

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?)
Rudebwoy, 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
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?

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Never judge a book by di cover dat's wrong
Dis is Fat Joe alongside di Banton
Hey (what about Pun?)
Lord
(Rudebwoy, 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 originial, 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, eleviate stress
Disrespect 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-get, whenever whoever
Disrespect Buju Banton - never
Lord
clever
Wanted, make di front page of di Terror Squad crew, you're takin over
Over, over, over
Hear dis

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Dis is Fat Joe alongside di Banton

Tell them
(What about Pun?
Rudebwoy, salute with your gun)
Rudebwoy pon down

Easy..
Seeeeee?
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 drama, 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 mañana
Leave your mama covered with a white That's right, I'ma be there with my gun
s
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

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Never judge a book by di cover, dat's wrong
This was Fat Joe and Buju Banton
Tell them
(What about Pun?
Rudebwoy, salute with your gun)

Ha-ha-ha-ha-ha..
Buju Banton
Original rasta gangsta
Fat Joe
Terror Squad massive
What, what?
Murderous
What