

The Specials, Too Hot

Too Hot
This town is too hot
Now they're callin' for their guns
About to spoil the rude boys funs
But rude boys never give up their guns
It's too hot

No man, can tell them what to do
Pound for pound
They say, they're ruder than you
They are boss, and no back talk
You might have a coffin you like
Choose your burial site
Take insurance, make up your will
Come out and tell them
Fight them

The soldiers came back to you, without them
The police force are afraid
They can't even touch them
They say "You think you're bad?"
&"Why don't you come out yourself?"
These boys are looking for a fight
Fighting tonight
They don't lie
It's too hot

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