

Kanye West, Get Em High (feat. Talib Kweli, Com)

[Intro: Kanye West]

Uh-uh, I'm tryna catch the beat
Uh, I'm tryna catch the beat
I'm tryna catch the beat, uh-uh, uh-uh
I'm tryna catch the beat

[Chorus: Kanye West]

N-now, th-th-throw your motherfuckin' hands
Get 'em high
All the girls pass the weed to your motherfuckin' man
Get 'em high
Now I ain't never tell you to put down your hands
Keep 'em high
And if you're losin' your high, then smoke again
Keep 'em high (Now, now, now, now)

[Verse 1: Kanye West]

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 going through hella problems
'Til I built up the nerve to drop my ass up out of college
My teacher said I's 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
Or the plaques or the stacks, you ain't gotta guess who's back, you see?
I'm so Chi that you thought I was bashful
But this bastard's flow will bash your skull
And I will cut your girl like Pastor Tro'
And I don't usually smoke, but pass the 'dro
And I won't give you that money that you askin' for
Why you think me and Dame cool? We assholes
That's why we hear your music and fast forward
'Cause we don't wanna hear that weak shit no mo'

[Chorus: Kanye West]

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All the girls pass the weed to your motherfuckin' man
Get 'em high
Now I ain't never tell you to put down your hands
Keep 'em high
And if you're losin' your high, then smoke again
Keep 'em high (Now, now, now, now, now, You've got mail)
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Kanye West

[Verse 2: Kanye West, Sumeke Rainey & Talib Kweli]

Now who the hell is this
Emailing me at 11:26
Telling me that she thirty-six, twenty-six plus double-d?
You know how girls on Black Planet be when they get bubbly
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 getting 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? Lyrics stick 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 pick up 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), ow

[Verse 3: Talib Kweli & Common]

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 is finna blow, you trying to blow backs out
Well, okay, you twisted my arm, I'll assist with the charm
Ayo, ain't you meet that chick at that conference with your moms?
Her sister the bomb, but she got the bougie behavior
Always got something to say like a OkayPlayer-hater
Anyways, I don't usually fuck with the Internet
Or chicks with birth control stuck to they arm like Nicorette
You really fuckin' that much or tryna get off cigarettes? (Keep 'em high)
If she think it's fly, she ain't met a real nigga yet (No)
I apologize if I come off a little inconsiderate
I got the Bubba Kush and her sister could get a hit of it, yeah (Yo, yo)

[Verse 4: Common]

Get 'em high like noon or the moon
Or a room filled with smoke, a hype filled with dope
Y'all assumed I was doomed, out of tune
But I still filled the notes with real nigga quotes
Real rappers is hard to find like a remote
Control, rap is out of
Used to, but still got love
That's why I abuse you who are not thugs
Rock clubs like Tiger Woods in the hood
Should have my own reality show called "Soul Survivor"
I stole on live-er niggas than you
You's 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
Marsha's too sexy to even make songs like these
That's why the raw don't know your name, like Alicia Keys
Too many featured MCs, and producers is popular
Twelve thousand spins, nobody got to coppin' a
Album, how come you the hot garbage of
The year? It's clear your image is looped up
Label got you souped up, tellin' you you sick
When 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, illiterate nigga, read the infra-
Red across your head, I'm bred king like Simba
Bolder than Denver, I ain't a mad rapper
Just a MC 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, MCs retirin'
Got your hands up, get them motherfuckers higher, then

[Chorus: Kanye West & Common]

N-now, th-th-throw your motherfuckin' hands
Get 'em high (Yeah)
All the girls pass the weed to your motherfuckin' man
Get 'em high (Mm-mm, uh-uh, uh)
Now I ain't never tell you to put down your hands
Keep 'em high (Keep 'em high, keep 'em high, uh-uh)
And if you're losin' your high, then smoke again
Keep 'em high