

Fuckin' Up My Christmas

Mc Chris

Ladies that are fat ladies that are skinny
Ladies that are all night on my jimmy
Ladies that won't charge me a buck fiddy
Just wanna get with me 'cause I'm so pretty
Bitties who wanna bite off a lil sumpn
Best part's the top like a drew barry muffin
Bittie's that wanna turn on their love oven
And cook up a caserole of stove top stuffin
Don't stop the suckin 'cause you're filled with my gumption
take care of my beaker 'cause I'm honeydew bunsen
Got ya jonesin for my potion, got my finger on the button
That's why mc be struttin
Wish I could erase this erection
Honey's comin at me from every direction
Lookin for the love connection
I stink of sweaty sexin without protection
So line up the contestants
I'll open their drawers like the kid in the sixth sense
I won't persist this distance, gotta get up in this
She fuckin up my christmas
chorus

Fuckin up my christmas is a new way of saying fuckin up my shit
This is not so much a holliday oriented song
As it is an exclamation of dismay at the sight of a beautiful woman
She fuckin up my christmas biznitch
Catchin glimpses in tiny tid bits
I was fine till you was in my bizness
With you're volleyball booty and you're frilly pink tits
Yo what up wit dis, it mc chris
"M" in my name stand for monolith
No that's not a lisp, you're a finalist
Here's a sash for that ass it says dominance
here's my hotel key and some common sense
get up to my suite or you're incompetent
do you wanna be a winner or the opposite?
So lick them lips, drop them shits
And step on it.
chorus

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnlyrics.com/>