

Fuckin' Up My Christmas

MC Chris

See this is the way I meet girls y'know, by being cool and, I've always had this problem with girls and that is..and I'm sure everybody has with members of the opposite sex in this case that would be a girl.
And uhh, y'know, you could start talking to 'em and you can be real cool and real confident up to a point.
Then you start to ask them out or something and it's like, you lose control of your lips y'know and you get nervous and mealy-mouthed and y'know it's like.
Yeah I'll be goin' to London for a couple of weeks and then umm, hmm, I'll be back here in two wee..no I gotta stop in New York for six days for some business there uh I'll be back here in about uhh, three weeks, so listen.
When I get back, I was wondering if maybe you might wanna UHH..."

Ladies that are fat ladies that are skinny
Ladies that are all night on my jimmy
Ladies that won't charge me a buck fiddy
Just wanna get with me cuz I'm so pretty
Bitties who wanna bite off a lil sumpin'
Best part's the top like a Drew Berry muffin
Bitties that wanna turn on the love oven
And cook up a casserole of stove top stuffin'
Don't stop the suckin' cuz you're filled with my gumption
take care of my beaker cuz I'm honeydew Bunsen
Got ya jonesin' for my potion, got my finger on the button
That's why mc be struttin'
Wish I could erase this erection
Honey's comin' at me from every direction
Lookin' for the love connection
Stinky, sweaty, sexin' without protection
So line up the contestants
I'll open their drawers like the kid in the sixth sense
I won't persist this distance, gotta get up in this
She fuckin' up my Christmas

Fuckin' up my Christmas is a new way of saying fuckin' up my shit
This is not so much a holiday oriented song as it is an exclamation of dismay at the sight of a beautiful woman

She fuckin' up my Christmas biznitch
Catchin' glimpses and tiny tidbits
I was fine till you was in my business
With you're volleyball booty and you're frilly pink tits
Yo what up wit dis, it mc chris
"M" in my name stand for monolith
No that's not a lisp, you're a finalist
Here's a sash for that ass it says dominance
now, here's my hotel key and some common sense
get up to my suite or you're incompetent
do you wanna be a winner or the opposite?
So lick them lips, drop them shits and step on it

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So listen uhh, you wanna come over to my place?
Well look, just in case hell does freeze over, where can I reach you?" Okay!

You people are sick!