

# Hepcat "Nigel"

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I was the rudest boy  
From Kingston to Spanish town  
Me run many a constabulary  
Down to the ground.

Me mother bow her head 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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