

# Hey Santa

## Royal Crown Revue

Yo, when I step in, man the room goes quiet,  
Nobody dares move cause I am the riot,  
I'm the one they love and adore on sight,  
I'm the mutha fuckin' Quartermaster here all night, that's right, I walk right in a single coin gleamin',  
All the bitches step back a packed to the ceilin',  
Hear the whispers all around, no, you ain't dreamin',  
I'm the Mutha Fuckin Quartermaster, best be beleivin' \*DAMN RIGHT!!\*  
I can play a quarter all night!  
\*DAMN RIGHT!!\*  
25 cents for life!  
\*DAMN RIGHT!!\*  
I never take damage to my sprite!  
I control the world of Darkness I control the world of...  
Light! I'm talkin' 'bout the arcade,  
Bitches give me beers and head, hopin' they gon' get laid,  
Never need a wingman, I'm the only GRADE-A  
Bonafide, Certified, Quartermaster FAT -- PAID!(...)In the game center sharp as a dirk  
Know that the arcade is the arc of my work And I'm markin' my turf, people tuggin' on shirts  
Askin' 'bout this fly thug with a smug of a smirk,  
It's obvious that I'm the new kid in the buildin',  
Got 'em talkin' shit, cause I'm screwin' what they dealin', Top 'em like a ceilin', girls catch feelin's,  
They should kick me out with the stacks that I'm stealin',  
\*DAMN RIGHT!!\*  
And I don't ever get a game over  
\*DAMN RIGHT!!\*  
I got 'em herdin' up like I'm a drover  
\*DAMN RIGHT!!\*  
I go all night and never lose  
Beat the boss fights, I go on forever, dude  
No one can stop me now  
I'm OP as fuck, no one is takin' me down But yo', what's this? Someone is taking my spotlight  
Look up and see the dude who's also playing shit all night  
Jump the border I'm about to do some rash shit  
Step up to the Quartermaster's Corner and I ask him  
Up for a challenge? I manage no damage  
Tear you up and ravage, paired up with a savage  
One good round and I make a bitch through though  
Don't fuck around, I don't take shit too, bro, Clearly I'll be hittin', even take hits too, yo'  
Leave your name written in an 8-bit Tombstone! Normally you couldn't even talk to me, rook, but I

See the score you rollin' and it's worth a second look! Level while I'm at it leave Automatic disjointed  
All climatic and I'm no disappointment! You wanna touch the stars, kid, then look no further,  
Seal up yo coffin', steal yo fame like a burglar! Clearly deranged as I aim for the knees! Jingle change in my  
jeans, finger pains from my sprees!

\*DAMN RIGHT!\* One of us will die this night!! \*DAMN RIGHT!\*

I'm not scared of you homie, so let's fight

\*DAMN RIGHT!\*

You diggin' your grave, that's alright,

I'm the mutha fuckin' Quartermaster; hardly gonna be a fight!

I see you got the skills to bring a challenge,

And It's rare I get a chance to match with talent, so let's have it!

Last round, stand down, 'bout to lay the smackdown

All of a sudden I see the Quartermaster back out!

Tracked down, followed out the door

Get the fuck back in here so we can settle the score

Am I a threat to oppose, are you afraid to lose?

I know that it's supposed to be left to fate to choose!

All the while I been lookin' for someone to compare,

And now I found you I don't have to stay and look for an heir,

I remain undefeated, it was anyone's game,

But you the Quartermaster now so bring some pride to the name!

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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