

Right  
Sweet baby kush god  
Gather round children  
It's the night before christmas

RIGHT  
Fuck them raindeers  
I'm comming off dat continental V  
Smokey klause commin with that marijuana tree  
Only bad yellow bitches get the candy cane for me  
Jump up on my lap baby tell me what you need  
The night before christmas I was all up in the house  
Santa workin over time while I'm diggin down the spouse  
Not a creature starin' so we did it on the couch  
Thinkin in my head like this what's it about  
The children was nestled, snuggled up in they bed  
Probably havin xbox visions up in they head  
Her mama up in her underwear and I'm in my skully  
She makin wild noise I know it's bound to get ugly  
Lil' nigga woke up cause he heard all the chatter  
His mama was screaming, he tryin to see what's the  
Matter  
Then to the closet, I threw her the flash  
He opened the door, and he saw my stash  
His mama has her titties out tryna be low  
Startin askin her questions told him he had to go  
Then he through his wonderin' eyes it would to appear  
Saw it was a rubby hangin off the chair  
The lil' fucker was quick, certainly cleaver  
Started smilin' and shit like "it gotta be DZA"  
Smelled the polo colonge, den' he got brave  
Knew all my songs started to callin' em' by names  
Kushed god, 4 loko, sour hour, ya kiddin?  
Personal party continental kush, he has risin'  
He spoke about that mirror that was on the wall  
And ralf lift shit, said he was fresher then them all  
Then threw a twinkel up for I he would appear  
Polo undershirt, phone pauses that's rare  
Spoke not a word, not even a curse  
Walked to the chair and he picked up his shirt  
Sprang to the street gave his driver a whistle  
Flew down the ave I swear it looked like a missle  
But I heard him scream, fore' he got out of sight  
My fault lil' nigga, marry christmas righhht