

**Santa puts his feet up, It's been a real long night
Rudoulph's sippin' eggnog, gettin' kind of tight
The elves just tapped a new keg, Of foaming ice-cold beer
It's party time at North Pole, It's been a damn good year
Mama Claus served nachos, For everyone around
She's making margaritas, The very best in town
Pretty soon they'll be lit up, Just like those Christmas lights
The whole crew will be crashing at Santa's crib tonight**

**The North Pole ain't fictitious, You can find it on the map
Whole world's filled with presents, Tear up some Christmas (w)rap!**

**Santa sips tequilla, And tunes up his guitars,
He likes to spend his summer, Playing blues in country bars
"I just took a bunch of gifts, To all those girls and boys"
Santa cranks his amp up, "It's time to make some noise!"
Rudoulph's on the drum kit, Donner's on the bass
Blitzen's playing keyboards, "Come on let's rock this place!"
The elves are singing backup, A couple octives high
Santa takes a lead break, He thinks he's Buddy Guy!**

**The North Pole ain't fictitious, You can find it on the map
Santa's melting faces, Tearing up some Christmas (w)rap!**

- Lead Break -

**The North Pole will be rocking, At least 'til New Year's Day
When Santa goes to town to get a tune-up for the seigh
This year will be over, No matter how it's been
New Year's Eve we celebrate, And start the whole damn thing again**

**The North Pole ain't fictitious, You can find it on the map
This is my Christmas story, This is my Christmas (w)rap!
The North Pole ain't fictitious, Look it up on Google map
This is my Christmas story, This is my Christmas (w)rap!**