

## **Lil' Jon And The Eastside Boyz F/ Bo Hagon**

### **"America's Most"**

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Yo, welcome  
This is MC sharper image  
I'm standing here with my dog technology  
And we are here to uplift you mind  
and upgrade your systems  
so come on down everyone that wants to get some  
plug in and boot, and boot

[Method Man]  
Yo, Yo, I couldn't give a rat's ass  
I've come to eat grub and slap ass  
And show my whole entire black ass  
Y'all know the saying he who laughs last laughs loudest  
Bang the loudest, can't a coward do a thing 'bout it  
What the bum-ba claat like "aye carumba"  
Here's my name and number, lets "La Rhumba"  
Doc, it makes me wonder; how many heads has  
Heather Hunter's  
How many different conclusions to come to  
And my sixteen bars meth, hittin' too hard  
With a total disregard for whole entourage  
Rap phenom, slap your ass, snap your thong to my  
theme song  
And hope you don't get clap upon  
Who that kid, as dirty as that Ol' Dirty Bastard  
Who that kid, who pack a tool belt and dirty belt and  
dirty ratchet  
Set your tape recorder, lock down your daughter  
Soon as a touch the rap game, out of order

[Redman]  
Do I get brollic  
Gimme that car ill show you how to flip mileage  
Gimme that mic, ill short it with a quick wattage  
Skip college for the big wallet  
The ape with a fire escape from the weight of a hit  
product  
My draft is cold like miller beer  
When you hear it, you see more stars than tigger's  
cheer  
The red nigga here, and its out of control

Something like when Ron Gold' went out with Nicole  
I'll bring it back to the streets where the crooks belong  
And if it ain't come back raw, you cooked it wrong  
Gangsta bomb, hold your nose  
At the show, ill be shittin' out my mouth like my colon  
closed  
Me and meth, 100 proof, in case y'all a biter  
And ovaries, feel these great ball of fire  
(Doc, where the lighter) I'm hemming them up  
Coffee grind them and put them in a vanilla dutch

[Hook] (with America's' most after the end of each line)  
Believe that, the brothers in the house now be that  
Believe that, lets turn the mother out now, be that  
Beback , that what it all about now ,be that  
We not playin' (knowwhatinsayn' sonsayin)  
Believe that, the brothers in the house now be that  
Believe that, lets turn the mother out now, be that  
Beback , that what it all about now ,be that  
Fuck with the meth(knowwhatinsayn' sonsayin)

[Method Man]  
I'm looking at you killers like you stole something, fuck  
ya life  
Trust my niggaz, sometimes for I trust my wife  
Fuck it, I'm nice, y'all don't be rushing the mic  
With your guns in your left hand  
Not bustin' it right  
Ain't no I in the team  
Ain't no eyen' my cream  
I'm a semi-auto, clean  
Rapid-fire machine  
Cocky, six foot three with knock knees  
Attract hoodrats for blocks cause I got cheese

[Redman]  
yo, dude I carry cheese, but I don't flaunt it  
when the towel it thrown it, you know there's grown  
men that spoke on it  
We both want it, the Trackmasters  
Puncturing holes in the beat when a vocal tone poke on  
it  
Barbaric, my caddie truck beyond average  
with the same size wheels that on a horse carriage  
up in the air , spot my dudes  
Rollin' over shit like B. Rhymes on mountain dew

[Hook] - repeat 2X

