

Ho Ho Ho

Medicated MotherFuckers

Ho, ho, ho
Get offa the street it's chilly outside
And it's starting to snow, snow, snow
Baby, listen to me It was late in December
And she was walkin' her beat
She could not remember
When she'd been off of her feet Snowflakes were fallin'
As she spotted her date for Christmas Eve
She had to move quickly
'Cause snow was meltin' all up in her brand new weave Up in the night sky
She heard the jingle bells ring
He swooped down with his reindeer
Saw her doin' her thangity, thangity thing He parked on the rooftop
Of the steamy old hatchback Chevrolet
He knew he could help her
He popped an Altoid and hopped out of his sleigh
And he said Ho, ho, ho
Get offa the street it's chilly outside
And it's starting to snow, snow, snow
Listen to me It's 20 below, low, low
You don't need another nasty old Johnny
Payin' for the poonani, baby
No, no, no, why can't you see? She said, "Damn you got some fresh breath, dude
And I like your friggin ride
But you gonna have to wait your turn
I gotta customer inside" He said "You ain't got to do this, baby
Come away with me tonight
I'll give you a job at my place
Ho in on the holiday ain't right"
And he said Ho, ho, ho
Get offa the street it's chilly outside
And it's starting to snow, snow, snow
Baby, listen to me It's 20 below, low, low
You don't need another nasty old Johnny
Payin' for the poonani, baby
No, no, no, why can't you see? Maybe it was his tone of voice
That persuaded her to leave
Maybe she knew she had better things
She could be doin' on Christmas Eve Maybe it was the girl inside

Rememberin' dreams she'd planned
Maybe it was the 100 dollars
That he slipped into her handShe got into his sleigh that night
And he showed her the North Pole
She got a job takin' care of the elves
Head of population control
Since she knows nice from naughty
She helps Santa make his listShe loves it there, Santa loves her too
But Mrs. Claus is frikin' pissedHo, ho, ho
Get offa the street it's chilly outside
And it's startin' to snow, snow, snow
Baby, listen to meIt's 20 below, low, low
You don't need another nasty old Johnny
Payin' for the poonani, baby
No, no, no, why can't you see?Ho, ho, ho

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