



CLUBSIDE CHRISTMAS SONGBOOK 1998



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Girls Fuck Ye, Merry Gentlemen

Girls fuck ye, merry gentlemen
Suck and stroke what you may
For men are really stupid
And will do what you say
When you spread your legs wide open
They will come and play
O tidings of thrusting and cum
Thrusting and cum
O tidings of thrusting and cum

All I Want For Christmas Are Some Big Boobies

It was the night before Christmas
And all through the house
Not a loser was stroking
Not even old Ralph
Suddenly I smelled a strong odor down below
So in my ratty old boxers I staggered so slow
I could see old Saint Nick was busy getting
stoned
So I slid down the banister and smashed my
fucking bone

*All I want for Christmas are some big boobies
Some big boobies
Love those big boobies
Gee if only I could have some big boobies
Then I could have a britzke Christmas*

It seems so long that I must say
Hefty hooter handling I crave daily
Everyone I know says to me
What I do is wailing

(chorus)

The Twelve Days Of Christmas

On the twelfth day of Christmas, my T.A. gave to me:

Twelve percent a-failing
Eleven homos whining
Ten times more tuition
Nine parking tickets
Eight finals Friday
Seven drunken frat men
Six JAPs a-laying

FIVE DAYS OF QUICHE!

Four zit-faced geeks
Three fake I.D.'s
A two-faced Kirwan
And a crack dealer for a roommate



Away on a Porch Mat

Away on a porch mat
Concrete for a bed
The little drunk freshman
Laid down his sore head
The stars in his eyes
Came from too much gin
The little drunk freshman
With puke on his chin
The die-hards are laughing
The student awakes
But little drunk freshman
No Molson he takes
I got you, drunk freshman
Tears caked in your eyes
You know that to challenge
My drinking's not wise



Schlong Ride

Just feel those big balls wiggling, schwing-ting-tingling, too,
Come on, I'm hot and bothered for a schlong ride together with you
Outside the snow is falling my dick is calling
"Yoo hoo"
Come on I'm hot and bothered for a schlong ride together with you
Giddy-yap, giddy-yap, giddy-yap you 'ho
Let's put on a show
You're riding on a wonder worm you know
Giddy-yap, giddy-yap, giddy-yap it's grand
My tremendous gland
We're humping along which is a hell of a lot better than my hand
You're lips are nice and juicy and really horny are we
We're slammin' is furious like two rabbits in heat would be
Let's get naked and warm up with an orgasm or two
Come on I'm hot and bothered for a schlong ride together with you

The First Final

*Finals Finals Finals Fi-nals
Lord I hope they're not cum'lative*

The first final
The proctors did say
Was to certain poor freshmen on floors as they lay
On floors where they
Lay after their tests
About all they could do was dream of breasts

(chorus)

Funny Boys

*Funny boys, funny boys
It's Christmas time for the faggots
Urp-a-lurp, bear them slurp
Soon they will be reaming ass*

Loads of tea bags
Non-stop tea bags
Dipped in wide-open mouths
In the air there's a stinking of semen
Faggots rimming
Homos kissing
Humping rump after rump
And soon outside Stamp Union you'll see

(chorus)

Jingle Balls Rock

Jingle balls, jingle balls, jingle balls rock
Jingle balls ring and jingle balls cream
Flowin' and blowin' off sacks full of cum
Now the jingle bop has begun
Jingle balls, jingle balls, jingle balls rock
Jingle balls spurt 'til jingle balls hurt
Scrumpin' and bumpin' launch loads in the air
She's got frosty hair
What a bright time, it's the right time
To fuck the night away
Jingle balls grind
It's a swell time
To go humpin' in a non-stop way
Giddyap jingle wench
Suck on that meat
Jingle around that cock
Lick and swallow in a jinglin' beat
Yes my jingle balls rock
Yes my jingle balls
Yes my jingle balls rock

O Come All Ye Frat Men

O come all ye frat men
Drunken and with hard-ons
O come ye, O come ye to Christmas parties
Come and do bong hits
Drink until you're puking

*O come, let us get fucked up
O come, let us get fucked up
O come, let us get fucked up
Scream for more*

Drink throngs of hat heads
Drink from trash cans of punch
O drink all ye denizens
Of quarter beer night
Glory for who gets the highest

(chorus)



Campus Cops Are Coming To Town

*You better watch out
You better not speed
You better not drink
Or smoke any weed
Campus cops are coming to town*



They're making a deck
Of tickets they dealt
To all Terrapins
Who wore no seat belt
Campus cops are coming to town

They see you when you're driving
They know you've had a few
They know you are on suspension
So you know where they'll throw you

(chorus)

They drive their fast cars
With flashy red lights
Make a quick left
And watch them go right
Campus cops are coming to town

They're grateful to us
At UMCP
To always get caught
For their salaries
Campus cops are coming to town

The students at U of M
Will all go fucking nuts
When the barracks are closed down
Thanks to needed budget cuts

(chorus)

The Christmas Song

Textbooks roasting on an open fire
Notebooks sizzle there as well
Yuletide carols being sung by some drunks
Hoping that subscriptions will sell

Everybody knows a 3.0 and no projects due
Help to make the season bright
Half-crazed kids with exams in the morn
Will find it hard to sleep tonight

They know that failure's on its way
It is a surefire way to kill a holiday
And every letterman is gonna smile
Knowing all the past exams are on file

And so we're offering this free advice
To those who in Ellicott eat
Although it's been done
Many times, many ways
Burn your textbooks, and cheat

Frosty the Blow Man

Frosty the Blow Man was a wired happy soul
With a twelve gram bag and a stuffed-up nose
And two eyes all red and cold

Frosty the Blow Man is a burned-out flake they
say

He was wacked on blow but the locals know
How he hooked them up that day

There must have been some crystal in that old
zip-lock they found

For when he stuffed it up his nose
He began to dance around

Oh Frosty the Blow Man was as wired as he
could be

And the locals say he could snort all day
And would deal to you and me

Frosty the Blow Man knew the joint was hot that
day

So he said, "Let's meet down the one way street
Now before I crash away."

Down to the night spot with four eight-balls in
his hand

Looking here and there tossing back his hair
Asking, "Where the fuck's the can?"

He led them down the streets of town right past
a traffic cop

But he only paused a moment when
He heard him holler, "Stop!"

For Frosty the Blow Man had to hurry on his
way

But he waved goodbye sayin', "Don't be shy,"
"Just page me again some day."

Snort-et-y snort snort, snort-et-y snort snort
Look at Frosty Go

Snort-et-y snort snort, snort-et-y snort snort
Suckin' up mounds of blow

I Saw Mommy Fucking Santa Claus

I saw Mommy fucking Santa Claus
Underneath the mistletoe last night
She took it in real deep
From her mouth came not a peep
She thought that her gift was a huge hunk of
North Pole meat

Then I saw Mommy throating Santa Claus
Underneath her chin was snowy white
What a laugh it would have been
If Daddy had only seen
Mommy fucking Santa Claus last night

Fuckin' Around The Christmas Tree

Fuckin' around the Christmas tree
At the office party hop
Mistletoe hung strategically
Ev'ryone tries to get off

Fuckin' around the Christmas tree
Get a Christmas johnson suck
Later we'll do some sixty-nime and
End with a mighty fuck

You will get a sentimental fucking
In the rear
Voices moaning, "Fuck me faster,
Don't be no limp-dick bastard."

Fuckin' around the Christmas tree
Have a scrumpin' holiday
Ev'ryone humping merrily
In the new old fashioned way

Hark! The Desperate Virgins Sing

Hark! the desperate virgins sing
Why won't a chick touch my thing?
I comb the bars ev'ry night
Yet can't quench my appetite
It's easy to get a rise
I want a slab of hair pie!
How am I to leave my mark?
Where is sex in College Park?
Hark! the desperate virgins sing
Why won't a chick touch my thing?

Have Yourself A Drunken Little Christmas

Have yourself a drunken little Christmas
Just be a fuck-up
From now on make sure you have a full beer cup
Have yourself a drunken little Christmas
Spend it on the floor
From now on when you say when you want
some more
Here we are in a drunken haze
Happy shit-faced days of yore
Fucked-up friends who will buy for us
Deliver booze to us once more

Through the years we never will be sober
If the fates are kind
We'll drink enough to erase our fucking minds
And have yourself a drunken little Christmas
now

(There's No Thing Like)
Dope for the Holidays

Oh, there's no thing like dope for the holidays
'Cause no matter how fuckin' much you smoke
When you pine for a good hit off a fatty blunt
For the holidays you can't beat dope sweet dope

I met a man who lives in Tennessee and he's
headed for Pennsylvania and some home
grown Northern Lights
From Pennsylvania folks are trav'lin' down for
Dixie's kick ass herb
Some dope that gives you joy and laughter filled
with mem'ries by the score
Is some dope you're glad to welcome in your
lungs
From California to New England down for
Dixie's kick ass herb

From Atlantic to Pacific, gee, the bong hits are
terrific

Oh there's no thing like dope for the holidays
'Cause no matter how fuckin' much you smoke
If you want to be happy in a million ways
For the holidays you can't beat dope, sweet dope

Ronnie The Sign Ep Virgin

Ronnie the Sig Ep virgin
Had a very achy dick
Getting an instant hard-on
Over any passing chick

All of the other brothers
Every party had it made
They never knew old Ronnie
Never ever gotten laid

Then one freezing night
Michael came to say
Ronnie come down to the 'Vous
Drink some beer and bag a Jew

Now Ronnie hooks up normal
The letters make it a snap
Now there's just one problem
He's spreading around the clap



*We Wish You
Some Easy Finals*

We wish you some easy finals
We wish you some easy finals
We wish you some easy finals
And a keg full of beer

Good tidings to you whatever you take
Good tidings for finals and a keg full of beer

(chorus)

*The Twelve
Days Of Christmas*

On the twelfth day of Christmas, my true love gave to me:

Twelve throbbing inches
Eleven new positions
Ten partners joining
Nine strippers stripping
Eight pussy lickings
Seven flavored condoms
Six whores a-sucking

FIVE RECTAL PROBES

Four nipple clamps
Three rim jobs
Two Ben-Waa balls
And a blow-job in my parents' bed



Here Comes Santa Claus

Here comes Santa Claus
Here comes Santa Claus
Right down Mrs. Claus' throat
Donner and Blitzin and all of his reindeer
Licking on his scrote
Nuts are flapping
Buttocks slapping
Using all his might
Hide the children and lock the doors
'Cause Santa Claus comes tonight

Here comes Santa Claus
Here comes Santa Claus
Right on your brand new sheets
He's got sacks that're filled with spunk
For boys and girls and sheep
Hear those scared elves go, "Lord-y help us!"
They run away in fright
Duck and cover in bomb shelters
'Cause Santa Claus comes tonight

Here comes Santa Claus
Here comes Santa Claus
Shit! He has gone insane!
He doesn't care if you are warm or cold
He'll nail you just the same
Santa knows that yes, he needs it
That makes everything right
Save your ass with a butt plug
'Cause Santa Claus comes tonight

Here comes Santa Claus
Here comes Santa Claus
He's now a fuck machine
He'll come around when chimes ring out
It's Christmas morn again
Peace on earth will comes to all
As soon as he falls asleep
Let's give thanks that he's an old Man
'Cause Santa Claus comes tonight

I Saw Three Sluts

I saw three sluts come slinking in
On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day
I saw three sluts come slinking in
On Christmas Day in the morning

And what was on their minds all three
On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day
And what was on their minds all three
On Christmas Day in the morning

They wanted to suck my dick for free
On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day
They wanted to suck my dick for free
On Christmas Day in the morning

Jingle Hell

Dashing 'cross the Quad
I am late for class
Down the step I go
Falling on my ass

Chimes in chapel ring
Making spirits slight
What fun it is to bag a class
I've got the test tonight

*Ob, jingle bell, jingle bell
We're at U of M
Classes packed, tuition hikes
And drinking is a sin
(repeat chorus)*

A day or two ago
I went to take a test
I knew the stuff so well
I thought I did my best

I got the test today
It's worse than I can say
I guess next year I'll be
Enjoying life at Towson State

*(chorus)
(repeat chorus)*

Silent Night

Silent night, finals night
Students cram, deep in fright
Ugly virgins forget about sex
While they study their Chemistry text
Will we wake up in time?
Will we wake up in time?

Silent night, finals night
Freshmen quake at their plight
No Doz is popping like M & M's
Please forgive all my studying sins
Christ! Our crib sheet is torn!
Christ! Our crib sheet is torn!

Let It Blow, Let It Blow, Let It Blow

Oh the weather outside is frightful
But my bed is so delightful
It's just a lecture you know
Let it blow, let it blow, let it blow

I really don't feel like going
And soon Melrose will be showing
Since mid-terms are always so slow
Let it blow, let it blow, let it blow

It's starting to get late at night
How I despise my fucking roommate
I have that 4.0 in sight
Rigged suicide is his fate

My spirit is slowly dying
With my grades I should be crying
It's only a final so
Let it blow, let it blow, let it blow



Slappy Got Run Over By the Grounds Crew

*Slappy got run over by the grounds crew
Crawling home from Bentley's Christmas Eve
You can say there's no such thing as Santa
But as for me and Patti, we believe*

He'd been drinking too much Cuervo
And he couldn't bag a 'ho
But he forgot his bag of crystal meth
And he staggered out the door into the snow

(chorus)

Now we're all so proud of Patti
She's been taking this so well
See her in there with a dildo
Drinking Beam and rubbing her pussy with gel
It's not Christmas without Slappy
All the campus short of dope
And we just can't help but wonder
She we sell off all his stash or smoke his crack
(smoke his crack)

(chorus)

Now the Jack is in the freezer
And his body on the slab
And the blue and silver candles
That would just have matched the print on

Slappy's tabs
I've drank with my friends and dormmates
We're all feeling mighty swell
They should never give a campus
To a man who turns a college into hell

(chorus)

(chorus)



We T.A.s From Orient Are

We T.A.'s from Orient are
To give tests we've traveled so far
Lumps and Circuits, Thermo, Emag;
We look like we're dipped in tar

*Oh, Math and Physics we all teach
In Swahili we all preach
Ever grading never aiding
Students who for points beseech*



For our fun our students we fail
At our office do-or they quail
"Here's some joints now give us points"
Don't they know we don't inhale

(chorus)

Some day when we've had our fill
We'll go home, the U.S. to kill
Building Honda's, I.C.'s, computers
Beat you we Chinese will

(chorus)

The No More Major Boy

Come, they told me (pa rumpa pum pum)
We're a Top Ten state school (pa rumpa pum
pum)

We have a football team (pa rumpa pum pum)
We have most everything (pa rumpa pum pum
rumpa pum pum rumpa pum pum)
You will love it here (pa rumpa pum pum)
Won't you come?

Maybe I'll come (pa rumpa pum pum)
What will you major in? (pa rumpa pum pum)
How 'bout RTVF? (pa rumpa pum pum)
Sorry, it got the ax everything (pa rumpa pum
pum rumpa pum pum rumpa pum pum)
We have so much more (pa rumpa pum pum)
Will you come?

Maybe HSAD? (pa rumpa pum pum)
We had to dump that, too (pa rumpa pum pum)
Will you come anyway? (pa rumpa pum pum)
I guess I'll have to come everything (pa rumpa
pum pum rumpa pum pum rumpa pum pum)
No one wanted me (pa rumpa pum pum)
I am so dumb

I'll Be Drunk For Christmas

I'll be drunk for Christmas
You can plan on me
Please have gin
and Jameson
And Long Island Iced Teas
Christmas Eve will find me
Where I drank Jim Beam
I'll be drunk for Christmas
And puking on my jeans

My Favorite Things

Big tabs of acid and
high mounds of coke.
Mushrooms and Whippits and
big bongos with dope.
40s of malt liquor
making me sing.
These are few of my favorite things.

Wet folds of pussy
open with care.
Sucking his manhood
and choked on his hair.
Down on my bush he's now
knawing my string
these are a few of my favorite things.

*When the crabs bite; When my pee stings
When I'm feeling bad
I simply remember my favorite things and then I don't feel
so bad.*

Dish Walla concerts
moshing like mad
wearing my outfits
I go with the fads
I swallow it all in whatever he brings.
Cause these are a few of my favorite things.

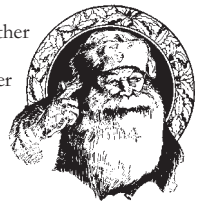
(chorus)

Wreck the Dorms

Wreck the dorms with piles of vomit
Fa la la la la, la la la la
'Tis the season to be real lit
Fa la la la la, la la la la
Drink we now our cans of Keystone
Fa la la la la, la la la la
Chug until our livers are blown
Fa la la la la, la la la la

See the blazing lounge before us
Fa la la la la, la la la la
Scream for all to join the chorus
Fa la la la la, la la la la
Follow us for carnal pleasure
Drunkeness you cannot measure
Fa la la la la, la la la la

Fart away those rancid gasses
Fa la la la la, la la la la
Hail to our powerful asses
Fa la la la la, la la la la
Trash the campus, all together
Fa la la la la, la la la la
Work ourselves into a lather
Fa la la la la, la la la la



What Chick Is This?

What chick is this, who's legs spread wide
On my bed sheet is seeping
Get up, get out, just call a cab,
Don't ever try to find me

Bitch! Bitch, it's Christmas morn,
You ain't no gift, take your ass home
Leave! Leave, you slimy whore,
Your pussy's so damn hairy

Get out the door, don't call no more,
Don't care how you got in here
I can't believe I fuck drunk sluts,
My balls are swollen and green

Shit! Shit, who was that bitch?
Did I use a fucking condom?
Dope! Dope! I must smoke up.
Forget that bitch so nasty.



'Twas The Night Befo' Malcom X-Mas

By Heywood Jablowme, resident negro

'Twas the night befo' Malcom X-mas and
all through the hood

Not a niggie be stirrin 'cause it was all
good

The stockings was hung out on the front
stoop
even the chickens was asleep out back in
the coop

The chillin's be cramped up in back in a
box
And me with their Moms suckin my cocks

Moms in her doo-rag and me with my
Nine
we just finished grinding and man was it
fine

All of a sudden an OG rolled by
pounding a phat beat cuz the system be fly
I pulled out da bitch and went for the piece
I thought it the landlord, I be late on the
lease

Cause out on the stoop, I heard me some
noise
I took aim with my gun and did my best
poise

I put down my forty and there in da way
Was Santa, his reindeer and a big-ass sleigh

His music was thumpin, the sled was all
that
He pulled out a J, Hey! Santa's a cat!

He threw up a sign and yelled to his boyz

Have A Fuckin' Drunken Christmas

Have a fuckin' drunken Christmas, it's the best
time of the year

I don't know if I'll have dope but drink a keg of
beer

Have a fuckin' drunken Christmas, and when you
go down on muff

Suck on that clit, honk those big tits, make sure
she gets enough

Oh, ho, I blow some loads, enough so she can't
see

Warm pussy waits for you, fuck her once for me

Have a fuckin' drunken Christmas, and in case
you can't see clear

Oh stop buggin', have a fuckin' drunken
Christmas this year

Have a fuckin' drunken Christmas this year

"Yo give it up, let's make us some noise!"

He swirled round the hood, drinking a tall
Played with his sack and yelled "Yo, booty
call!"

He screeched to a stop, said his dick was
hard

Then pulled out a bobby pin and a credit
card

He jimmed the lock and came in the do'
He whipped out his dick and beckoned my
'ho

I said "whassup Santa? Whydya bust in my
place?"

He said, "Boy you best get on up outta my
face."

His neck was adorned with silvery chains
he even had one 'round his purple vein

He winked his right eye and licked his gold
toof

Then danced his black ass back up to my
roof

I didn't even see it, but know he didn't pass
I bet that damn nigga fucked her right in
the ass

He jumped in his hoopTie wid all the pur-
ple lights
and off he rode off into the nights

And alls I heard as his smile flashed wide
Was "Malcom X-mas to all on the upper
West Side!"