

## **MF Doom Feat. Count Bass D "Potholderz"**

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Hot shit, aw shit, hot shit, aw shit  
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Hot shit, aw shit

I strive to be humble lest I stumble, never sold a jumbo  
Or copped chicken with its mumbo sauce  
Tyson is a fowl holocaust  
Hitler gassed your whole head up with poetry I'm fed  
up  
Ignore Cordon Bleu, stand up, get up  
Lunge for your knife; don't forget your potholderz

Hot shit, what? These old things? About to throw them  
away  
With the gold rings that make 'em don't fit like O.J.  
Usually I take them off with Oil of Olay  
MC's is crabs in a barrel, pass the old bay

Hot as hell and it's a cold day in it  
Working on a way that we go roll away tinted  
Some say the price of holdin'Ã¢â€™ heat is often too  
high  
You either be in a coffin or you be the new guy

The one that's too fly to eat shoe pie, never too busy  
Never too busy when it comes down to you and I  
Swear to God, a lot of niggaz wish to die  
They need to hold their horses, there's bigger fish to  
fry

You're on the list, if not pick a number spot  
Ten and a half timbs is made to kick your bumbaclaat  
I could have had a V-8  
F-150 quad cab but I'll be straight

Money comes and goes like that two bit hussy  
That night that tried to rush me, Dwight, pass the  
dutchie  
So I can calm down so they don't get it twisted  
Take it from the fire side it won't get blistered  
Got it, what happened? Oh, it's not lit

These metal fingers be holding hot shit

When I was four I pen God was born in New York  
Back in seventy seven still got nan in the crescent  
The effervescence of God's presence is thick  
Unlike vapor, escarole, extra roll, word to the baker  
Peace to the hard workin'™ ginger bread makers

Looked her up and down, said, "Hmm, too  
much makeup"  
Poor music taste, ten years from being grown up  
Rappers don't blow up heads, do, aw shit

My name is Dwight Spits, I'm a Sonic addict  
I use to think it was merely a nagging habit  
Born under a bad sign, I'm serious about this curse of  
mine  
I strive to flip it into fine wine

Barely born a virgin is what the stars said  
Black not white, red all over though like Elmo  
Twenty eight years have passed, I feel I'm  
peakin'™  
I make music every weekend

It's a chore, a fact of life, a labor of love  
I get mad love but I detest the labor  
And its wages, you know death  
I'm servin'™ life on this gift of God  
Don't forget your potholderz, my niggaz

Mo' hot  
Mo' hot shit  
Mo' hot shit

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