

# 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 Phillie Phanatic 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 Phillie Phanatic 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 <https://www.omusic.in/>