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

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