

Twas the night before Christmas,
Da whole house was mella,
Not a creature was stirrin',
'cause I had a gun unda da pillla.
When up on da roof
I heard somethin' pound,
I sprung to da window,
To scream, "YO! Keep it down!"
When what to my
Wanderin' eyes should appear,
But da Don of all elves,
And eight friggin' reindeer!
Wit' slicked back black hair,
And a silk red suit,
Don Christopher wuz here,
And he brought da loot!
Wit' a slap to dare snouts,
And a yank on dare manes,
He cursed and he shouted,
And he called dem by name.
"Yo Tony, Yo Frankie,
Yo Vinny, Yo Vito,
Ay Joey, Ay Paulie,
Ay Pepe, Ay Guido!"
As I drew out my gun
And hid by da bed,
He flew troo da winda
And slapped me 'side da head.
"What da hell you doin'
Pullin' a gun on da Don?
Now all you're gettin' is coal,
You friggin' moron!"
Den pointin' a fat finga
Right unda my nose,
He twisted his pinky ring,
And up da chimney he rose.
He sprang to his sleigh,
Obscenities screamin',
Away dey all flew,
Before he troo dem a beatin'.
Den I heard him yell out,
What I did least expect,
"Merry Friggin' Christmas to all,
And yous better show some respect!"