

# Rudeboy Salute

## Terror Squad

Never jump up in-a mi face 'cause I gun  
Never judge a book by di cover, dat's wrong  
Dis is Fat Joe alongside di Banton  
Hey, what about Pun?  
Rudeboy, salute with your gun  
Terror Squad leader, come down  
When I was young I blazed the corner with a vengeance  
Crack king descendant, 14 years old facin' a sentence  
Me and Tone Soul still co-defendants  
Know your legends, Fat Joe, Soul blowin' up sessions  
Split dough with detectives to get my flow in protection  
Through the ice on my gold you see your own reflection  
Can't tell me shit about murder and movin' weight  
I got niggas that's off the scale that'll bust through you and your mate  
It's proven today, Armageddon's comin' sooner than late  
We rappers that really blast, I know Cuban relates  
50 niggas of terror, rockin' 560 leathers  
Some of us are dyin' to gain but the name lives forever  
Marked on my flesh to make my thoughts manifest  
When I spark, no man's heart could withstand through the test  
So apply the pressure like I used to do but Crack never left  
I traded in my double breasted for a Mac and a vest, what the fuck?  
Never jump up in-a mi face, I gun  
Never judge a book by di cover, dat's wrong  
Dis is Fat Joe alongside di Banton  
Hey, what about Pun?  
Rudeboy, salute with your gun  
Tonight is a whole lot of fun, tell them, icin' this  
From the heart of Kingston to the ice of Alaska  
Buffalo Soldier, hardcore rasta, I am di original, fuck di impostor  
Determined to make it with or without ya  
No borders, no boundaries  
I've got to take care of my enemies  
Don't you oppress, elevate stress  
Disrespect [Incomprehensible] wreckless  
Artillery strapped over my chest  
Bullet a-penetrate from right out to left  
Skip and dive, duck like The Matrix  
From the day I've been born I have been a target

Get, get, whenever, whoever disrespect Buju Banton  
Never, Lord, [Incomprehensible] clever  
Wanted, make di front page of di [Incomprehensible]  
Terror Squad crew, you're takin' over, over, over, over, hear dis  
Never jump up in-a mi face 'cause I gun  
Never judge a book by di cover, dat's wrong  
Dis is Fat Joe alongside di Banton  
Hey, what about Pun?  
Rudeboy, salute with your gun  
Little baby jacker, raised my little sister while you baby-sat  
Why she livin' fat, she ain't got a baby back, ya heard?  
'Cause where we at, it's either live or die  
I seen a nigga sky high from blye 'cause he thought the shit was fly  
I let you ride if you bustin', I let you die if you bluffin'  
'Cause to die is the whole price of nothin'  
You fuckin' with all brothers and Bronx bombers  
Who want dramas, word to my dead and gone mama  
Let me find the next muthafucka  
Disrespect Fat Joe, the Don Carta  
And I'ma have to jig a nigga like Shawn Carter  
What's wrong, partner?  
Punisher peel your banana, see you manana  
Leave your mama covered with a white [incomprehensible]  
That's right, I'ma be there with my guns  
Blowin' the spot, I ain't got no hair on my tongues  
'Cause where I'm from, we don't only talk the talk  
We walk the walk, B-X, baby, New York, New York  
Never jump up in-a mi face, I gun  
Never judge a book by di cover, dat's wrong  
This a Fat Joe and Buju Banton  
Tell them, what about Pun?  
Rudeboy, salute with your gun  
Never jump up in-a mi face, I gun  
Never judge a book by di cover, dat's wrong  
This a Fat Joe and Buju Banton  
Tell them, what about Pun?  
Rudeboy, salute with your gun  
Buju Banton, original rasta gangsta  
Fat Joe, Terror Squad massive  
What, what? Murderous, what?

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