

Kanye West "Get Em High"

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(feat. Talib Kweli, Common)

[Kanye West]

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

[Chorus: Kanye West]

N-now, th-th-throw 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 than smoke again
KEEP EM HIGH

[Verse 1: Kanye West]

N-n-n-now, my flow
Is in the pocket like wallets, I got the bounce like
hydrolics
I can't call it, I got the swerve like alchoooooo-ics
My freshman year I was goin through hell, a problem
Still I, built up the nerve to drop my ass up outta collllllll-
ege
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 folllllllllll-ow
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 Chi 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'

[Chorus: Kanye West]

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[Verse 2: Kanye West]

N-n-n-n-n-now who the hell is this
E-mailin 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

[Verse 3: Talib Kweli]

Yeah
I can't believe this nigga use my name for pickin up
dimes but
GET EM HIGH, I need some tracks you tryin to pull
tracks out
And my rhymes as fittin to blow you tryin to blow back
south
Well ok, you twisted my arm, I'll asist with the charm,
aiyyo
Ain't you meet that chick at the conference wit ya
mom?
And she's the bomb, boy she got the boujl behavior
Always got somethin to say like an okay playa hater
Anyway, I don't usualy fuck with the internet
Birth Controls stuck to they arm like Nicorette
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 appoligize if I come off a little inconsiderate
I got the bubble cushion a sister could get ahead of it

[Verse 4: Common]

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 remonte, 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're 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 to 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 pro-ducers is populer
Twelve thousand spins, nobody got to coppin her
Album, how come, you the hot garbager
The years clear your image and snooped 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
Chimped up, with a pimp cup, illeaterate 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 dansin 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

[Chorus: Kanye West]

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