

Madvillain, America's Most Blunted

(Intro)

Come out to show them...

Like, open the bruise up and let some of the bruise blood come out to show them<sup>[[#Note

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*}