

America's Most Blunted (feat. Quasimoto)

Madvillain, Madlib & MF DOOM

Come out to show them
Like open the blues up
And let some of the blues blood come out to show them
Then come out to show them Music bad weed
Listening to music while stoned is a whole new world
Most cannabis consumers report it second only to snakes
And grass will change your musical habits, for the better 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? Doom, you got the trees?
America's most blunted
Quas, when he really hit scar mode
Never will he boost lose Phillies with the bar code
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 beat box
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 Comin' kinda stupid from the station
(Blunted)
Amazing loops, loops, loops, I do the hustle
(Blunted)
The best, the best, the, the best in your perimeter
Yo, I can't find that nigga Metal Face nowhere, oh alright
America's most blunted 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 hood rat
When you try to react, 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 all day I'm on it
Who are we? America's most blunted
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, A J U A N A, Mariju, Juana, Marijuana

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>