Eminem, Stan Writes Santa (Parody)

Chorus It will soon be Christmas Day
Santas loading up the sleigh
Hell come slide right down my chimney
To give some gum an treats
I love silvers bells, and Santas elves
Its my favorite holiday
They remind me that its Christmas time
Its Christmas time
Dear Santa.
Hows it going? Yo its Stan. Whats up?
I wanted to send you my letter earlier
You know, to beat the Christmas rush.
I know we already spoke when I saw you at the mall
But I thought you might forget
So just bring me what I wrote on this list,
And well be all set.
First off, I want a Sony Playstation 2
And a bunch of games, I dont care which ones
Ill leave that up to you.
I want that Teenage Dirtbag CD by Weathus
Some hilfiger jeans and a new pair of Adidas.
Bring me a TV and a home computer.
A fat leather jacket and a razor scooter
I dont want no books I dont want no socks
I dont want none of that stuff.
I trust you Santa I know youll hook a brother up.
Hey and listen: after delivering all those gifts
I think youre ready to party
So instead of cookies and milk
Ima hook you up with a forty
Well, I know you got a lot to do and a lot to plan
So just beep me if you got any questions.
Yo Im out. This is Stan.
Chorus
Dear Fat Man.
You didnt bring me nothing I asked you to!
I guess this is all some kind of sick joke to you.
Does messing with me bring you some kind of joy?
I asked you for a Playstation 2
You brang me a gameboy!
And whats up with this chemistry set that wasnt on the list g.
And what in the world makes you think Id want Britney Spears CD?
I think youve been in the cold to long it must have froze your brain.
I specifically said no socks, I got 14 pairs, are you insane?
And wheres my racer scooter, did you leave that on the shelf?
JeezeLouise Santa. Do I have to do everything myself?
You better bring me my stuff by New Year
Or next year I wont leave you none of my daddys beer.
Do we understand each other Santa?
Good, thats what I thought.
P. S. Tell Mrs. Claus, I think she hot.
Dear Stan.
Dont threaten me you snot-nosed little punk.
Theres a very good reason I left you all that whacked junk.
I make two lists each year to separate everybody
I got one list for the nice and one list for the naughty.
In February this year you stole some cash from your mother
In March you beat the crap out of your poor little brother.
In April you skipped 3 days of school
And in May you started smoking cause you thought it was cool.
In June you stole a bicycle with no hesitation.
July and August, hmm you where ok.
What, you take a vacation?
September my goodness, you made quite an impression.

Burglary, assault, misdemeanor possession.
So you see you little scumbag, theres a reason you got this.
You were at the very top on my naughty boys list.
So complain all you want about your lame Christmas gifts.
You got what you deserved.
P.S. Thanks for the Schlitz. *burp*