

## Nigel

Hepcat

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