

Get Em High (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
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 than smoke again
keep em high
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 colllllll-egge
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 follllllllll-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 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'
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 than smoke again
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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 headed from kansas, right now she just lampin, chillin on
campus

sent me a picture with a 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 dolls but
nevermind, 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
i though you meet that chickit that got friends with yo moms
and she's the bomb, boy she got the bouji behavior
always got somethin to say like a bookee playa hater
anyway, i don't usualy fuck a interner
draws 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
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 soup it still got life, 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 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
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 than smoke again
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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