

America's Most Blunted

Madvillain

Quas

When he really hits star-mode
Never will he boost loose Philllies with the barcode
Or take a whole car load on a wasted trip
Or split White Owls laced tip to tip with yip
Some rather baggies, others like their crack in vials
Roll a bag of shwag in a black and mild
He twist Optimos, just the raw leaf part
The list top go bust before a beef start
At the Stop-N-Go mart acting like a spirit host done it
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DOOM nominated for the best rolled L's
And they wonder how he dealt with stress so well
Wild guess - you could say he stayed sedated
Some say booted, some say faded
Some day pray that he will grow a farm barn full
Recent research shows it not so darn harmful
Sometimes you might need to detox
It can help you with your rhyme flow
And your beat box
Off spikes for 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

DOOM

The Mad Villain killin' mad boom
Consume weed and drink brew 'til we perfume the room
The beat conductor smoke 24-7
Shadey!
You can even ask my reverend
Willy knows
How the Philllies roll, really 'doh
I'll spend my last dough
If you got the sticky gold?
I spark da la
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 on an alley with a hood rat
When you try to react
Even your pops got smack
Even your moms got crack
Meanwhile
While my bowl got packed
Gulp!
Drop X so you could have good sex
I smoke dank so I can grow me a shank!
I got the fat sack
Shhh
All day I'm on it
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