

Fuck This Christmas

Earl Sweatshirt

Welcome to my home, the place that I hate
The place that I love, the Planet of the Apes
The place that I loathe, the boy minus father
Equals boy minus heart, always testing mama
Mic sessions thrash, life lessons trashed
Nights get cold as the knife that I grab
Zoom to your wife room take her life with a stab
Sure her ass look nice, but nicer in a bag
And slung over shoulder, village slum soldier
Bayonet bloods when my cup runneth over
With sith lord dark side of the force
In the trunk of a Porsche tryna butt fuck Yoda
Shotgun, drop T, Earl flow shogun
Jabbing with a pen while you faggots getting toes done
Hold up, I was four going on grown up
So before you niggas tell me I'm nuts, you better grow some, faggot

Fuck this Christmas
Fuck this Christmas (Nigga fuck Santa Claus)
Fuck this Christmas
Ain't nothing for you (Ain't no gift for you)

Crazy mothafuckas in the North Pole causing ruckus
And the punk nut-crackers couldn't cuff us, how I fuck her
It was quiet how I stepped in, I crept in with my cock out
Now she's having make-out sessions with my weapons
Drunk a fifth of eggnog, stole Santa's reindeer
Joy-rode the North Pole, steering is a bitch so
I hopped out and ask some Jasper elves for some info
Where I can burn some Christmas trees with large amounts of thick snow
I've been acting naughty problem child in attendance
John Ritter said he taught me how to mothafuck a Christmas
Dismissing all the wanting and the presents are forsaken
See if you're the gift from God then I'm the Christmas wrap from Satan

You, bitch you can't get nothing
No more, no more presents, no more cranberry sauce
Bitch you can't get nothing no more
No more fleeces for your caprices and shit
Bitch give me my mothafuckin' presents back, ain't none for you
Alright for real, you gon' have to give me my fucking presents back
Cause those are for my grandma, yeah that thong, that was for my grandma
Give me my presents back, give me my gifts