

Christmas Trippin - M-Dot Lyrics

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" Christmas Trippin"

Kiss my ass kiss.
His ass,
kiss your ass,
happy Hanukkah?
Yeah,
it's that time of year seem to dropping off gifts.
It's that time of year seem to dropping off gifts.
If that I may give Surety hung a mistletoe
Him,
complicates my cousin wants a BB gun,
that's the sound.
Now,
everybody telling them,
you gotta shoot your eye out,
Cousin Eddie outside set the shit on the TV
Bill Murray.
Cynical.
And please her the center at the mall.
Smells like beef.
And she burnt the bird had to go for Chinese and some surf
and turf with
his head.
Down the chimney.
A Wonderful Life were not left home alone,

she's lit up.
Snowmen else and knows we're
all good at work,
we sippin like Billy Bob.
It must be Italian.
I'm about to send a slave.
I'm on my hand up late Master tape crazy.
Make me queen.
I'm I have today.
My girl looking good yoga pants.
Made me gravitate after this.
I'm gonna get the pin,
it like a quick nap.
Now,
back in the map of presents acting on it in my Noggin and now
more and second.
Single Bell Rock in the background and open fire on the latest
dancing with my
mama told me.
Don't touch those.
He's just a date.
I really do.
Bruce Willis is Christmas,
relax.

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