

## **The Mad Conductor "Reactor Number 4"**

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This meetings now called to order  
Everybody in the trenches report to the sewer  
I'm the navajo talkin nebular spy  
In a form fittin polyester human disguise  
And I've been sent to represent the renegade space  
rock by the chief resident  
MC Kinney, kid he's killin all the keys  
Not the ones down south but the ones above the knees

Early in the mornings when I ask myself  
Is my life worth living should I wrap myself in a gas  
soaked cloak and ignite myself  
Nah chill I got a plan just relax yourself  
Check it out if you're down like pillows and you're out  
like patience  
And you're held to the ground by chemical agents  
Up in your crown kick it back with the beats  
Step around, son  
All you need is more tracks than a meet  
So run a lap, god  
Megavolts to your vault like an adapter kit  
And the empty emcees kick em in the pit  
When the windchime shakes I thrash an emcee who  
wears inline skates  
I pity rude boys from the thirds wave  
I wouldn't use their word page to line off the floors of  
my birdcage  
I douse 'em in butane then hop a train down south to  
the Ukraine  
Where they where they magnify sunlight like MC live on  
a saturday night  
I got a few things left to say but I wont say em  
Kinneys gonna kick out the jams

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