

Twiztid "A Very Twiztid Christmas"

Visit "[A Very Twiztid Christmas](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

(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 muthafucking house
And he ain't be trying to rob you?
Ah 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 dooor, he may
have to kick it in though, depending
it 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, swinginh 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 that, except he come and he be
bringing gifts, it's like 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 its Christmas list,
you know like gifts and stuff... remember when you was
and you wanting Space Invaders
for the 5200 back in '86? (yea), and then 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
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
*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 nizzle just to 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 Loder dressed up like a Elf
And, all they 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 chiped in
Well I called up Blaze told him, time for 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 billon 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 choke

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 would have pulled my dick out!

Visit [Twiztid](#) page on [MotoLyrics.com](#), to get more lyrics and videos.