

Prince Buster, Too Hot

Too hot, this town is too hot
Too hot, too hot

Now they calling in for the guns
About to spoil the rudeboy funks
The rudeboys never give up their guns
It's too hot, too hot

No man can tell them what to do
Too hot, too hot
Pound for pound, they say they're ruder than you
Too hot, too hot

They are the boss, and no back talk
If mad, then have a coffin you like
And you choose your burial site
Pay for insurance, make up your will
Come out and take them (fight them, fight them)

The soldiers came back to you without them
The police force are afraid, they can't even touch them
Too hot, too hot
Them say "If you think you're bad, why don't you come out yourself?"
These boys fighting for a fight, fight in the night
They don't flight because it's too hot

Too hot, too hot
Too hot, too hot...