

Kurtis Blow, Christmas Rappin

'Twas the night before Christmas, and all through the house

Hold it now! Wait, hold it. That's played out. Hit it!

Don't you give me all that jive about things you wrote before I's alive
'Cause this ain't 1823 -- ain't even 1970
Now I'm the guy named Kurtis Blow and Christmas is one thing I know
So every year just about this time, I celebrate it with a rhyme

Gonna shake it, gonna bake it, gonna make it good
Gonna rock shock clock it through your neighborhood
Gonna ring it, gonna sing it till it's understood
My rappin' 'bout to happen like a knee you've been slapping
Or a toe you've been tapping on a hunk of wood

'Bout a red-suited dude with a friendly attitude
And a sleigh full of goodies for for the people on the block
Got a long white beard, maybe looks kinda weird
And if you ever see him, he can give you quite a shock

Now people let me tell ya bout last year
When the dude came flying over here
Well, the hawk was out, snow's on the ground
Folks stayed in to party down
The beat was thumping on the box, and I was dancing in my socks
And the drummer played at a solid pace
And a taste of the bass was in my face
And the guitar player laid down the heavy layer
Of the funky, junky rhythm of the disco beat
And the guy with the 88's started to participate
And I could sure appreciate a sound so sweet

We were all in the mood so we had a little food
And a joke, and a smoke, and a little bit of wine
When I thought I heard a hoof on the top of the roof
Could it be or was it me? I was feeling super fine
So I went to the attic where I thought heard the static
On the chance that the prance was somebody breaking in
But the noise on the top was a reindeer clop
Just a trick St. Nick, and I let the sucker in

He was roly, he was poly, and I said, "Holy moly!
You got a lot of whiskers on your chinny chin chin"
He allowed he was proud of the hairy little crowd
On the point of his jaw where the skin should've been
Gets cool for a fool going out every Yule
For a day on a sleigh when the cold went low
So the beard may be weird but I'll never have it sheared
'Cause it's warm in the storm when it's ten below

I said, "You're right, it's cold tonight
But can you stop for a drop before you go?"
He said, "Why not if the music's hot?"
And I'll chance a dance beneath the mistletoe"
So he went downstairs and forgot his cares
And he rocked the spot and danced like a pro
And every young girl tried to rock his world
But he boogie oogied 'til he had to go
And before he went, this fine old gent
Brought a gift with a sift through his big red bags
In the top or the bottom, he reached in and got 'em
Toys for the boys, for the girls glad rags
And the grownups got some presents too
A new TV and a stereo

A new Seville 'bout as blue as the sky
The best that money couldn't buy
'Cause money could never ever buy the feeling
The one that comes from not concealing
The way you you feel about your friends
And this is how the story ends

The dude in red's back at the Pole
Up north where everything is cold
But if he were right here tonight
He'd say, Merry Christmas and to all a good night