

Senor Kaos

"Till Your Dead"

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(Talking)

Yeah, Yeah... Senor Caos

Kaos.. doing this for DJ Eleven.

Yeah, Yeah... Brooklyn New York City all the way to
ATL, this is how we get down... YEAH!

(Verse 1)

Reporting live from the A, An emcee with something to
say

My voice is like a bomb threat, rappers running away
long javelin four play, let's do this the raw way, scalp
the flesh

keep composed clam and fresh

Cats is shook, guppies get caught in my hooks

I'm a nut for beats money off the books

study up buddy, before it gets violent and bloody

I'm a two track king, just to keep the swing muddy

got a star map in my rap scriptures,

of my rhyme books tourist come and take pictures

I can get with cha when I rock the masses,

nasty on the mic like chicks with mustaches

A fresh ass pair of Nike Air's I must have it,

in NYC me and The Rub cause havoc

I'm up to no good smashing chicks like a savage,

the rap Tiger Woods reformed sex addict

I take a 11 emcees and put em in a line

hit em with a 11 bricks, it's my time to shine

The Kaos Effect the boy's on his grind, like Voltron

me and Joe Eleven combine, HEY

It's not safe for you to be in the place,

the buildings condemned the alley oop is over the rim

nice on the mic, a terror when I'm up in the gym

with no look I can pass the beat over to him, Let's GO!

(Hook)

Til Your Dead (Repeat)

(Talking)

Nah Mean, Nah mean

Yeah... Senor Kaos, Dj Eleven
New York City to ATL, you know how we do
Word Up

(Verse 2)

They still don't get it. they trying to put me a box
like a tie shoes and chew gum,
and at the same time write a verse that's gruesome,
I been in this game for years homie you dumb
I'm too numb. The music has no feeling, so I'm chilling
a few bums go and come, some understand the glum,
while other crumbs, can't get a grip like a man with no
thumbs
I can care less where you from,
if the content ain't banging the drums, your done, no
need to front.
I'm from the slums, where you couldn't come,
without getting your sneakers snatching off your feet.
Scared to walk, kids get snatched off the street,
around head down, with a frown don't speak
that explains why the aim is sharper than cleats
DJ Eleven got heat with the beats
enroll, control, complete,
defeat, and that's for your pete's thinking shit is sweet

(talking) think shit sweet...shit... let's met

(Rapping)

You on stage pacing back and forth, back and forth,
back and forth
I'm destroying the stage and blasting off,
you trying to cut steal with a plastic saw CAOS!

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