

The Mad Conductor "Tomb Diggin' Shovels"

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Oh, my friend, you have been grossly misinformed
You been diggin' that tomb straight out the womb
To emerge in a uniform
So I guess that you best stick to writin' jingles
Cause I got more craft in my trash than you got in your
singles

Yo, I copped this tape and it sent my dome into a crazy
place
It kinda had me in a dope like state
So, how many pigs would it take for me to let go of the
mic backstage?
Not enough to steal each one of my dimes, nickels and
pennies
So why waste all this time on rhyme riddles if anything
I'll just jump the gun
Like John Wilkes-Booth when it's time to run
Hop the horse c'mon ride long
Don't look now but I got your tounge, I love the blood
but I don't do sun
I sleep in a coffin so I can't see day
Tomb diggin shovel gonna ease the pain
No drugs in the womb, but I was born insane
I got bugs in my room and they're eating my brain

6-26-85 my first impression
4-5-22-12-9-14 but a name shouldn't dictate direction
Call the hospital now you got a mixtape infection
Let em run a couple tests on the lobe in the front
Like, how many weeks in a minute
Rudeboy spacetime, no you can't speak til yer diner is
finished
Have fun digesting the microphone sickness
RUDE GIRL SLAMDANCE
Dr. teeth conductor mayhem
Many, many volts, not one to be grounded
You closed your eyes cause you liked how it sounded
Shook it to the left, took it to the right
Like that's how your sphere got mounted
O yeah, better better put ya motherfuckin' mic down
son

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