

## CAOS 1o1 "Free At Last"

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Verse 1 [CAOS 101]

I bust rhymes like Flipmode D.C soldier till I die and I live by the G-code veah that's the D.C code mess with CAOS and it will come back to you 2\$6 fold so don't say you ain't been told my iron get real hot but it start off real cold I throw it up like a rocket make you hand over your cash I ain't gotta pick your the gang bang yeah I talk it and you don't wanna be around as I proceed to walk it got a weapon I could cock it go ahead bring your punchline I'm still gon' block it silver tooth ama knock it you still rearing toughees well I'm rocking Crocket and Jones so don't mock it and could I could get buck-wild like there's a zoo in it old school ain't no new in it I can't spend 5 seconds in the booth without losing it got a gang ain't no crew in it got my own microphone chec my own ones and twos in I got beef and I'm chewing it

but it ain't never legit so I say ain't no true in it my flow sick it got flu in it my whole click thugacated but ain't no school in it we the shit ain't no bull in it we pushing dope in your hood young homie ain't no pulling it smart ass ain't no fool in it the Italian stallion, ain't no mule in it mouth shut ain no drool in it punchlines in abundence, a little kung-fu in it CAOS really doing it you'll find a lot of me ain't no you in it host a party ain't don't know who in it

perform on stage all cheers ain't no booing it

and I wanna study law so ain't no sewing it

crimes with the boys in blue in it

## [Hook]

I'm a beast in a cage
and the time has arrived to release all that rage
in the booth or the stage
I'm way above your level can't be measured on your
gage
I'm a beast in a cage and the time has arrived to
release all that rage
and the time has arrived to release all that rage
in the booth or the stage
you're yesterday's paper it's time to flip the page

## [Verse 2]

I breathe fire like a dragon my flow be a sports car yours a station wagon I'm forever Black-flagging and it's D.C till the grave, throw it up like I'm gagging I dig my pants when they're sagging spray-paint in my hand I'm about to get the tagging yeah get your tongue wagging we're on that Blood In The Sand shit, about to get the fragging D.C Productions yeah we're bragging if you're a hater and you know it, you best get the hanging new holster, put the mack in everybody know we ride, we down for the banging bring your chick for the shagging I don't talk much, 'coz I could get the click-clacking hear the whip when it's cracking and we're always number one, because you always get to slacking D.C Soldier get the clapping you're a bitch-nigger and we're about to get to bitchslapping yo rap is my life so you can't kill me with a gun or a knife always complaining like a wife I done worked for what I've got, you're just trife I always rap about violence you don't know what's going on in my head when there's silence I hate cops and their sirens I command respect even from the oldest tirents I don't care what your sign is you ain't blood, you ain't crip, you ain't G-Unit riders

I'm down with the Triple Cs hola vato to the Latin K.I.N.Gs all my niggers pushing trees ain't never been to work but still stacking Gs bomping the D.R.Es still, get down to the D.O double Gs Pacs and the biggies you best get rich or you best die trying yo I'm always high flying break the law, get paid ain't now denying when we die they'll be crying 'coz in the concrete jungle, we are the lion

## [Hook]

I'm a beast in a cage and the time has arrived to release all that rage in the booth or the stage
I'm way above your level can't be measured on your gage
I'm a beast in a cage and the time has arrived to release all that rage and the time has arrived to release all that rage in the booth or the stage
you're yesterday's paper it's time to flip the page

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