

Naughty By Nature, Hot Potato

(feat. Freddie Foxxx)

[Freddie Foxxx]

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 terrordome
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 losened 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 - 2 - 3- 4)

[Treach]

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 ???? 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 - 2 - 3- 4)

[Freddie Foxxx]

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 labelled 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

1 potato, 2 potato, 3 potato, 4
(1 - 2 - 3- 4)

[Treach]
Shrimps attempt to get pimped when playin pimp, why
Sleepin with a limp eye
Pass the hot potato, Treach done ???? 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' golddigger, 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
Shh - 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 - 2 - 3- 4)

[Treach]
That's what I'm talkin 'bout
Word up
4 potatos
4 verses
Some hard rough stuff for all those hungry MC's out there, youknowmsayin?
[Freddie Foxxx]
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