

# 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 funs  
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...