

Christmas Rappin

Kurtis Blow

[Intro]

[Storyteller]

'Twas the night before Christmas, and all through the house

[Kurtis Blow]

Hold it now! Wait, hold it. That's played out. Hit it! [Verse 1]

Don't you give me all that jive about things you wrote before I's alive

Cause this ain't 1823 -- ain't even 1970

Now I'm the guy named Kurtis Blow and Christmas is one thing I know

So every year just about this time, I celebrate it with a rhyme Gonna shake it, gonna bake it, gonna make it good

Gonna rock shock clock it through your neighbourhood

Gonna read, gonna sing it till it's understood

My rappin' bout to happen like a knee you've been slapping

Or a toe you've been tapping on a hunk of wood Bout a red-suited dude with a friendly attitude

And a sleigh full of goodies for for the people on the block

Got a long white beard, maybe looks kind a weird

And if you ever see him, he could give you quite a shock Now people let me tell ya bout last year

When the dude came flying over here

Well, the hog was out, snow's on the ground

Folks stayed in to party down

The beat was thumping on the box, and I was dancing in my socks

And the drummer played at a solid pace

And a taste of the bass was in my face

And the guitar player layed down a heavy layer

Of the funky junky rhythm of the disco beat

And the guy with the 88's started to participate

And I could sure appreciate a sound so sweat We were all in the mood so we had a little food

And a joke, and a smoke, and a little bit of wine

When I thought I heard a hoof on the top of the roof

Could it be or was it me? I was feeling super fine

So I went to your attic where I thought heard the static

On the chance that the prance was somebody breaking in

But the noise on the top was a reindeer clop

Just a trick St. Nick, and I let the sucker in He was roly, he was poly, and I said, "Holy moly!

You got a lot of whiskers on your chinny chin chin"

He allowed he was proud of the hairy little crowd

On the point of his jaw where the skin should've been

Gets cool for a fool going out every Yule

For a day on a sleigh when the cold went low

So the beard may be weird but I'll never have it sheared

Cause it's warm in the storm when it's ten below
I said, "You're right, it's cold tonight
But can you stop for a drop before you go?"
He said, "Why not if the music's hot?
And I'll chance a dance beneath the mistletoe"
So he went downstairs and forgot his guests
And he rocked the spot and danced like a pro
And every young girl tried to rock his world
But he boogie oogie oogied til he had to go
And before he went, this fine old gent
Brought a gift with a sift through his big red bags
In the top or the bottom, he reached in and got 'em
Toys for the boys, for the girls glad rags
And the grownups got some presents too
A new TV and a stereo
A new Seville bout as blue as the sky
The best that money couldn't buy
Cause money could never ever buy the feeling
The one that comes from not concealing
The way you you feel about your friends
And this is how the story ends
The dude in red's back at the Pole
Up north where everything is cold
But if he were right here tonight
He'd say, Merry Christmas and to all a good night

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