# Red Christmas

## 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 stuckNow, 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'allWhat'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 itJack 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 endowMe 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 valleyHe was melting and I was just fine
He got pissed and pulled out a nineIf 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 ChristmasSilent 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 assJingle 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 ballzYeah, 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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