

# Hot Potato

Nicky Da B

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 metronome  
MC'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 nova  
I'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, insane  
I'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 whipped  
Yeah, 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 potato  
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  
You 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 side  
Any 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 grow  
Here'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

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnyrics.com/>