

## Giorgio Moroder Project

### "Hot Potato"

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[ 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

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