

Madvillain f/ Lord Quas "America's Most Blunted"

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[Intro]

Come out to show them...

Like open the brews up, and let some of the blues
blood come out to show them

Come out to show them, come out to show them, come
out to show them {*storm howls*}

come out to show them, come out to show them, come
out to show them... {*echoes*}

{*guitar sound, coughing fit*} Music (bad weed)

Listening to music while stoned is a whole new world
(to' up man)

Most cannabis consumers report it second only to
snakes

And grass will change your musical habits, for the
better

{*scratched: "America's most blunted!"*}

{"Soon as he start sleepin, catchin you off guard"}

{"If you'll all gather closer at the phonograph"}

Where Quas at? {"Yo!"} Doom, you got the trees?

{"America's most blunted!"}

[MF Doom]

Quas, when he really hit scar mode

Never will he boost loose Phillies with the barcode

Or take a whole carload on a wasted trip

Or slit White Owl laced tip from tip with yip

Some rather baggies others like they cracks and
browns

Catch a tag, roll a bag of swag in a Black'n'Mild

See twist Optimo, just the raw leaf part

The list top gold, bust before beef start

At the Stop'n'Go Mart, actin like a spirit host done it

{"America's most blunted!"} Yeah, yo

Doom nominated for the best rolled L's

And they wondered how he dealt with stress so well

Wild guess? You could say he stay sedated

Some say buddha'd, some say faded

Someday pray that he will grow a foreign barn full

Recent research show it's not so darn harmful (true)

Sometimes you might need to detox

It can help you with your rhyme flow and your beatbox
Off spite to your surprise
Turn a Newport Light to a joint right before your eyes
Tear a page out the good book, hear it how you want it
{ "America's most blunted!" }

[Chorus]

{ "Comin kinda stupid from the station" } { "blunted" }
{ "Amazing loops, loops, loops.." } { "blunted" }
{ * "The-th-the-best, the-th-best, the-the-the, the best in
your perimeter" * }
Yo I can't find that nigga Metal Face nowhere (oh
alright)
{ "America's most blunted!" }

[Lord Quas]

Doom! The Madvillain killin mad boom
Consume weed and drink brew 'til we perfume the
room
The beat conductor smoke twenty-four/seven
Shady.. you can even ask my reverend
Willie knows, how the Phillies roll, really though
I spend my last dough, to pick up the sticky gold
I spark the lah, but don't {fuck} with speed or trees
with seeds
Quasimoto crew, we get keyed
The most blunted on the map
The one astro black, in the alley, with a hoodrat
Hoodrat.. when you try to react
{ *belch* } Even your pops got smacked
Even your moms got cracked
Meanwhile!! While my bowl got packed
Drop X so you can have good sex (what, no)
I smoke dank so I can grow me a shank
I got the fat sack {shh} all day I'm on it
Who are we? { "America's most blunted!" }

[Outro]

{ "Comin kinda stupid from the station" } { "blunted" }
{ "Amazing loops, loops, loops.." } { "blunted" }
{ "America's most blunted!" }
Creativity, it's a known fact that grass increases
creativity
from eight, to eleven times. In fact, everyone finds that
they're
more creative stoned, than straight. So remember!
M-A-R-I-J-U... { *xylophone* } ... A-J-U-A-N-A
{ *xylophone* }
Mari-ah.. { *xylo* } ..juana { *xylo* } Mari-whana
{ *xylo* }
{ *laughter* }

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