

Hot Potato

Naughty By Nature

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Mic check 1, 2, strap it up, load the beat, cock the mic
And your rhyme better be fat or you might have to fight
Yeah, there's no escape from the terror dome
You know I'm nice when I'm bustin' fat rhymes on the metronomeMC's never pass the mic to the Foxxx, 'cause
Once I bust a fat rhyme, you be a has was
I beat you down on stage and when the battle's over
You'll be leaving your show in a hearse novaI'm flippin' the X's three times and I'm back again
See, on my way down stage they had me strapped in
But once I hit New York and they loosened the chains
I went and bought me a tec, now I'm wild, insanel'm on a hunt for a rapper who wanna turn singer
I got my beat 'em down bat and a itchy finger
So if you're nice with the mic and you wanna flip
I'm the rap bounty hunter and it's time to get yo ass whippedYeah, I'm comin' from the streets, pop
And please fight back, so you can get dropped
It's time to see who's nice and who can really rap
I smack the taste out your mouth, you wanna be a mack
I'm not tryin' to shake the water and wake the gator
But I'ma pass the mic like a hot potato1 potato, 2 potato, 3 potato, 4
1 potato, 2 potato, 3 potato, 4
1 potato, 2 potato, 3 potato, 4
1 potato, 2 potato, 3 potato, 4You fly high, I heard your tape then flipped
The next side lookin' for the def side
You couldn't be alright if I erased your left side
Who's wet dried when Treach tried, next died
I'm gonna slide your wet wide, so step sideAny dull raps get the skull caps pulled back full breeze
Blastin' your ass back at full speed, hoes in flow, you know, bimbo
And won't stop prayin' and playin' until I'm layin' up in fo'
Nowhere to run, nowhere to go
I got a solid hip below the belt to make your nuts not growHere's to all crews that been wack
I got a thinkin' cap with raps I attached with a chin strap
Flash past your girl who's def in the flesh
Yes, you can't believe that she said, "Treach"The wicked a wicked a wully bully, bad and fully and surely bad

Ready and Willy gettin' [Incomprehensible] glad
 Dissed in Hell and fell in fire
 I attack your back, force you to retire with a wet wire
 Give you the whip appeal like Toby, listen, oldie but Goldie
 Take the dough from all who owe me 1 potato, 2 potato, 3 potato, 4
 1 potato, 2 potato, 3 potato, 4
 1 potato, 2 potato, 3 potato, 4
 1 potato, 2 potato, 3 potato, 4 If a rapper disrespect me I smack him in his mouth
 I tow him in a yoke, grab him by his throat, boom, then I knock him out
 I keep heat and keep the clips in my sock
 When my glock get hot you punk niggas better leave the block Yeah, Freddie Foxxx on a rampage
 Every time I touch the mic the police is standin' front stage
 'Cause I been labeled as a troublemaker
 I send my baddest girl to your house to play the heart breaker She'll lay you down and put hickeys on your chest
 Then turn around and blast you with a 33 shot tec
 You couldn't rap, you was wack from the get-go
 So you got bumped off by my head hoe Called by the militant mack, my mentality is jail
 Long as I'm strapped I can't fail
 Check this, I take the bass and I bust you in the eye with it
 A piece of steel with a screen on top, I'm gettin' fly with it I'm bringin' suckers to the street again
 'Cause them same broke-ass niggas ridin' on my meat again
 Mr. microphone flipped the beat again
 Suckers got caught with the rhyme, felt the heat again I'm breakin' it down, lettin' you know I'm never lettin' go
 I beat your brother down, punk, just to let you know
 This is hip-hop, gee, not 'hit pop' You mess around with the beats, get your boots knocked
 I'ma slide, I'm in her when I see you suckers later
 As I pass the mic like a hot potato Shrimps attempt to get pimped when playin' pimp, why?
 Sleepin' with a limp eye, pass the hot potato
 Treach done [Incomprehensible] chop to French Fries
 Mad as a murder vet, man, it'll hurt a set Well, to hell with you and your fat-O with the gurtle neck
 So ol' gold digger, dig some dirt, there you have it
 Want ring or a marriage, go get the carrot from a rabbit Before I stab him for his lucky foot
 Hit him with a puffy hook, hit the hare, now look how lucky looks
 I'm not a chip on your shoulder, I'm a boulder on a path
 Left a gash, you catch a headache in your ass Class I'm disrespectin', I won't see you trippin', clown
 When I do, you be trippin', slippin' and fallin' down
 All's left to call cops when I smack you with a leather wig
 And make you suckers suede bald spots Chip-chop, flip the hip-hop, I chuckle
 You couldn't knock boots with a muthafuckin' knuckle
 It's on, what's more, talk and get a boo-boo from your jaw
 It's easy as 1, 2, 3, 4 1 potato, 2 potato, 3 potato, 4
 1 potato, 2 potato, 3 potato, 4
 1 potato, 2 potato, 3 potato, 4
 1 potato, 2 potato, 3 potato, 4 That's what I'm talkin' 'bout, word up, 4 potatoes, 4 verses
 Some hard rough stuff for all those hungry MC's out there

You know what I'm sayin'? Yeah baby, nothin' commercial about this
The militant mack in the house and I got a right hand
For all that try to stand in my face and front
Believe that and I'm comin' straight from the streets, word up

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