, what the fuck is that?
Sounds like Rudolph and the whole click
It's time for some down with the clown G shit
I hear the fat bitch in the chimney
Spark up the matches
Fire catches
And I burn that MOTHAFUCKA UP
"Ho, ho.. wha.. wha.. what the fuck!"
Cook his ass with a crackling sound
Watch as the ash comes drifting down
I smoke them bones and I get much illa
The eastside G
The Santa Claus killa

Chorus

One last minute, I gets deadly
Sit back children, check the medley
It's cold out, I could give a fuck less
Cause I'm waitin on a bitch in a red dress
A fat bitch with a big white beard
Strapped with a big lead pipe I'm geared
I hear bells, jing-a-ling-ding, jing-ting-ling-ding-a-ling
That's the sound, the dead man hear
The dead man hear when death is near
I take my pipe and say fuck it
Whip and lug it

Straight to the nugget
Out cold in a flash, a dash
Then I pushed his ass off the ROOF and straight jacked
the sleigh
The ghetto's payday from the Santa Claus killa

Chorus

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