## Sean Paul "Real Rude Boys"

"Real Rude Boys"
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Sean Paul:
Weh easy, weh ya done know so ya make on the cheesy
Sean-a-peesy, them girls are over breezy
Longside with 50 Cent yo
Now them bwoy waan fi them extend yo
Chorus
Sean Paul:
Some bwoy fi check it
Jerk off madness and they no make it
Some pon inna the week I couldn't go home and then select it
Haffi get it
Life is gift no man a wreck it
But some little youth them don't get it
(Repeat)
Verse 1

50 Cent:

Them say they ready

But I know for sure they not ready

Gold is the grain and for sure they don't get it

4/5th pop of drop they deaded

Nigga come see I mean I forget it

Real rude boys pop off they don't want credit

Niggas know you did it and police know you did it

Whenever drama comes a real soldier don't set it

If it's B did it, big money bet it, in ya brain i'll imbed it

Don't front with 50 and Sean Paul

I got 50 soldiers on call ready to brawl

Gangsta see me on those to spray that target

Cause ya niggas you done know when we finished carpet

YEAH!!!

Verse 2

Sean Paul:

If ya take it in then ya gonna see

Nuff a them a rule bad man but they wanna be

Setting all them front up inna the club them a look upon they enemy

But them grow empty, no artileries yo

Park it and make it so that they cyah hold them stress

Live get tripe and them a run up inna a mess

When tings pop off some of them gonna get decked

And them haffi know them cyah hold the flex

Chorus

Sean Paul:

Tell them fi check it

Jerk off madness and they no make it

Some pon inna the week I couldn't go home and then select it

Haffi get it

Life is a gift no man a wreck it

It's the same ting me tell them fi check it

Verse 3

50 Cent:

Make this money

Niggas like my style I'm chipped up

Still I won't hesitate to shoot ya whip up

Gully I got guns, chromes and black ones

Sniff nose and long joints you might wanna pack one

With all the bullshit goin' up in the hood

You need to be something shit it's on in the hood

## Get ya ass beat up, stabbed, and shot up

## Niggas will tear your fucking block up

Over some prada

(Chorus)

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