

# 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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