

# Red Christmas

## Icp (insane Clown Posse)

Jiggle my mutha fucken balls, bitch  
Insane Clown Posse is back in this mutha fucka  
Hey yo, Violent J, whats up?  
It's Christmas, time for a sadah, 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 everyone's heard of , shimmy down  
Shimmy 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 living room, I creep, tiptoes  
'Cuz they asleep, I pulled out the axle and slid down the hall  
I got a gift for all of y'all  
What's that, I better hide quick, oh fuck, it's the real St.Nick  
And he must've 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, 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 you're dead  
And that's the end"  
Have a merry Christmas you fuckin' chump  
Seasons greatings loser, yo 2 Dope kick it  
Jack Frost nibbles, ha, but fuck that I ain't got a home  
So he nibbles on my nut sack and my butt crack, 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 endow  
Me and him sang songs in the snowflakes, he ate snowballs  
I ate cornflakes and we both would freeze our 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 melting and 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

It hit me, damn I'm dying, I'm dead he got his wish  
And all I got was another red Christmas  
Silent 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  
Jingle bellz, jingle bellz, jingle all the way  
Pass your fucken mom up if the ICP don't play  
Hey, Wicked Clowns, Wicked Clowns  
Bitches, drop your drawers  
Don't talk back just suck my sack and fiddle with my ballz  
Yeah, ICP, Southwest forthe life, Christmas time  
Know what I'm sayin' Mr.Chris Cringle, you fat bitch  
Mutha fucka never came, shit, I'm a slap your across  
Your red ass face mutha fucka, Southwest down

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