

XXX-Mas Scarols



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CANNABIS IS COMING TO TOWN (originally sung by the Mushroom Tabernacle Choir)

Oh you better freak out
You better not drive
You better freak out
I'm telling you why
Cannabis is coming to town
He's rolling a joint, licking it twice
Gotta make sure those Zig Zags look nice
Cannabis is coming to town
He knows when you've been stealing,
Crashing or awake.
He knows when you've been eating Reds,
So stop for goodness sake!
Oh you better freak out
You better not drive
You better freak out
I'm telling you why
Cannabis is coming to town
Potheads out in the Valley,
Will have a big Or-gy
While Mom & Dad are shooting up,
behind the Christmas Tree
(Ho Ho Ho)
Oh you better freak out
You better not drive
You better freak out
I'm telling you why
Cannabis is coming to town!

SANTA IS INVADING YOUR TOWN

You better break out
The Bourbon and Rye
Tequila and Gin
I'm telling you why
Santa is invading your town
He see you when you're naked
And when you're smoking pot
And when you're masturbating
Ev'n when you cop a squat, so:
You better break out
The Bourbon and Rye
Tequila and Gin
I'm telling you why
Santa is invading your town

Whitetrash Wonderland

(formerly called Essex Wonderland –
changed to white trash cuz Essex
is in Baltimore and we are not)
Original version played on
WIYY 98 Rock, Baltimore

Oh by the way, hey did you know,
Tomorrow night, we're playin bingo
Its a beautiful sight we're goin bowling tonight
We're walkin in a white trash wonderland.
Down the plant, we got the day off
Cuz the foreman got his payoff
We're drinkin all day, then whizzin away
We're walkin in a white trash wonderland.
Let me tell ya somethin at this time hon
White trash is da only way to be
While your at it you should get your hair done
And bleach it blonde so all the folks'll see.
We're gettin Hazel ta make some eggnog
In the fireplace, we'll burn a fake log
Little Butchie will cry, he don't like pumpkin pie
We're walkin in a white trash wonderland
Joey's home from the service
and his girlfriend is gettin nervous
While he was at sea, she contracted VD
They're walkin in a white trash wonderland.
You can make an ornament from a Bud Can
And then yous can hang it from the tree
'Sherry are you pregnant?', she'll say, 'No Man
But I'm thirteen so ain't it time to be?'
We're callin Donnie up in jail
We're raising money to post his bail
Our neighbor is cranked and uncle Jimmy is tanked
We're walkin in a white trash wonderland (2x)

O Come All Ye Faithless

O come all ye faithless
to your church on Christmas.
O come ye, O come ye on Easter too.
Come and pretend
that you're really Christian.
Just let the preacher bore you,
just act like you still mean it,
just show up once on Christmas
for chrissakes.

Sing, choirs of sinners,
Sing in expectation
Oh, sing, oh sing, like Jesus H. Christ.
Glory to God
who will damn you all:
Just let the preacher bore you,
just act like you still mean it,
just show up once on Christmas
for chrissakes.

Oh mall we come to shop now
on this pagan day.
Gawd, oh Gawd, you must be quite mad.
See the football team
Now some blood is spurting:
Just let the preacher bore you,
just act like you still mean it,
just show up once on Christmas
for chrissakes.

O come all ye faithless
to your church on Christmas.
O come ye, O come ye on Easter too.
Come and pretend
that you're really Christian.
Just let the preacher bore you,
just act like you still mean it,
just show up once on Christmas
for chrissakes.

Winter Wonderland

Dish out lines, I am listening
Chug the booze, snow is glistening
It's cold, that's alright
We'll get some tonight
Screwing in a winter wonderland
At the outhouse we can build a snowman
And pretend that he is Parson Brown
He'll say are you married, we'll say no man
But we just fornicate and fool around
Later on, we'll perspire
As we fuck by the fire
And face unafraid the mess that we've made
Screwing in a winter wonderland

Silent night welfare night

Silent night, welfare night
All are sloshed, all are tight
Ain't no virgins, just winos and thieves
Fast asleep in a heap of debris
Sleep in darkness and freeze
Sleep in darkness and freeze

Let It Snow, Let It Snow, Let It Snow

Well the traffic outside is frightful
But the drugs are so delightful
And since we've got lines to blow
Let it snow, let it snow, let it snow
George W. scored us an eightball
And we're feelin' 50 feet tall
Still higher we wanna go
Let it snow, let it snow, let it snow
(Melody changes)
When we finally lick the mirror
We can really start chuggin' the beer
And when we tap out the keg
We will start gnawing your leg
Yes the traffic outside is frightful
But the drugs are so delightful
And since we've got lines to blow
Let it snow, let it snow, let it snow.

WALKIN' ROUND IN WOMEN'S UNDERWEAR

(to be sung to "Walkin' In A Winter Wonderland")

Lacy things -- the wife is missin',
Didn't ask -- her permission,
I'm wearin' her clothes,
Her silk pantyhose,
Walkin' 'round in women's underwear.
In the store -- there's a teddy,
Little straps -- like spaghetti,
It holds me so tight,
Like handcuffs at night,
Walkin' 'round in women's underwear.
In the office there's a guy named Melvin,
He pretends that I am Murphy Brown.
He'll say, "Are you ready?" I'll say, "Whoa, Man!"
"Let's wait until our wives are out of town!"
Later on, if you wanna,
We can dress -- like Madonna,
Put on some eyeshade,
And join the parade,
Walkin' 'round in women's underwear!
Lacy things... missin',
Didn't ask... permission,
Wearin' her clothes,
Her silk pantyhose,
Walkin' 'round in women's underwear,
Walkin' 'round in women's underwear,
Walkin' 'round in women's underwear!

HUFF! THE NITROUS ANGELS SING

NOS! The Herald Angels Sing
Glory to the Whipped Cream King
Peace on Earth and wah-wahs wild
Suck it up in legal style
Berkeley Farms and Redi-Whip
Really gave us all a trip
Lechter's sells 'em by the case
Suck some down and lose your face
NOS! The Herald Angels Sing
Glory to the Whipped Cream King!

THE TWELVE DRUGS OF CHRISTMAS (originally sung by the Mushroom Tabernacle Choir)

A Tab of Yellow Sunshine LSD
2 Hundred Reds
3 Pounds of Grass
4 Grams of Hash
5 Valiums
6 Joints of Smoking
7 Whites a-Buzzing
8 Spoons of Snorting
9 Caps of dropping
10 Peyote Buttons
11 Magic Mushrooms
12 Pints a-dripping

Twelve Days of Christmas

Lyrics by Peter Doty

On the first day home for Christmas, my mother said to me:

1. You haven't got a decent thing to wear.
2. You've put on some weight.
3. You should get a job.
4. Visit your Aunt Rosie.
5. Still no girlfriend?
6. What's that in your suitcase?
7. You smoke marijuana.
8. Ester has two children.
9. Are you still on food stamps?
10. Herbie's getting married.
11. Your life is a disaster.
12. Both of us still love you.

Twelve days of Xmas-angry

On the twelfth day of Christmas, my ex-love sent to me

1. a vulture in a crabtree
2. Two tons of mud
3. three dead hens
4. Four dying birds,
5. Five bathtub rings
6. Six geeks a-reading
7. Seven sharks a-swimming
8. Eight maids a-list'ning
9. Nine lawyers suing
10. Ten loonies alimony
11. Eleven pints of poison
12. Twelve drums of strychnine

Silver Shells

City sidewalks, bloody sidewalks,
slick with holiday gore,
in the air there's a smell of explosives.
Children wailing, people screaming,
as they run for their lives,
from the gunman who has taken the store.
Silver bells, shotgun shells,
It's Christmas time in the city.
Rink ka-chink, hear them ring,
Today is your last Christmas day.

Frosty The Cokehead

Frosty the cokehead was a crazed neurotic soul,
With a big glass pipe and a vial of crack,
And no sense of self control.

There must have been some poison in that last dime bag he
got,

For when he took his first big hit he dropped dead on the
spot.

Frosty the cokehead doesn't worry anymore,
Cuz when all is said, and your cold and dead,
Then you never have to score.

Top Ten Santa Pick-Up Lines

1. Hey Babe, when was the last time you did it in a sleigh?
2. Wanna see my 12-inch elf?
3. I've got something special in the sack for you!
4. Ever make it with a fat guy with a whip?
5. I know when you've been bad or good - so let's skip the small talk, sister!
6. Some of my best toys run on batteries... (wink wink)
7. Interested in seeing the "North Pole"? (Well, that's what the Mrs. calls it ...)
8. I see you when you're sleeping - and you don't wear any underwear, do you?
9. Screw the "nice" list--I've got you on my "naughty" list!
10. Wanna join the "Mile High" club?

Top Ten Elf Pickup Lines

"I'm down here"

"Just because I've got bells on my shoes doesn't mean I'm a
sissy"

"I was once a lawn ornament for John Bon Jovi"

"I can get you off the naughty list"

"I have certain needs that can't be satisfied by working on
toys"

"I'm a magical being. Take off your bra."

"No, no. I don't bake cookies. You're thinking of those dorks
over at Keebler"

"I get a thimbleful of tequila in me and I turn into a wild man"

"You'd look great in a Raggedy Ann wig"

"I can eat my weight in cocktail wieners"

Deck My Balls

Deck my balls with boughs of holly,
Fa la la la la, la la la.

Tap the keg, inflate the dolly,
Fa la la la la, la la la.

Don we now our rubber panties,
Fa la la la la, la la la.

We're a bunch of twisted Santies,
Fa la la la la, la la la.

Naughty girls are such a treasure,
Fa la la la la, la la la.

These North Poles were made for pleasure,
Fa la la la la, la la la.

Fucked the elves, fucked all the reindeer,
Fa la la la la, la la la.

Fuck the cookies, bring us COLD BEER!
Fa la la la la, la la la.

Deck the Halls

Hit the malls with sticky fingers

Fa-la-la-la-la, la-la-la-la

'Tis the season to be stealin'

Fa-la-la-la-la, la-la-la-la

Don we now our free apparel.

Fa-la-la, la-la-la, la-la-la

Feel the ancient Yuletide peril

Fa-la-la-la-la, la-la-la-la

Store detectives look for losers

Fa-la-la-la-la, la-la-la-la

Grab the goods and hit the exit

Fa-la-la-la-la, la-la-la-la

Follow me in guilty pleasure

Fa-la-la, la-la-la, la-la-la

While we rip off Yuletide treasure.

Fa-la-la-la-la, la-la-la-la

Fast away the booster passes

Fa-la-la-la-la, la-la-la-la

While the store cop passes gasses

Fa-la-la-la-la, la-la-la-la

Puttin' goodies in our pockets

Fa-la-la, la-la-la, la-la-la

Can't afford the X-mas tchotchkas.

Fa-la-la-la-la, la-la-la-la

Police Navidad

Police Navidad
 Police Navidad
 Police Navidad
 Prospero Año y Policidad.
 I wanna wish you a Merry Christmas
 You got the right to remain silent
 I wanna wish you a Merry Christmas
 From the barrel of my gun.
 Police Navidad
 Police Navidad
 Police Navidad
 Prospero Año y Policidad.
 I wanna wish you a Merry Christmas
 You got the right to remain silent
 I wanna wish you a Merry Christmas
 From the barrel of my gun.
 We Wish You A Merry Christmas (Revised)

Chipmunks Roasting on an Open Fire

Chipmunks roasting on an open fire,
 Jack Frost ripping up your nose.
 Yuletide carolers being thrown in the fire,
 And folks dressed up like buffaloes.
 Everybody knows a turkey slaughtered in the snow,
 Helps to make the season right.
 Tiny tots with their eyes all gouged out,
 Will find it hard to see tonight.
 They know that Santa's on his way,
 He's loaded lots of guns and bullets on his sleigh.
 And every mother's child is sure to spy,
 To see if reindeer really scream when they die.
 And so I'm offering this simple phrase,
 To kids from one to ninety two.
 Although it's been said many times, many ways,
 Merry Christmas,
 Merry Christmas,
 Merry Christmas,
 Fuck you!

We Wish You'd Get Out of Our Way

We wish you'd get out of our way
 We wish you'd get out of our way
 We wish you'd get out of our way
 In the parking structure
 Good tidings we bring
 To you and yours
 Unless you're in front of us
 At the cash register
 Repeat

We Wish You A Merry Xmas

We wish you a merry Xmas,
 We wish you a merry Xmas,
 We wish you a merry Xmas
 Now bring us some beer.
 We won't go until we get some,
 We won't go until we get some,
 We won't go until we get some
 So bring some right here.
 (Repeat, repeat, and repeat as often as
 necessary and with staunch determination
 until desired result is achieved)

O come all ye perverts

O come all ye perverts
 Come and have an orgy
 O come ye, o cum ye
 In brothels galore
 Come and get plastered
 And let's find some ho-girls
 O come let us enjoy them
 O come let us enjoy them
 O come let us enjoy them
 In brothels galore

Wreck the Halls

Wreck the halls with bricks and hammers
Fa-la-la-la-la la-la-la-la
'cause we're so mad at the landlord
Fa-la-la-la-la la-la-la-la
Don we now our shrapnel jackets
Fa-la-la fa-la-la la-la-la
Get the weapons, let 'im have it
Fa-la-la-la-la la-la-la-la

White Christmas

I'm dreaming of a white Christmas,
just like the ones I used to know.
Where the tree stumps glisten,
and the children listen,
on cell phones for good deals on blow.
Everybody knows,
somebody with missing teeth.
Piles of trash out on the lawn,
tiny tots beaten black and blue,
and Mama selling men her soul.
Street gangs drive by and open fire,
officer blue blows off your nose.
And though it has been sad,
many hours of the day,
Scary Christmas to you.

White Christmas 2

I'm dreaming of a white Christmas
Just like Hiroshima and Nagasaki
Where a nuclear holocaust
Creates a global frost
And rats sit in hot tubs drinking sake
I'm dreaming of a white Christmas
With every billion people born
May you view overpopulation with scorn
And my all your Christmases have porn

Rudolph the Red Hosed Reindeer

Rudolph the red hosed reindeer
had a very shiney hose
and if you ever saw it,
you would really say oh WHOH!
All of the other reindeer,
used to cringe and call him names (like Stiffy)
they never let poor Rudolph
play any kinky reindeer games (your too big!)
Then one foggy christmas eve
Missus Santa came to say,
Rudolph with your hose so right
wont'cha hose me down tonight
Then how the reindeer loved her
and as they shouted out in glee
santa came in to say
Rudolph you're History
Rudolph you're history

The Christmas Song

Claymore bursting on perimeters,
shrapnel ripping through the snow,
Santa Claus clutching a hole in his side,
and elf parts with mistletoe.
Looks like Santa didn't know the password,
or maybe Rudolph tripped a wire,
there's bloody toys and goodies,
all roasting in the fire,
in what was Santa's sleigh.
Napalm streaming out of F-16s,
tracers light up the sky,
that'll teach you a lesson, you fat S.O.B.,
Merry Christmas, now die!

Crashing thru the snow

Crashing through the snow
In a one horse open sleigh
O'er the cliff we go
Shreiking all the way
Bells and sirens ring
Marking where we crashed
They put us in intensive care
They don't think we will last
Jingle bells, funeral bells,
ringing all the way
Oh what fools we were to ride
in that one horse open sleigh
Jingle bells, funeral bells,
ringing all the way
Oh what fools we were to ride
in that one horse open sleigh

Favorite Things

Halogen uplights and big-muscled fellas
Pink puffy draperies and drinks with umbrellas
Brown Puerto Rican boys tied up with string
These are a few of my favorite things
Penthouse magazine and silicone breasts
Girls dressed in leather with tatoos on their chests
Blonde lesbo orgies, a quick mid-day fling,
These are a few of my favorite things.
When the whip cracks (oww)
When the cane stings (ooo)
When I'm feeling bad
I just think of a few of my favorite things,
And then I get hard...for Dad.

When the Saints Come Marching In

Oh when the saints,
come marching in,
all wearing red and drinking gin.
You'd better stand back, Mr. Shopper,
When the saints come marching in.

'Twas The Night Before Christmas - Ebonics Version

Twas da night befo' Christmas and all in the hood
Not a homie was stirring cuz it was all good
The tube socks was hung on the window sill
and we all had smiles up on our grill
Mookie and BeBe was snug in the crib
in the back bedroom cuz that's how we live
and moms in her do-rag and me with my nine
had just gotten busy cuz girlfriend is fine
All of a sudden a lowrider rolled by
Bumpin phat beats cuz the system's fly
I bounced to the window at a quarter pas'
Bout ready to pop a cap in somebody's--
well anyway
I yelled to my lady, Yo peep this!
She said, Stop frontin just mind yo' bidness
I said, for real doe, come check dis out
We weren't even buggin, no worries, no doubt
Cuz bumpin an thumpin' from around da way
Was Santa, 8 reindeer and a sleigh
Da beats was kickin, da ride was phat
I said, Yo red Dawg, you all that!
He threw up a sign and yelled to his boyz,
"Ay yo, give it up, let's make some noise!
To the top of the projects and across the strip mall,
We gots ta go, I got a booty call!"
He pulled up his ride on the top a da roof
and sippin on a 40, he busted a move
I yelled up to Santa, "Yo ain't got no stack!"
he said, "Damn homie, deese projects is wack!
But don't worry black, cuz I gots da skillz
I learnt back when I hadda pay da billz."
Out from his bag he pulled 3 small tings
a credit card, a knife, and a bobby pin.
he slid down the fire escape smooove as a cat
and busted the window with a b-ball bat
I said, "Whassup, Santa? Whydya bust my place?"
he said, "You best get on up out my face!"
His threads was all leatha, his chains was all gold
His sneaks was Puma and they was 5 years old
He dropped down the duffle, Clippers logo on the side
Santa broke out da loot and my mouf popped open wide.
A wink of his eye and a shine off his god toof
He cabbage patched his way back onto the roof
He jumped in his hooptie with rims made of chrome
To tap that booty waitin at home
and all I heard as he cruised outta sight
was a loud and hearty.....
"WEEESST SIIIIIDE!!!!!!!"

Special Holiday Fruitcake Recipe

Ingredients

1 cup unsalted butter, softened	3/4 cup all purpose flour
1 cup granulated sugar	2 cups of dried fruit
1/2 cup brown sugar	1 cup lukewarm water
4 large eggs	1 tsp lemon juice
1 tsp baking soda	1 750 ml bottle dark rum
1 tsp salt	1/2 cup chopped walnuts

Directions

Sample the rum to check for quality. Take a large bowl and add butter. Check the rum again.

To be sure it is the highest quality, pour one level cup and drink. Repeat.

Turn on the electric mixer, beat butter and sugar together in a large fluffy bowl. Add one teaspoon of salt and beat again.

Make sure the rum is still okay. Cry another tup. Turn off the mixer. Break two legs and add to the bowl and chuck in the cup of dried fruit. Mix on the turner.

If the fried fruit gets stuck in the beaterer pry it loose with a screwdriver.

Sample the rum to check for tonsisticity. Next, sift two cups of salt. Or something. Who cares?

Check the rum again. Now sift the lemon juice. Add one table. Spoon. Of sugar or something. Whatever you can find. Grease the oven.

Turn the cake tin to 350 degrees. Don't forget to beat the turner. Throw the bowl out the window, check the rum again and go to bed.

The Night Before Christmas – Naughty version

Twas the night before Christmas, and God it was neat.

The kids were both gone, and my wife was in heat.

The doors were all bolted, the phone off the hook,

It was time for some nooky, by hook or by crook.

Momma in her teddy and I in the nude,

Had just hit the bedroom and reached for the lube.

When out on the lawn there arose such a cry,

That I lost my boner, and momma went dry.

Up to the window I sprang like an elf,

Tore back the shade while she played with herself.

The moon on the crest of the snowman we'd built,

Showed a broom up his ass, clean up to the hilt.

When what to my wondering eyes should appear,

But a rusty old sleigh and eight mangley reindeer.

With a fat little driver, half out of the sled,

A sock in his ear and a bra on his head.

Sure as I'm speaking, he was high as a kite,

And he yelled to his team, but it didn't sound right.

Woa Shithead, woa Asshole, woa Stupid, woa Putz,

Either slow down this rig or I'll cut off your nuts.

Look out for the lamp post, and don't hit the tree,

Quit shaking the sleigh, 'cause I gotta go pee.

They cleared the old lamp post, the tree got a rub,

Just as Santa leaned out and threw up on my shrub.

And then from the roof we heard such a clatter,

As each little reindeer now emptied his bladder.

I was donning my jockies, to cover my ass,

When down the chimney Santa came with a crash.

His suit was all smelly with perfume galore,

"WE ARE THE SANTA RAMPAGE"
to the tune of "We Wish You a Merry Christmas"

We are the Santa Rampage, We are the Santa Rampage,
We are the Santa Rampage, Now give us some Beer!
We want some Beer Pudding, We want some Beer Pudding,
We want some Beer Pudding, But we'll settle for Beer.
We won't go until we get some. We won't go until we get
some.
We won't go until we get some. Have we mentioned the
beer?!

"Here Comes Some Santa Claus's"
Tune of "Here comes Santa Claus"

Here comes a Santa Claus, There goes a Santa Claus
Right down Central Park West!
Many are weaving, some are heaving, that ones missing
teeth!!
Amidst the red suited whirlwind, one flashed my girlfriend,
That just doesn't seem right.

But as they say, it'll be OK, Coz Santa Claus came tonight!"
(pelvic thrust at "came tonight")
[Verse is then softly hummed by group as we introduce
ourselves.
Then we all sing together:]
"But as they say, it'll be OK, Coz Santa Claus came tonight!"
(pelvic thrust at "came tonight")

Bonus Section!

"YOU BETTER WATCH OUT"
to the tune "Santa Claus is Coming to Town"

You better watch out, get out if you can.
A red suited menace is sweeping the land.
Coz Santa Clauses are coming to town.

Get out of the way of our fake black boots.
We're flooding the city with cheap red suits!
Santa Clauses are coming to town

We know what you've been up to. You've made the naughty
list.
So cut us in for our fair share, you don't want these Santas
Pissed

OOHHHH, get out of the way of our red suited wave
Is this anyway for St Nick to behave.
When Santa Clauses HAVE COME TO TOWN!!!

Bonus Section

"JUST ANOTHER SANTA RAMPAGE"
tune of "Winter Wonderland"

Drunken Santas, will be reelin. No pain will they be feelin!
Red suits will be stained, from the booze that they've drained.
Just another Santa Rampage!!

You can tell, they've been drinking,
Pretty soon, they'll be stinkin
Drunk as a mule, with a beard full of drool
Just another Santa Rampage!!

Have you ever seen this many Santas?
Stumblin and a' lookin like a fool?
Don't you wish that you could be a Santa?
Smokin and a' drinkin, being cool?

Why we're out here, is Just Because!
We are rebels, with a Claus.
So grab a suit and beard.
Come on and get weird
Join us on a Santa Rampage!!

Bonus Section

"Let it Flow"
tune of "Let It Snow"

The weather outside is frightful, but the beer inside's
delightful.
And since we've no place to go,
Let it Flow,
Let it Flow,
Let it Flow!

Oh we show no signs of stopping, and now we're really
hopping.
And the lights are turned way down low.
Let it Flow,
Let it Flow.
Let it Flow!!

When we finally drink it dry, how we hate going back to the
store.
Maybe we'll just get high, and all fall asleep on the floor!!

Oh the party is slowly dying.
And our friends have all stopped buying.
Now my bladder really wants to know.
Where to go,
Where to go,
Where to go???