

Black Santa

Freeway

Black Santa, Black Santa, Black Santa, Black Santa...
Bitches, bitches, vicious style...
(Children snoring, voices calling...)
Team Early!
(Comin' out a happy New Year...)
Happy Holidays, Statik Selektah
Statik, what up?
(Children singing, Santa's bringing...)
(Santa's bringin lots of cheer...)
Black Santa, we here
(Ho, ho, ho - ho, ho, ho, ho...)
(I have the feeling of Christmas!)
Okay!
(Hi)

It's Black Santa - still deliver the gift to rap fans, but
Prior to this, on December 25th, on the morning shift
Gave fee nicks to crack addicts
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Court cases, never ratted - stand-up dudes don't take the stand
They sleepin' on me, time to awake your fam'
Down the chimney with the semi I came with black 'matics
It's Black Santa - still deliver the gift to rap fans, but
Way before this, after the Christmas platter
My folks played Snakes & Ladders and backgammon
Under the tree, filled up, gifts from my grandma
Drawers, T-shirts, tube socks from my aunt
Those was a little bummy, didn't have a lot of money
But I was blessed, I still had both of my parents
I feel honored, I still got 'em
A few years ago my father took shahada
Watched him go to Mecca with Mos Def and Lupe
Kingdom of Saudis said don't sweat they goddess
Big beard, when we travel people spot us
Best flow, but I'm tryin' to keep it modest, I'm a king
So I gotta keep it polished, I'm a target, so I gotta keep a burner
Learned that from Pac and Chris Wallace
I'm from the city where if your shit's stylish
People follow you home to get your dollars
Then y'all shoot it out like wild cowboys
Only thing is, they'll never make it to Dallas
We from the bottom like the kitchen floor
And my flow like it came out the bottle, this shit's polished
I lost a lot of niggas to the war
'Fore I made a million dollars niggas wind up in the morgue
Never got to make it to the awards
Never got to go on tour
Couldn't even see my two kids born
My neighborhood's ridiculous, sicker than Sycamore
Down at the district, my face on the picture board
Now I got my weight up, my face on the big screen
I got my dough right
I brought my homies off they triples, I had to clip 'em
Them niggas be wantin' more

My beard long, my money long
A million broke niggas won't get along
That's right my beard long, and my bread long
Verse sickening, that's what I'm stuntin' on a Christmas song