

Nigel

Slowlands

I was the rudest boy front Kingston to Spanish town
Me run many a constabulary down to the ground
Me mother bow her he'd in shame when she would mention my name
What do I care I'm headed for the Rudeboy Hall of Fame

Summer in Jam (Jamaica) Down the streets begin to bubble
The wicked sun beats down while jobless youth
Just look for trouble
This is the Jam Down that the tourist never see
In contrast to the dreadful ghetto is the limbo party

I've got no time man to sit and to brew
This corner is mine 'cause I'm the rudest of the rude
The root of the ruthless the rudest of the rude

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