

# Higher Learning

## Young Jeezy

[Chorus]

I need some weed now (I need some weed now)  
Somebody call the weed man (Somebody call the weed man)  
I'm tryna get high (I'm tryna get high, tryna get high)

I need some weed now

Somebody call the weed man

I'm tryna get high (I'm tryna get high, tryna get high) Woke up at the Ritz Carlton, damn sun in my face

Racks in my jeans, gun still on my waist

And I ain't leaving shit in my cup, that's such a waste

You know I'm sipping on that straight like that "oh, what a taste!"

Tip the valet a hundred, I love to stunt

Pulled up in that mean machine, leave it up front

This passed out thing beside me, I barely know her

But you can just imagine the shit I'm 'bout to show her

Snow way, them streets too cold, them bitches polar

Expectations out of this world, I'm thinking solar

That's why I do it for that Kalamazoo

And then NOLA, that's what happens

When you learn to mix it with that soda [Chorus] I wake up just to bake up, get my cake up and rise up

Motivating factors that I'm liver than most

I boast and bang, pour some pain in that thing

Put some purple rain on your brain, unravel the flame

Maintain my fame, get you new pictures

Just to put in your frame

We in the hood blowing kush with The Game

Foot in the cane, walking just like I'm an Indian chief

With no beef, real brief, with a wreath

You may think it's a leaf!

With the residue stuck deep down in your teeth

When you smoking with the dogg, shit, you might not eat!

It's OK, cause we lay, in the cut, on the hill, on the dip

With a fit on Crip, don't trip [Chorus] The coffee that I had, it was good to the last drop

But now I'm fresh out and you know it don't, stop

So please man, somebody call the weed man

I'd call mine, but he's been low on herb even

I'm fiending, daydreaming of the times when I had

Much mota, many different kinds in the bag

I fell hard for the funk, I can't fake the love

I smoke dro, good Reggie, smoke shake to nugs

If it's weed, then I'm with it  
You got a paper? Then twist it. You got a bowl? Fill it.  
Got a blunt? Let me split it down the gut  
But shit for what? Cause ain't no green on the scene  
Man, what the fuck?

Songwriters

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