

## Kanye West "Get Em High Ft. Talib Kweli"

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I'm tryin' to catch the beat, uh  
I'm tryin' to catch the beat  
I'm tryin' to catch the beat, uh uh  
I'm tryin' to catch the beat

N-now, th-th-through ya motherfuckin' hands  
Get 'em high  
All the girls pass the weed to ya motherfuckin' man  
Get 'em high

Now I ain't never tell you to put down ya hands  
Keep 'em high  
And if ya losin' yo high then smoke again  
Keep 'em high

N-n-now, my flow is in the pocket like wallets  
I got the bounce like hydraulics  
I can't call it, I got the swerve like alcoholics  
My freshman year I was goin' through hell, a problem  
Still I, built up the nerve to drop my ass up outta college

My teacher said I'se a loser, I told her "Why don't you  
kill me  
I give a fuck if you fail me, I'm gonna follow my heart  
And if you follow the charts to the plaques or the stacks  
You ain't gotta guess who's back, you see"

I'm so shy that you thought it was bashfull  
But this bastard's flow will bash a skull  
And I will cut your girl like Pastor Troy  
And I don't usually smoke but pass the 'dro

And I won't, give you that money that you askin' fo'  
Why you think, me and Dame cool, we assholes  
That's why we here, your music in fast fo'  
'Cuz we don't wanna here that weak shit no mo'

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N-n-now who the hell is this  
Emailin' me at 11:26, tellin' me that she 36-26, plus  
double-D  
You know how girls on black planet be when they get  
bubblee

At NYU but she hail from Kansas  
Right now she just lampin', chillin' on campus  
Sent me a picture with her feelin' on Candice  
Who said her favorite rapper was the late great Francis

W H I T, it's gettin' late mami, your screen saver say  
tweet  
So you got to call me and bring a friend for my friend  
His name Kweli

You mean Talib, lyric sticks to your rib  
I mean that's my favorite CD that I play at my crib  
I mean you don't really know him, why is you lyin'  
Yo Kwe, she don't believe me, please pickup the line

She gon' think that I'm lyin', just spit a couple of lines  
Then maybe I'll be able to give her dick all the time and  
get her high

Yeah, I can't believe this nigga use my name for pickin'  
up dimes  
But never mind, I need some tracks you tryin' to pull  
tracks out  
And my rhymes as fittin' to blow you tryin' to blow back  
south

Well, okay, you twisted my arm, I'll assist with the  
charm, ayyo  
Ain't you meet that chick at the conference wit' ya  
mom?  
And she's the bomb, boy, she got the bouji behavior  
Always got somethin' to say like an okay playa hater  
Anyway, I don't usually fuck with the Internet

Birth controls stuck to they arm like Nicolette  
You really fuckin' that much, you tryin' to get off  
cigarettes  
And she think it's fly, she ain't met a real nigga yet  
I apologize if I come off a little inconsiderate  
I got the bubble cushion a sister could get ahead of it

Get 'em high like noon or the moon or room filled with  
smoke  
A high filled with dope  
Y'all assumed I was doomed, out of tune but I still feel  
the notes  
The real nigga quotes

Real rappers is hard to find, like a remote  
Control rap is not a used too but still got love  
That's why I abuse you who are not thugs

Rock clubs, it's like Tiger Woods in the hood  
To have my own reality show  
Called Soul Survivor, I stole all liver, niggaz in you  
You'se a bitch, I got ones that are thicker than you

How could I ever let your words affect me  
They say Hip-Hop is dead  
I'm here to resurrect me, mosh is too sexy  
To even make songs like these

That's why the raw don't know your name, like Alicia  
Keys  
To many featured emcees and producers is popular  
Twelve thousand spins, nobody got to coppin' her  
Album, how come, you the hot garbage

The years clear your image and snoop'd up  
Label got you souped up, tellin' you you sick  
Man you a dick with a loose nut  
Video hard to watch like Medusa

Even your club record need a booster  
Chimp'd up with a pimp cup, illiterate nigga  
Read the infa red across your head I'm bread king like  
Simba  
Bolder then Denver, I ain't a Madd Rapper just a emcee  
with a temper

You dancin' for money like honey, I did this my way  
So when the industry crash, I survive like Kanye  
Spittin' through wires and fires, emcees retirin'  
Got yo hands up, get them motherfuckers higher then

N-now, th-th-through ya motherfuckin' hands  
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