## 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