Get Em High

Kanye West

I'm tryin' to catch the beat
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Now, throw 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 then smoke again
Keep em high
Now, my flow is in the pocket like Wallace
I got the bounce like hydraulics
I can't call it, I got the swerve like alcoholics
My freshman year I was goin' through hella problems
'Til I built up the nerve to drop my ass up outta college
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 follow
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 bashful
But this bastard's flow will bash a 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' 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'
Now, throw 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 then smoke again
Keep em high
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 hailed 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 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
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 as fittin' to blow you, tryin' to blow backs out
Well okay you twisted my arm, I'll assist with the charm, aiyo
Ain't you meet that chick at that conference with yo moms?
And she's the bomb, boy, she got the bougey behavior
Always got somethin' to say like a okayplaya hater
Anyway, I don't usually fuck with the interneter
Chicks with birth control stuck to they arm like Nicolette
You really fuckin' that much, you tryin' to get off cigarettes
If she think it's fly, she ain't met a real nigga yet
I apologize if I come off a little inconsiderate
I got the bubble cushion, a sister could get a hit 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 remote control, rap is not a
Used soup it still got life, that's why I abuse you who are not thugs
Rock clubs 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 too 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 producers is popular
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, illiterate nigga
Read the infa, red across your head I'm bread king like Simba
Bolder than Denver I ain't a mad rapper
Just a emcee with a temper
You dancin' for money like honey, I did this my way
So when the industry crash, I survived like Kanye
Spittin' through wires and fires, emcees retirin'
Got yo hands up, get them motherfuckers higher then
Now, throw 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 then smoke again
Keep em high

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