

Rude Boy

Ghetts

I've been through hell and back, selling crack in these depressing flats
With a weapon that were cheap, because the deaded man would ease
I remember back then even though my memory's bad
I ain't forgetting that
Dat all on my Reeboks, cocoa and that cheap pot
Popo don't wanna ease up, I'm a no-showing police snuck
Back door or window, catch me? I don't think so
I don't know what you've been told, but (rudeboy)Hear me nah, hear me nah I'm well known in
my area
In my area I'm well-known, six one, twelve stone
GH, J Clarke, I set pace, you take part
Braveheart to the motherfucking graveyard
Rude boy, boy, rude boy
Rude, ru-ru-rude, rude boy
Rude boy, boy, rude boy
Rude, ru-ru-rude, rude boy
I'm one old school rudeboy, ruffneck soldier
Old school rudeboy, ruffneck soldier
Old school rudeboy, ruffneck soldier
Old school rudeboy, ruffneck soldierI've been through hell and back, so when I'm round friends
I brag (about)
The things I never had (around), my first crimes were snatching leather bags (in town)
I was never bad, then there was an effect that peer pressure had
I ain't forgetting that
Front line in that corner, before gun crime was the norma
Front line with a bora, mum crying I'm out of order
Telling me I'm like my dad was, I just wanted a better status
So I could leave my bike there with no padlock, back when I never had an alias
Old school rudeboy, ruffneck soldier
Old school rudeboy, ruffneck soldier
Old school rudeboy, ruffneck soldier
Old school rudeboy, ruffneck soldier
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>