

# Contemplations of the Modern Rudeboy

The Skints

Why waste time standing in the dole queue line  
When I can have a life of crime?  
Wave goodbye to that boring nine to five  
And all I see is more police out on beat  
More and more CCTV, ya dun see me blud  
Controlling these streets

I'd risk 25 to life for the price of my time  
In a vain-up attempt while they all get by  
I'm another example of a wasted young mind  
But I need to get shot of this green and the white

Things like that they shouldn't be talked about  
I'm telling you the things like that they shouldn't be talked about  
Things like that they shouldn't be talked about  
I'm telling you the things like that they shouldn't be talked about

Why go school, when I can do sweet fuck all?  
Just buy myself a big fat tool  
Rudeboy you could learn a thing or two  
I'm lickin' shots like a lollipop  
Shottin' rocks like a Kalashnikov  
It's standard ting, I ain't lost the plot  
So when I hot you up, you're best to tell me what you go

Messin' with me, rudeboy, might be your biggest mistake  
Catch me from Hackney E8 out to Broadmead Estate  
Don't go to the gym, but I'm holdin' the weight  
So don't watch how I do 'cause I sure ain't your mate

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So why you always talk about the things like that  
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These are my contemplations  
These are my contemplations  
These are my contemplations

Dub, sweat and tears

Don't hold no fear  
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