

Logic

"We Get High"

Visit "[We Get High](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

We get high
Crazy blue like St. Elmos' fire
Love so sharp, and flat
That it's hard to know just where you're at
We get high
Crazy blue like St. Elmos fire
Love so sharp, and flat
That it's hard to know just where you're at
We get high

From the back to the front though
Dealers on the south side selling on they front door
Little bit of weed little bit of crack'
Whatever you need
While I'm selling out shows
In the ice cold
Selling to the homies in the front row
With the blunt rolled that waited for hours in the snow
Just to see me flow
So you know I gotta stay after the show
Cuz the Chi town show love Imma show love
Outside no gloves in the winter time
Cuz I'm hungry like dinner time
Staying for every single one of my fans
All the grass that I couldn't feel my hands
Just a man with a plan but you wouldn't understand
I get high by the notes you get high by the gram
Why you smoke to this
Reminisce when I wrote to this
Up and comers take notes to this
We get it done on tour
Waking up before the sun
Down lake shore drive shooting videos
On the block getting spotted by them city hoes
I know I never had to wonder if it's love or not
Shout out to the homies up in juggernaut
For keeping a mother fucker fresh
Hell yes no contest
When it comes to gear in the city they be the best
Love my girls outgoing in my city Chi
But it's MD til the day I die

We get high
Oh so high
That my mind is in the sky
Shorties love it
When I rub it
Cuz I never leave 'em dry
We get high
Oh so high
That's what they say in the Chi
I get high
You get high
Cuz I'm the one that supplied
We get high
Oh so high
That my mind is in the sky
Shorties love it
When I rub it
Cuz I never leave 'em dry
We get high
Oh so high
That's what they say in the Chi
I get high
You get high
Cuz I'm the one that supplied

We get high
Crazy blue like St. Elmos' fire
Love so sharp, and flat
That it's hard to know just where you're at

Uh, shootout to the bobby soxer girl that just love the
flow
Chillin out late night with the weed lit
Blunt split and the paper rolled
Rattpack smoking loud pack get it bout that
Haters talking shit I never doubt that
With the GPS flow we re-route that road to riches
We be bout that
Getting money like Oprah
Fry mother fuckers like okra
Get your MFLB you're a smoker
Full time toker
Everything I got that's what I'm giving
No division till it's over
Sleeping on the young sinatra like a sedative
Now they on the brother dick so repetitive
And they wonder why
And they wonder why

We get high

Oh so high
That my mind is in the sky
Shorties love it
When I rub it
Cuz I never leave 'em dry
We get high
Oh so high
That's what they say in the Chi
I get high
You get high
Cuz I'm the one that supplied
We get high
Oh so high
That my mind is in the sky
Shorties love it
When I rub it
Cuz I never leave 'em dry
We get high
Oh so high
That's what they say in the Chi
I get high
You get high
Cuz I'm the one that supplied

We get high
Crazy blue like St. Elmos' fire
Love so sharp, and flat
That it's hard to know just where you're at
We get high
Crazy blue like St. Elmos fire
Love so sharp, and flat
That it's hard to know just where you're at
We get high

Logic
Sinatra
Bobby Soxer
We get high

Visit [Logic](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.