

Terror Squad "Rudeboy Salute"

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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?
Rudeboy, 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
So 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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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 original, 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, elevate stress
Disrespect [Incomprehensible] 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, whenever, whoever disrespect Buju Banton
Never, Lord, [Incomprehensible] clever
Wanted, make di front page of di [Incomprehensible]
Terror Squad crew, you're takin' over, over, over, over,
hear dis

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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 dramas, 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 manana
Leave your mama covered with a white
[incomprehensible]
That's right, I'ma be there with my guns

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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Buju Banton, original rasta gangsta
Fat Joe, Terror Squad massive
What, what? Murderous, what?

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