

The Mad Conductor "Bayou Moon Stompin'"

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With styles like Ilona in the 80's
And a revolution going on inside a farm town in haiti
Psychiatrists want to shrink my balls and
Tell me that I'm nuts cause my lps got self inflicted cuts
I seen the witch doctor in his shanty town hut
He wanted to open my head there but I said I wanted to
keep it shut
He approached me with a drill
I zapped him with a proton pack and snatched his ass
in a bear trap
Stuffed him into the unit
Yall emcees are cubic
Watching too much tv not focusing on the music only
I'm laid back like a one pitch roof
And if you're in my profession then you know it's true
Cause I don't do Rush I don't eat jello I rest my head in
the center of the pillow
These rude boy beats speak directly to my soul
And I hope that they got enough of them to plug up the
hole
One swat from my bear claw will definitely impair yall
Powdered emcees with the jelly in the middle
I'm louder than you even if I turn it down a little
I can take it to the lake but still can never solve the
riddle
I'm on top of the world even when I'm in the south pole
And I'm ruder than you even when I chew with my
mouth closed

I know when I'm stomping through the bayou
My feet they get so tired
I gotta sit on down
I can't sit down for too long now
That tune of a honky tonk keeps pulling me right up
outta my chair

Here's a nickle worth the free advice be sure
To drink your rich chocolate ovaltine
Or I'll devour every mic in your local scene
And fold it up like the last page of MAD magazine
It's a rare condition this day in age
To read any good news on a newspaper page

I call it mutually assured destruction conducting
We wont accept cheque or it's clover colored cousin
Cause everything is everything and everything's
illusion
Think I'm being watched, have you got a solution?
Before embarking on an introspective journey
I work for five days and spend my weekends at
berney's
It's a corvette summer and I'm cooling on the corner
With the streetlight shadows and the garbage can
drummers
As vampires lurk through the isles in the record store
You second guess you dreams and wonder why your
neck was sore
Now doc and marty got you hook line and sinker
Geodesic dome dweller and the hyperactive thinker

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